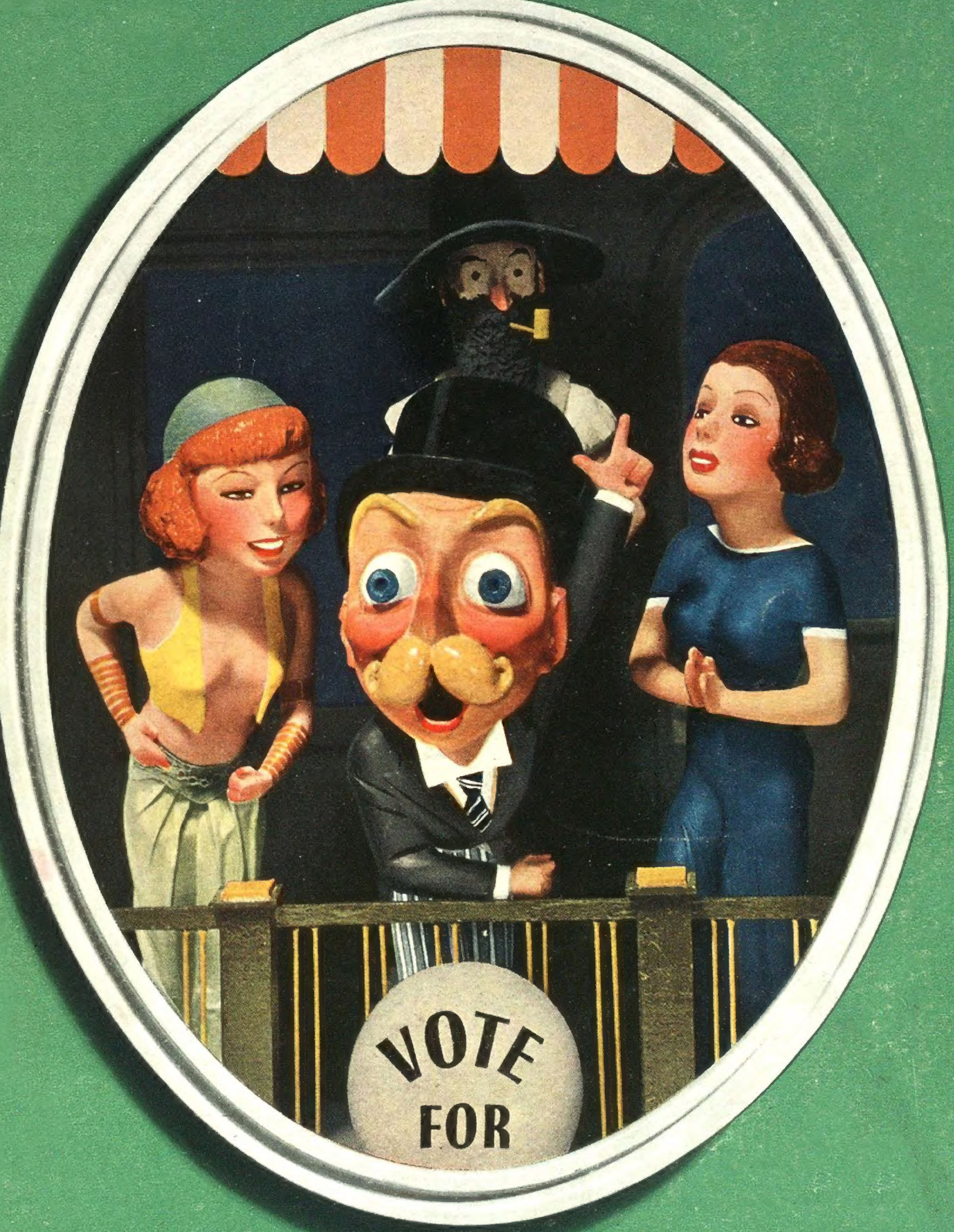
Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

NOVEMBER
1936



ARTICLES

HAVELOCK ELLIS
GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY
GEORGE ANTHEIL
DONALD C. PEATTIE
RICHARD R. SMITH
HERB GRAFFIS
BOB BROWN
MAXWELL MALTZ, M. D.
HARRY SALPETER
HANSON W. BALDWIN

FICTION

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD
MANUEL KOMROFF
JESSE STUART
LOUIS PAUL
WALTER CLARE MARTIN
ERNEST LYONS
BENEDICT THIELEN
T. F. HEALY
JOHN S. McNAMARA
W. C. CAPEL

ART

GUY PÈNE DU BOIS

SATIRE

DOUG WELCH
MARVIN COX
ALAN MacDONALD
GLEN PERRY

POETRY

WALDO PEIRCE

SPORTS

FRITZ CRISLER
ALLISON DANZIG
JOHN McCARTHY
STEWART ROBERTSON

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GEORGE JEAN NATHAN
GILBERT SELDES
BURTON RASCOE
CARLETON SMITH
MEYER LEVIN
A. de SAKHNOFFSKY
MURDOCK PEMBERTON

CARTOONS

E. SIMMS CAMPBELL
GILBERT BUNDY
D. McKAY
HOWARD BAER
PAUL WEBB
GEORGE PETTY
GARDNER REA
ABNER DEAN
SYDNEY HOFF
RODNEY de SARRO
FRANKO MARAZ
R. VAN BUREN
IRVING PHILLIPS
A. VON FRANKENBERG
(COVER)

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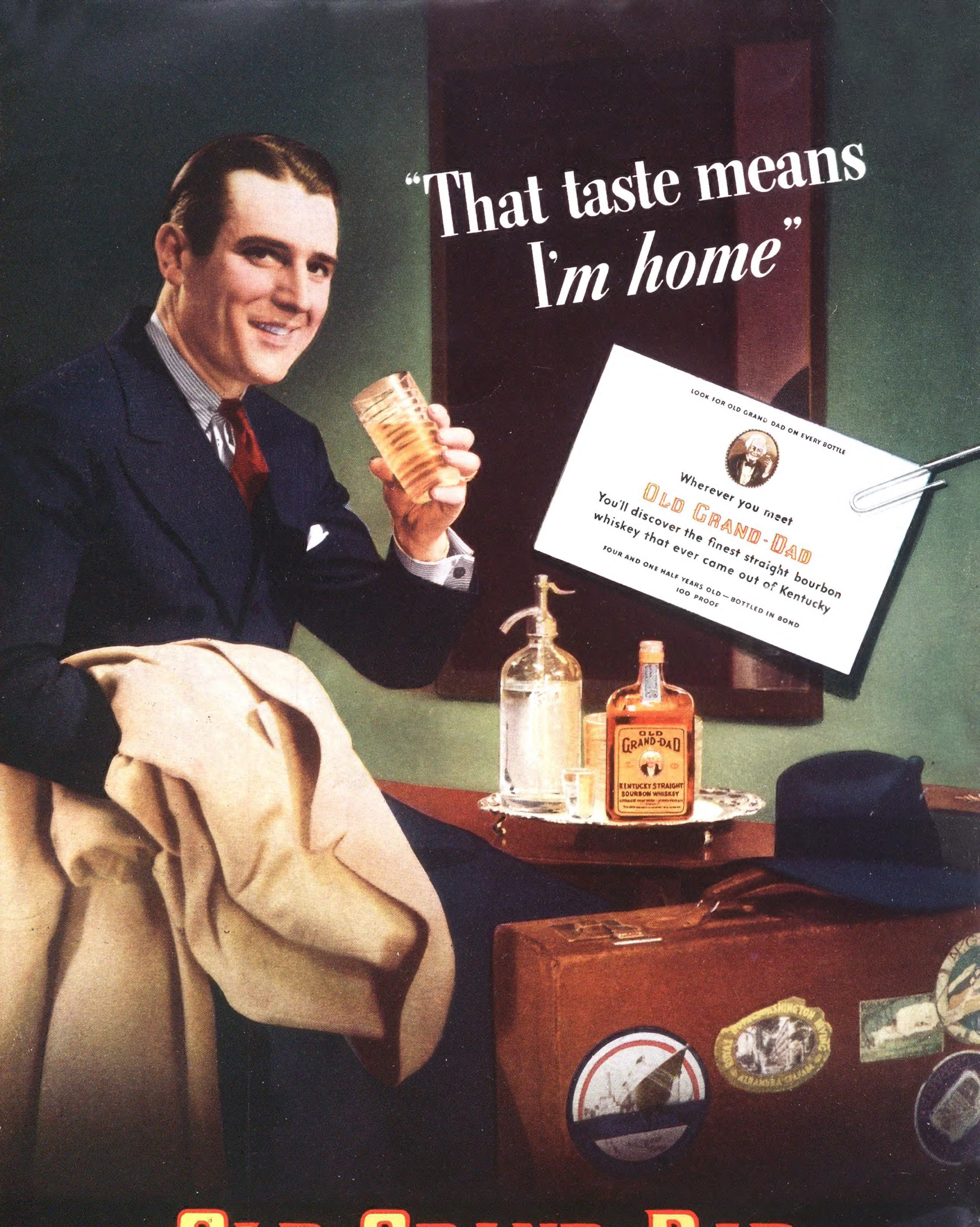
CLOTHES • ART • CARTOONS

PRICE FIFTY CENTS


"That taste means
I'm home"
OLD
GRAND-DAD
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT
BOURBON WHISKEY

LOOK FOR OLD GRAND DAD ON EVERY BOTTLE

Wherever you meet
OLD GRAND-DAD
You'll discover the finest straight bourbon
whiskey that ever came out of Kentucky

FOUR AND ONE HALF YEARS OLD—BOTTLED IN BOND
100 PROOF

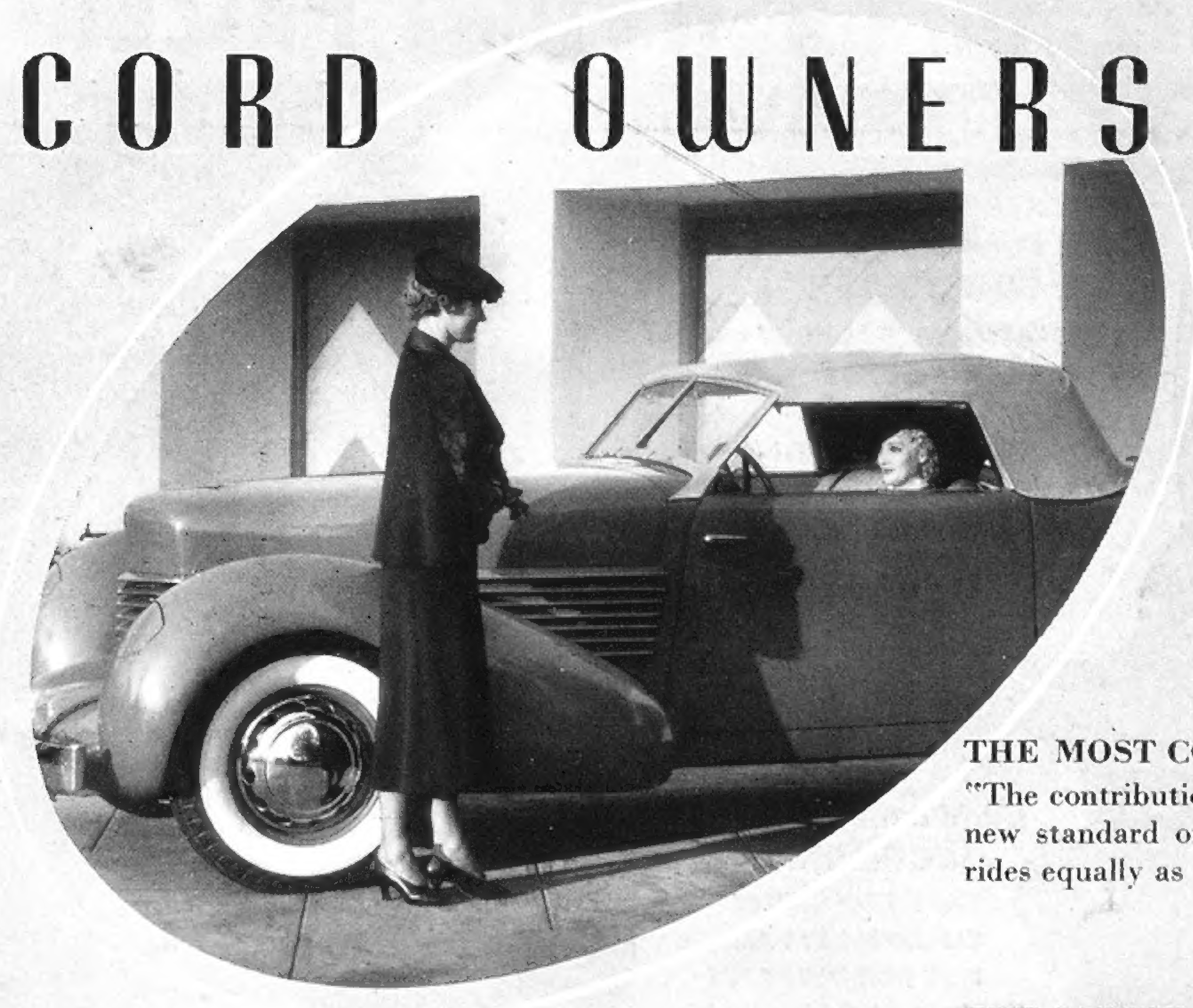
OLD GRAND-DAD

STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY — **BOTTLED IN BOND** UNDER U.S. GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION

Your Guide to NATIONAL DISTILLERS *Good Liquors*

The A. M. S. Division of National Distillers Products Corporation, Louisville, Ky

CORD OWNERS SAY:



THE MOST COMFORTABLE CAR

"The contribution of low unsprung weight results in a new standard of comfort. The rear seat of the Cord rides equally as well as the front."

ALBERT C. BRUMLEY,
New Haven, Conn.

THE SAFEST TO DRIVE

"A demonstration on ice covered highways last February sold me on the Cord, and subsequent experience on wet, slippery roads convinced me of the value of the Front-Wheel Drive principle from a safety standpoint."

G. F. BEHRINGER,
American Steel Package Company,
Defiance, Ohio.

THE SMOOTHEST-RUNNING

"Your new Cord makes touring a real pleasure; the lack of vibration at high speeds together with the ease of riding certainly do not fatigue one."

MRS. E. C. JOHNSON,
The Lake Shore Drive Hotel,
Chicago, Illinois

THE EASIEST-HANDLING

"The Cord handles the easiest of any car that I have ever owned."

EVELYN P. GATES,
Plainfield, N. J.

A NEW KIND OF RIDE

"The roadability is truly remarkable and driving fatigue is so completely absent that those who have fought the old 'push-type' cars should drive a Cord for one day on a real long trip and they would forever foreswear anything but Front-Wheel Drive."

J. L. TAYLOR,
Dallas, Texas.

Quality
IN EVERY DETAIL

CORD

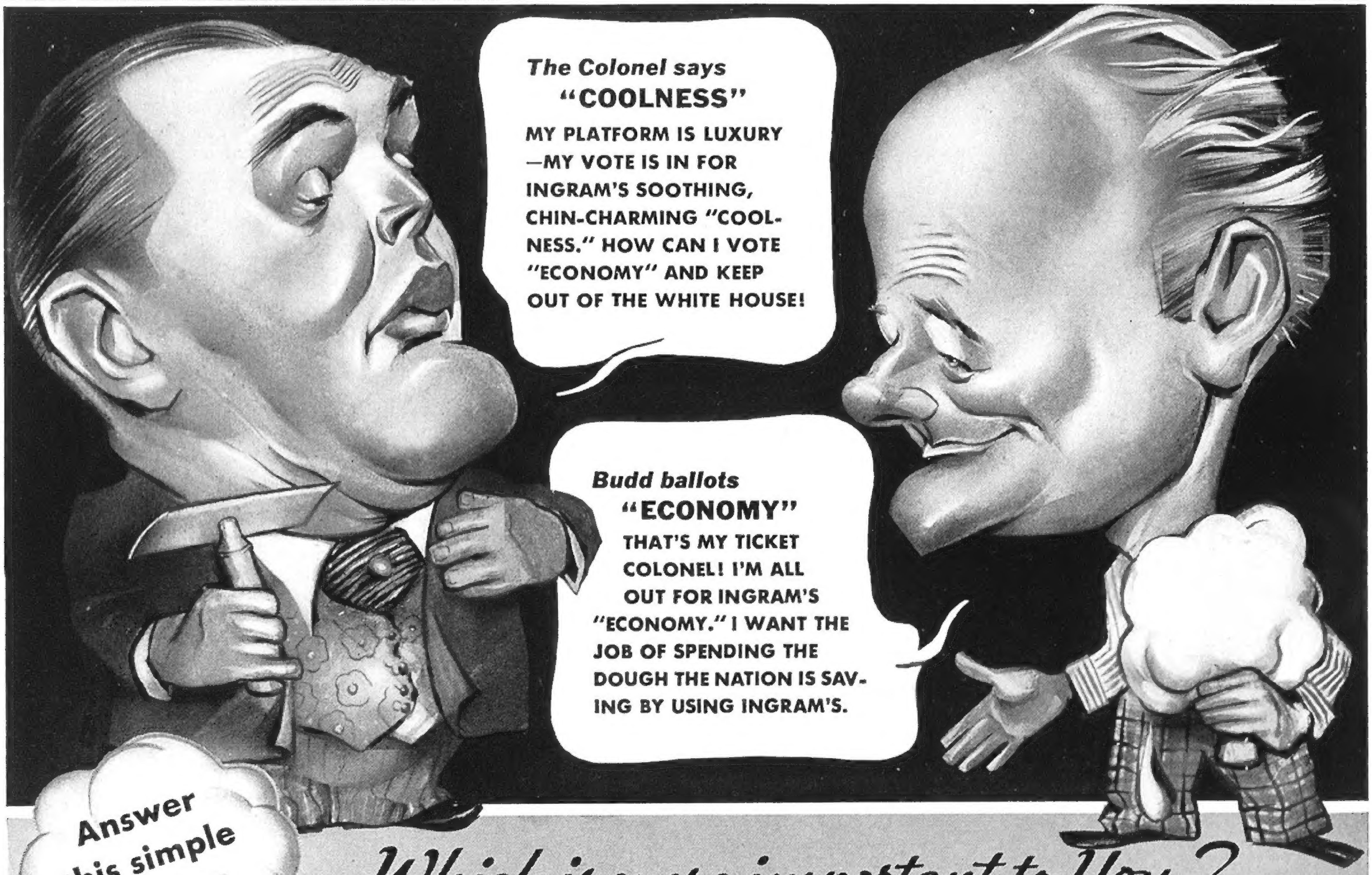
AUBURN AUTOMOBILE CO. . . AUBURN, INDIANA

STOOPNAGLE AND BUDD say "Hurry! Hurry!

Here's your last chance to win

INGRAM'S $2500 CASH FIRST PRIZE!"

PLUS 10 CASH PRIZES OF $100 EACH · 2000 RUBBERSET SHAVING BRUSHES · 2011 WINNERS!


The Colonel says "COOLNESS" MY PLATFORM IS LUXURY—MY VOTE IS IN FOR INGRAM'S SOOTHING, CHIN-CHARMING "COOLNESS." HOW CAN I VOTE "ECONOMY" AND KEEP OUT OF THE WHITE HOUSE!
Budd ballots "ECONOMY" THAT'S MY TICKET COLONEL! I'M ALL OUT FOR INGRAM'S "ECONOMY." I WANT THE JOB OF SPENDING THE DOUGH THE NATION IS SAVING BY USING INGRAM'S.

Answer this simple question in 50 words or less

Which is more important to You?

① INGRAM'S FAMOUS COOLNESS

② INGRAM'S CONCENTRATED ECONOMY

MEN—get in on this easy-to-win contest today! A simple letter of fifty words may win you $2,500 in cash—or one of the ten $100 cash prizes—or one of 2,000 genuine $2.00 Rubberset Shaving Brushes. You have 2,011 chances to win! But don't delay. *All entries must be in the mail by midnight, December 1st, 1936.*

The purpose of this contest is to settle one question—what do men like best about Ingram's—its shaving "Coolness" or its downright "Economy"?

What's your choice? When you see how easily you whip a quarter inch of Ingram's into a cloudburst of cooling lather, you'll learn a lesson in economy you'll never forget. You'll discover that a little Ingram's does a lot more shaving—because it's concentrated—with a laboratory finding over other creams of 15% to 20% more lather and more cool shaves from the same amount of cream.

But as soon as that lather touches your cheek you'll want to ring doorbells for Ingram's soothing, chin-charming "Coolness."

IT'S EASY TO BE A WINNER

You don't have to be a Shakespeare or a college professor to win. Sincerity and simplicity will count more than fancy writing. But remember, you'll never get a cut of that $3,500 cash—or one of those 2,000 Rubberset brushes—if you don't send in your entry right away. Get a tube or a jar of Ingram's Shaving Cream—give your face a thrilling, new treat—look over the simple rules—and send in your entry immediately!

READ THESE EASY RULES!

1. Decide which quality of Ingram's is more important to you, its coolness or its economy, and state why *in 50 words or less.*

2. Mail your entry to Ingram's Shaving Cream, Post Office Box No. 503, Elizabeth, N. J. *All entries must be postmarked before midnight, December 1, 1936, to be considered.* Send in as many entries as you wish, but each must be on a separate sheet of paper (a) bearing your name and address, (b) the name and address of your regular druggist, and (c) accompanied by the top of the carton from a 35¢ size jar or tube of Ingram's Shaving Cream.

3. To insure absolute fairness, we have engaged Liberty Magazine to be the judges of the contest. Their decision will be final. Names of winners will be announced in the Jan. 30, 1937 issue of Liberty.

4. All entries will be judged on the basis of originality, sincerity and applicability to advertising. No extra consideration will be given to decorated or fancy entries. Literary skill or "clever" writing will not count.

5. Anyone may enter the contest except employees of Bristol-Myers Co. (makers of Ingram's), their advertising agents, Liberty Magazine, or their families. In case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

6. Contestants agree that entries become the property of Bristol-Myers Co. and may be used by them, in whole or in part, for advertising or other purposes. Entries cannot be returned, nor can Bristol-Myers Co. or the judges engage in correspondence about the contest.

CONTEST CLOSES DECEMBER 1ST.—Act Now—SEND IN YOUR ENTRY TODAY!

Edited
by
ARNOLD GINGRICH

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Publishers:
DAVID A. SMART
WM. H. WEINTRAUB

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TRENDS IN DRESS

Picturing the New Clothes and Accessories in Sketches........
by Fellows, Stewart and Goodman beginning on page **130**

Art Director: ERIC LUNDGREN

Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous features is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of *Esquire*. It is never done knowingly.

The Latin lack of a sense of humor

Last month the first four features in the magazine were all pretty provocative. Each carried a little capsule of regional criticism. One inferred that Kentuckians put on hangings as community entertainments. Another, that Californians turn the cold shoulder on insolvent native sons. Another, that Scotchmen before breakfast are dour beyond endurance. Another that Latins in general, and Cubans only for instance, are lousy lovers. Of the four inferred indictments, three were serious enough that they might have been discussed with a straight face, and given official notice without complete loss of dignity. The fourth was of such highly individual, not to say private, nature that official notice seemed out of the question. But what happened? Did Kentucky, or California, or Scotland, seize the October issue of ESQUIRE and toss any innocent and unsuspecting newsstand dealers into the bastille? No. Each refused to dignify the private opinions expressed by the authors of those three features by giving them public notice. But the Cuban police, irked by one mere female's expression of her individual opinion (necessarily representing rather limited research) that Latins are lousy lovers, rose to the teaserino like so many large marlin off the Morro fortress, and promptly clapped eight unoffending (and presumably equally offended) Havana newsdealers into the dungeon. There they would be held, said the Cuban police, "pending an investigation." What kind of investigation do you suppose the Cuban police wanted to hold? Or do you suppose they were misquoted in the Havana dispatches that were so gleefully played up by most American papers? Maybe they wanted to hold a contest, instead of an investigation. In any event, the fact that the military police chose to take any official notice of such a peculiarly unspeakable affront to the composite national manhood struck Americans as being both funny and surprising. All that the Cuban police accomplished, in protesting the interestingly debatable and obviously unprovable generality that Latins may be lousy lovers, was to furnish food for further thought on Latin peculiarities. By confiscating the magazines they made it very hard for some subsequent researcher to attempt to prove a Latin sense of humor. And by jailing the eight newsdealers they virtually obviated the necessity for further research to justify the conclusion that Latins are Lousy Logicians. Could the Cuban police possibly have suspected either any one, or all eight, of the newsdealers wrote the article in question? Or even that, as representative Cubans, they were more pleased than the police with the arguments that the article advanced? Stumped by our rhetorical questions, we can only say that we hope the investigation proves whatever the national police want it to prove. Meanwhile, we live and learn. We have assisted in advertising to the world that there is one place where Sex, as such, is sacred. It should help, rather than hinder, the tourist business.

A sober U. S. in a drunken world?

Last month a correspondent accused us of "overdoing the anti-war stuff." That was a heartening complaint, for we had been afraid that we had not been diligent enough in pursuing our avowed intention to campaign against war up to the very hour that this country is at last sucked into the maelstrom that seems daily, almost hourly, to be shaping up for Europe's engulfment. At any rate, we wanted to be sure of getting the strongest possible indictment of war into our issue for the month in which Armistice Day falls. Mere catalogues of horrors, calculated to quench the bloodthirst of an impending war's potential combatants, did not appeal to us, for this particular purpose, for it is not among the potential combatants that the potential war-makers are to be reached. We wanted something both stronger and of wider application. We found it in George Antheil's projection of a future American parallel, in the event of war, to an historic German experience, as set forth in his article on page 52, *So Smells Defeat.* You may call it scare-stuff if you like. And there's horror enough in it, all right. But it's not the twice-told horror of the "War Is Hell" school of scare-stuff. It's a sober tale, peculiarly appropriate to Armistice Day, of the horror of the kind of "peace" that is a modern war's inevitable hangover. We don't expect fathers and mothers, of girls as well as of boys, to be able to read it without qualm. That's why we urge them to read it. And urge them to urge others to read it. The whole tone of European news becomes crazier every day. Worst part of all is that nobody any longer questions the *if* of the impending war. All anybody questions now is the *when.* Perhaps it will be impossible for this nation to stay sane in a world quite evidently gone mad. But it's the one chance left. Let's make what we can of it.

ESQUIRE
Nov., 1936
T. M.
Reg.

ESQUIRE is published monthly by Esquire, Inc. David A. Smart, President; Arnold Gingrich, Vice-President; Alfred Smart, Secretary and Treasurer. Editorial, Circulation, Business and Production Departments, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, Dec. 15th, 1933, under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by postage or by provision for payment of carrying charges If their return is desired in the event of non-purchase, but no responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage to unsolicited materials. Advertising offices, 366 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. Subscriptions for one year payable in advance, in the United States and possessions, Cuba, Mexico, Central America and South America, $5.00; Canada, $5.50; elsewhere, $7.50. Notices of changes of address must be received one month before they are to take effect. Both old and new addresses should be given.

Vol. VI, No. 5
Whole No. 36
T. M.
Reg.

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

ADD SELF-PORTRAITS

Your picture of the "average reader" on page 5 of September issue has exceptions. Me—inc.—

I am 36 not 37 (a fine point).

I wear tails or dinner clothes once every 10 years.

I do not belong to country club.

I left college in Senior year.

I do not own home.

I buy around 50 books a year.

Wife and self talk over all purchases.

Do not watch football or play golf or tennis.

Favorite authors are not Lewis and Hemingway.

Favorite actress not Hayes or Cornell.

Favorite actor not Howard.

Do like Loy. (Score 1 for you.)

Annoyed by Benny—as well as by Woollcott, Burns & Allen.

And read the space.

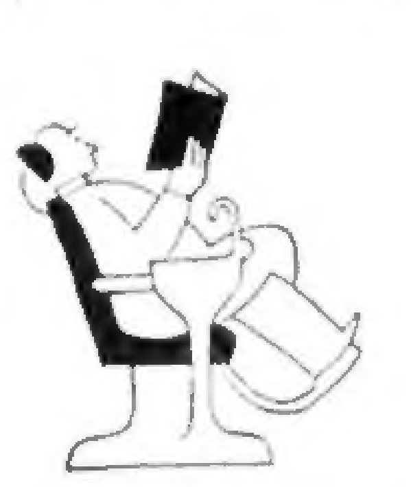
So what?

Nowata, Okla. John Macklin

ESQ. ON THE WABASH

So I'm thirty-six, I look at my mag four or five times each month, I play bridge, go to night clubs and enjoy dancing. I wear a tail-coat once each month and I belong to a country club, etc., etc., *ad nauseum, ad infinitum.*

Like hell I do!



I practice dentistry on the back porch of my home which is situated two blocks from the main street of an Indiana town of 793. I like to fish, golf and to hell with tennis. I buy books when I have the money. I've traveled as far west as Mt. Carmel, Illinois, which is just across the banks of the Wabash river from Alice of Old Vincennes. In spite of my utter lack of qualifications I read Esquire from binder to binder as quickly as I get it, and then I hide it for fear a patient will see a copy and change dentists for one whose morals are of a higher type.

I don't know whether your editorial on page 5 of the September issue was a rank attempt to eliminate us below-the-average blokes who read it or whether you think you might get larger advertising fees from the makers of dress-suits and dinner-jackets.

No matter what you have in mind, please be assured that I'm going to continue reading Esquire and continue liking it, even if I have to buy it from a bootlegger.

Faithfully

Seth W. Shields, D.D.S.

Darlington, Ind.

RETOUCHING THE SEPT. SELF-PORTRAIT

I don't know where you got your dope on your "Self-portrait of an Esquire reader," but I do know that you're practically all wet in your analysis of the average reader-of-Esquire situation. And here's how.

I truly believe that I'm an average Esquire enthusiast. I do know for certain that I enjoy the monthly tome more with each succeeding month and I believe that I have been influential in interesting others in the slick, spicy pages that are the contents of the choice magazine. This paragraph happens to be in defense of myself and my particular taste—so be it.

So-o-o-o-o-o! I'm not a married man and I'm not thirty-six years old. I'm single and I won't ever be thirty-seven on the 21st of September or thereabouts because I was thirty-five the first day of August. I look at my copy of Esquire more than four or five times every month. I do not play bridge because I'm usually reading my Esquire and haven't the time to squander on such a superfluous exploit. Bridge is anathema to me.

I do not participate in or go to night clubs. I do not do the aforementioned because there isn't a night club within 200 miles of where I live out here in the wide open spaces in the short-grass country where men are men and women are, you might say, women.

I may enjoy dancing. I don't know about that because I never tried shaking the light fantastic (if that's what you shake) in my life. I never wore a tailcoat or a dinner jacket except on the stage when I was practically pumping the hand-organ in Chautauqua or in Little Theatre circles. But I have no prejudice against them.

I don't belong to a country club. I belonged to the local Lions' Club until I had to pull out because I couldn't afford the nominal fee and because I am not silly about veal loaf every damned Thursday night. We have some country around here but nobody has started up a club about it.

I didn't leave college in my Junior year. I didn't wait that long. College left me. I mean I couldn't get started right. I stayed until March during the Freshman year, went broke, couldn't find anything to do and went on back where I started from.

I buy more than 1.42 books per month. I buy too damned much more than 1.42. If I could hold myself down to a mere 1.42 I'd probably have more money in the bank. As it is I spend a certain amount with the Literary Guild, the Book-of-the-Month and let a couple other book clubs be on the verge of sueing me all the time and what little surplus I have left, well—I buy some books with that, too.

Since I don't have a wife I don't talk over with anyone about a purchase running over a hundred dollars. In the first place (after disposing of the wife) I don't buy anything over a hundred dollars. I make a small down payment and then I pay so much per month for a given number of years and then when they come and get it I haven't anything to show for it except a dent on the linoleum or a dirty spot on the floor or a clean place on the wall which marks the spot where whatever-it-was was while I was meeting my payments.

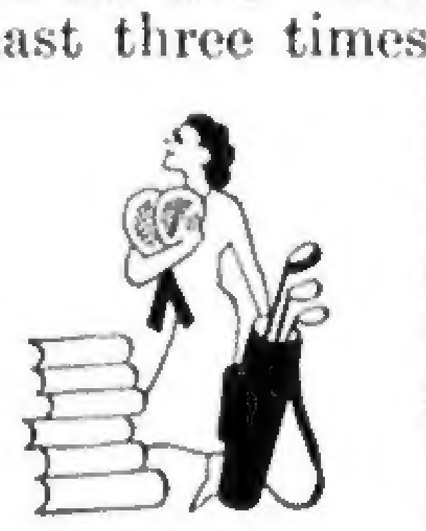
My favorite spectator sport is not football—it's baseball. But (you finally got me, pal!) my favorite active sport is golf but I wouldn't do anything about tennis if I knew how. I do like golf but I don't like tennis. And I do prefer the theatre to the movies only I never go to the theatre because the nearest one that does business is 125 miles away. My favorite author is Ernest Hemingway but Sinclair Lewis is a helluva long way behind. And I *don't* care the least for Ben Ames Williams. My favorite screen actress (since I see no stage productions) is Myrna Loy or Rosalind Russell because they look so much alike. But Gary Cooper and Charles Laughton run a dead heat for my actor-ing laurels. And when it comes to radio, I get out. But, God knows, Jack Benny *wouldn't* be it! Even though I should ever listen to more than sport reports, world's series, football games, weather reports and President Roosevelt. I most certainly have no favorite radio artist.

And you can pay me because I did read your editorial because that's the *first* page I read when I quit looking at pictures when I get Esquire. I wasn't in on that questionnaire you conducted so I'm fixing up an individual response and you can grade it according to the dictates of your own conscience—if any.

Walters, Okla. Dwight Alverson

SELF PORTRAIT OF A FEMININE ESQUIRE READER

Wow . . . right between the eyes, that little preface in the September copy. I am married, will be thirty-six in Oct. Look over Esquire at least three times a month, then pass it on to friends with the request that it be returned, as I am saving the favorite cartoons for a future game room. Play bridge, like night clubs, like to dance, (other half of the family does so under protest), or a Scotch and soda. . . .



Belong to Country club, Yacht club and all that. . . . Own our own home, buy on the average of six books a year, magazines too. Sports . . . golf for me, with all football in the state from local high school to U. of M.

Here I show the fair sex again . . . favorite movie star Robert Taylor . . . Myrna Loy running second. Authors . . . Pearl Buck and Elizabeth S. Holding. Radio correct, Jack Benny and the Lucky Strike hour. Boake Carter.

So . . . when I read your male viewpoint I nearly was out for the count, as you can readily see, how could you be so near my mirror?

Mrs. John Vyn

Grand Haven, Mich.

FARAWAY PRAISE

The fame of your magazine has penetrated as far as Australia. The part of Australia I live in is Brisbane, Capital of Queensland.

I think Esquire is great, especially the fashion part of it, but I can not help wondering at all the people in America who find fault with it. In every Esquire I have had, so far, the *Sound and Fury* section always contains at least one outburst of criticism which in my opinion is not deserved.

I feel sorry for the authors, but I suppose by this time they are hardened to criticism. How much is an Esquire in America? It costs four shillings and sixpence a copy out here.

The cartoons by de Sarro are really excellent. Who writes the editorial? At times it is so extremely American I can hardly understand it.

Cheerio,

G. Mackay Henderson

Brisbane, Australia

Editor's Note: *Cheer up, it costs two dollars a copy in Finland.*

A SIMPLE INQUIRY

I learn with some alarm from a more than casual reading of page 186 of the September Esquire that you, Mr. George C. Lucas, and your National Publishers Association are on the trail of one K. D. Skarda, who receives heavy attention as a fraudulent solicitor of subscriptions.

Now, you have a most interested reader, and one who was bilked by just such a scissorbill some years ago. Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to assist you in bringing this Skarda (I don't like people named Skarda, anyway) to justice, and if he appears near my tepee, I shall take after him with my tomahawk.

But, Mr. Lucas, how in the hell can I wire you when I don't know your address? Is your address, or that of the National Publishers Association, a matter of judicial knowledge, like the address of the President, or the race in the National League, or the number of issues during which Mrs. Roosevelt's "Babies, Just Babies" was (were?) published? Or, like God, are you everywhere?

Mr. Lucas, you know your address. Lots of people do, no doubt, but here in the west the National Publishers Association is just an association, and you are just Mr. Lucas. Much as we yearn to apprehend this viper Skarda, we wonder of you, as we do of "Twinkle, twinkle, little star," where you are.

Be a good guy. Don't hold out on us any longer. Quit being coy. Come on out like a man and let us know where you live.

Yours very truly,

Sacramento, Cal. C. J. Carey

Editor's Note: *All right, it's 232 Madison Avenue, New York.*

IT'S AN IDEA

Yowsuh! 4,687,000 Esquire parasites can not be easily overlooked. At least, a subscriber to your magazine invariably has many friends, ten and nine-tenths to be exact (the latter, in most cases, is the mother-in-law).

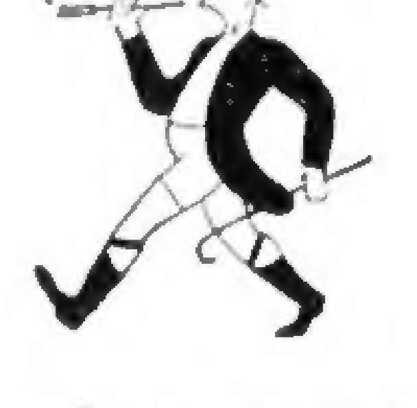
A few words as these, printed in a moderately sized, red print would be greatly appreciated by us subscribers, or better us suckers: "Please return within twenty-four hours."

Ft. Lauderdale, Fla. H. T. Jones

US IMPERTURBE

I take up my pen to scream and holler.

A Breast of the Times in your September issue was enlightening, no doubt, to many males. The first paragraph, however, about "Gentlemen who flip through *Vogue*, etc., are deterred in this casual practice by the shockingly frank advertising illustrations of intimate items of feminine merchandise" struck a phony note somewhere. Poor, poor men—tsk, tsk, being disillusioned like that.



Maybe you don't think that over every copy of Esquire is a group of high school gals tittering over ads for *men's* intimate items of attire, such as "The Bracer (Pulling the Main Sheet—or working in the Office)", "Coopers (Not a Squirm in the Dullest Lecture)."

The kids of today don't have to ask Ma. Esquire has become a sort of primer on "What Every Young Person Should Know."

Mind you, I'm not prissy by nature, and we gals may get the same kick out of these ads as you guys do out of Petty, but you'll have to admit it's enough to make a gal get goose-pimples to see a male perfectly well-dressed and proper to the waist and then—Nothing! (except "Support-U" of course). It may be just a sly way of being subtle, at that.

The stories and articles in your little old magazine are getting better and better. People who dislike Petty should have their heads examined

Anyway, here's to Esquire—long may he wave!

San Francisco, Cal. Mrs. G. R. S.

CONTRARY MARY

He's No Longer Faithful If—

(1) You have been married (or otherwise) over a week.

(2) He does not suffer from total paralysis, or helpless idiocy.

(3) You aren't the sole inhabitants of an unknown island.

(4) He isn't in solitary confinement on Alcatraz.

So what?

So Esquire is still a bargain at 50c a copy.

Much luck to ye,

Tulsa, Okla. Mary Schenk

Continued on page 8

There are two thoughts behind this picture

THE first thought behind this picture is this: Tonight, turn your after-dinner coffee into delicious Coffee Royal by serving Four Roses Whiskey with it. (Just pour the whiskey in the coffee—stir—and sip!)

The second thought is this: that whiskey, like coffee, must be *blended* to be at its best.

For various whiskies, like various coffees, have their own outstanding virtues. And the way to get *all* these virtues is to *blend* those whiskies together in exactly the right quantities—to mingle and merge them in such a way that you get a liquor more magnificent than any one of the separate whiskies could be alone.

That's how the glorious flavor of Four Roses is achieved. That's why we honestly believe it is the noblest whiskey we, or anyone else, ever put in bottles.

We realize that this is a large statement. But it's backed by seventy years of experience in making the finest kind of American whiskey. And it's a statement that's easily proved. A single sip will tell you that only by *blending* several fine straight whiskies together can you get a whiskey as grand as Four Roses.

Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Louisville and Baltimore, make Four Roses (94 proof), Paul Jones (92 proof), Old Oscar Pepper, Mattingly & Moore (both 90 proof)—*all blends of straight whiskies.*

Send 10¢ in stamps for "Irvin S. Cobb's Own Recipe Book." *Address Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Louisville, Ky.*

Four Roses
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES
Four Roses

FOUR ROSES

A blend of straight whiskies—94 proof

WE BELIEVE IT IS AMERICA'S FINEST WHISKEY, REGARDLESS OF AGE OR PRICE

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

EDITOR EDITUS

I regret to say that, after careful consideration, I do not find the enclosed rejection slip exactly suited to my present requirements. While you may be surprised at having a rejection slip rejected, I can see no reason why authors as well as editors may not have the right to reject submitted manuscripts. I wish to thank you for thinking of me in connection with the material I am enclosing herewith, and assure you I shall be glad to carefully consider any other contributions which you may send me.

Sincerely yours,

New York, N. Y. S. Berger

P. S.—Owing to the large volume of manuscripts submitted, I would appreciate your enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope should you decide at any future time to show me further examples of your work. Thank you.

THOU LOUSE

Thy dispatch of the month of August 17, one thousand nine-hundred and thirty-six was conveyed to me with speed of a demon by thine most trustworthy servant James Farley, Esq.

I lament, my lord, for the peace and tranquility which once was mine now is no more. Hapless man, why canst thou honour all that which is most sacred? Thou art cruel and thine heart has turned to stone for you take delight in the suffering of men by bringing to light foul words upon the pages of the most esteemed parchment Esquire. My heart is sick with thought of thine setting the world at nought by bringing forth into this down-trodden universe such a deformity as *Uncle Fonse Laughed*, sinned by one Jesse Stuart. In vain I sought a message. None there was to be found. What fools ye mortals be! I proclaim to hades with Uncle Fonse and Aunt Effie and horses and mules.

Methinks, my lord, that thou stoopest far too below thine befitting dignity as the captain of the invincible Esquire. Canst thou look more deeply at a manuscript which dost not contain a message and discard it as utter trash? Thou art a brave lord, yet like a rabbit thou art before names of great Hemingways, of Shumways, of Towles and of Saroyans. Time and space bindeth me, my lord, or else I could go on *ad infinitum*.

The desire of riches, like "loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud," will spell doom to the parchment Esquire. Praise thee I cannot, yet admire thee I most humbly do, for thou hast a medium for all. Millions art men and more millions their likes.

After mine first dispatch, full of pleading heart, oblivion I desired. I beseeched and implored thee, my lord. Mine beseechings thou hast trampled; mine imploring hardened thine heart and thou smacked thine lips in glee and made merry sport at my suffering. Nay, nay, my lord, tarry awhile and do not scorn mine most heart wrung woes and lamentations. Mine hair is turning gray; mine eyesight is forsaking me and mine temple is exposed to the wailing wind. Heed mine word and mine warning for canst thou not see the handwriting on the wall?

Awaken from thine slumber and salvage the most esteemed parchment Esquire from submerging perdition. Should mine words fall upon deaf ears, I will call upon the winds. Ay, my lord, I will call the winds of heaven to speed to mine rescue and spell doom to thine domain of feather. Must thou be threatened with the stake to stop, in thine position as midwives, extracting such hirelings with Caesarian operation? Being burnt at stake is not enough, nay, thou must be flayed, pitched in tar, rolled in feathers and then burnt. Punishment must fit the crime.

My wounds are many so I beseech thee to be merciful in thine selection of manuscripts.

I seal my dispatch with pleadings, and remain

Your humble servant,

Wm. Sheyke Speer

Brockton, Mass.

P. S.—I don't like the wiseiguyish attitude of your editorials. Wm. S. S.

PROGRESSIVE CRITICISM

I am a dissillusioned young writer who has at last come to the sad realization that Editors will not pay to print my stuff. But I'll be damned if I won't at least get into print. Therefore I will write a letter of condemnation for the doubtful pleasure of seeing it in your Sound & Fury Dept. But maybe I'm not even good enough to make that! Ah, wo ho ho is me!

First of all,—Hello Ma! Hello Pa! And if Mary's father is listening—Phooey!

Now your writers. Undeniably they're lousy. Why not cut 'em all out and have a petty drawing on every page? Steel yourself! I feel a pun coming on: Is Petty's daughter petty too? Oops!

The drawings, including Petty's are just as lousee. Why not cut them out too and fill the book with those beautiful whiskey ads?

Next, the ads. There are only about ten people in the U. S. with enough money to live as your ads would have them live, so let's cut out the ads.

That leaves us with the table of contents which is by now a blank sheet and we can't use that, it's too damned stiff.

Insincerely,

J. J. Twillingsbea

GAG RULE

I hereby second the motion of Francis Hutchinson in the September *S. & F.* Something should be done about Petty. We want more in our cartoons than just a reclining, velvety passion pot, with calves bigger around than her waist. Curves is curves, but those bumpy looking O. G. twins look like a cupla lady rasslers. Overemphasis overemphasized! . . . Petty gets by on one thing only. The smooth finish of his work. But as for humor, it is so long since Petty has displayed any, you had better index his stuff as something else than "Cartoons."

Esky should declare a moratorium on cartoons depicting (a) Colored Mammy with Umpteen Kids, (b) Turk and Harem, (c) Dumb Guy with Hot Dame on a Raft, (c1) on rug sized Island, (d) Quintuplet Jokes, (e) Stork Jokes.

But moratorium or no moratorium I'll keep on reading Esky.

London, Ont. R. D. O'Brien

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF A. PRESCOTT ZELVER

I.

I sit down with a copy of Esquire—lots of people do. (4,687,000 according to the last survey.) I enjoy my copy of Esquire—lots of people do. (The survey didn't say anything about how many.) Do I enjoy my copy of Esquire thoroughly? I do not. And why do I not? Because every time I see a neatly turned sentence or a clever phrase I say to myself say I; Why didn't you think of that A. Prescott? Then I feel all hot around the head just like I was agrivated. I feel agrivated because I want to be a writer more than anything else,—except maybe to be like Hemingway. I don't like to get agrivated with Esquire because I enjoy Esquire but Esquire has more cleverness per square inch than any other magazine I could think of, and believe me if I tryed I could think of plenty. When I see all this hot stuff in Esquire I get awful scared tha by the time I amm growed up all the good ideas will be thunk of and I'll be out in the rain and snow. Believe me where it is cold.

When I get all scared and agrivated and hot around the head I rush to my typewriter and try very hard to think of somethink hot and clever so you will buy it. Which I haven't done yet. . . .

This letter is really a protest so you will not mak your Esquire Magazine so damn good each month. Because it agrivates me not to be clever and hot.

I already have one of your cute little rejection slips and am expecting another soon. So now I send you no more manuscripts. Instead I send you article ideas. Would you like an article on:

Me touring England on a bicycle. Your expence which would be not much. May be I could meet the King. He's a swell guy.

The futility of trying to write like me which may make people see light and save you reject. slips.

Living in California.

How it feels to be 16. I know first hand because I am.

Plese do not hold what I write against me because as I write this I listen to Burns and Allen, I want to be a writer, I am only 16.

Excuse the spelling if any, because I am a poor speller I think I should be a writer.

I think I am very talentest and humorous if I hada reputation.

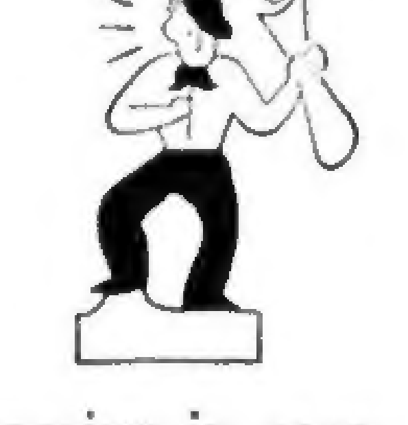
Yours truly,

Lodi, Calif. A. Prescott Zelver

P. S.—Please do not put this in the sound and Fury because my sycolgy prof. says if you tell people not to do something forbeden fruit tastes good. But if you do put it in please let me know please, for I'm no longer getting Esq. since it gives me scares, agrivation, and hot head pp. . . ss. . . If you don't believe I'm only 16 come and see for yourself. I'd be a very young Esq. discovery if you buy my articles which I'd be glad to send to you if you tell me to soon.

II.

I went down to the library today and looked in all the "Who's Who" from 1913 on. But I couldn't find a single Zelver, much less one who ever did anything, great that is. So on the way home it seemed pretty clear that I would be the first Zelver to accomplish anything of worth. I thought; when my letter is published in the Sound and Fury I will be the greatest Zelver that ever lived, a hero of my tribe, the idol of my clan. Then I started day dreaming in earnest. I could see myself hoisted high on the shoulders of my family. Everyone shouting, "three cheers for A. Prescott. a literary genius. The first of the Zelvers to get a letter in the Sound and Fury. Let this inspire us on to great things. Perhaps now that A. Prescott has reached the top in American letters he will not stop. He may even get another letter in the S. & F. someday." I could see them milling over one and other for my autograph. What an honor!



Then I stumbled over the front step and returned to more earthly things. Mom shoved a letter in my hand when I came in the door and said, "from Esquire." I opened it with trembling fingers, hope on hope. It was a lovely letter Mr. Gingrich for which I thank you very much. I enjoyed it, especially running my thumbs over the raised letters at the top. But too it was a disappointing letter. I could not help but feel sorry my letter was too late for the October number and too soon for the November number. However as long as you seem to think it is a natural for the *Sound & Fury* I have doped out something whereby your readers will not be deprived of its "random comments" as you put it; Just send the letter back to me (for which I em enclosing postage) and I'll return it to you just in time for the November issue.

How's dat?

Thanks again for your kind reply.

Yours truly,

Lodi, Calif. A. Prescott Zelver

EXEGSIS OF CATHARSIS

Catharsis . . . "A word of really doubtful meaning, probably expressing the effect of art, especially in the Greek tragedies, in purging the soul of sordid and base ideas and desires; a sort of moral cathartic. 2. (medical), purgation or cleansing of any passage of the body." (I give the medical term, because it clearly defines what a cleansing of the body, mostly mind, that such a fellow needs that would write a letter to an upstanding and intelligent magazine like Esq., and say the things concerning the editorials the way he expressed himself. Knowing the sea like I do, especially west of the Hawaiian Islands through the Archipelagoes, around the Phillipines, Guam, and the Asiatic Coast, I would plainly state that the fellow has missed too many transports back to civilization and the United States, and that some Pharmacist should by all means give the man a thorough examination of the upper regions.

Listen,"Just Wanderin",I havespent more than ten good years doing the same things that you are apparently doing, and talking of dangerous waters, I pushed, or rather helped to push, a submarine through typhoons lasting four and five days, and if you think that there is any fun attached to doing it, you are very much mistaken. Fighting sharks with knives, pushing through blizzards, phooey! Why don't you go back to your dime novels if you like that sort of imaginatives.

I buy Esquire Magazine because I like it, because I like the editorials and captions at the head of the articles in *S and F* and am perfectly content to go on buying the issues from month to month because I do like the stories that are printed, and I venture to say that I have spent several upon several fifty cent pieces to purchase my beloved Esq., each month, until a very good friend had the presence of thought enough to grant me no better a birthday present than same subscription. Esquire, I salute you!

As for the captions heading the letters in *S and F* it is my belief those pages are put aside each month for that purpose, and it is fully within the rights of the editor to say what he damn well pleases in response to nasty letters such as by the half-baked tropical nit-wit, who signs himself "Just Wanderin".

A Constant Peruser of Esq.

San Francisco, Cal. Ralph Carter

POME OF THE MONTH

If people think that Eskie stinks
They shouldn't ought to read it.
And if the mag is really good
I think they should concede it.
But for God sakes, cut out all this grousing!

Sincerely,

Louis Hillel Krupnick

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Continued on page 196

Women and Children *First*

In times of peril, men of all nations live up to the unwritten law . . . "Women and children first." Americans, however, lead the world in applying this law to everyday life. Whatever science or industrial ingenuity has produced to lighten labor and add to human comfort, American husbands and fathers find a way to provide it for their wives and children.

The way, in most cases, is a time payment purchase. That's how millions of automatic refrigerators have been put in the American homes, to lighten kitchen labor and to keep food pure and wholesome. That's how millions of motor cars have been bought, as well as radios, oil and gas burners, ranges, air conditioning equipment and many other mechanical aids to healthier, happier, more comfortable home life.

If you are planning to acquire one or more of these practical blessings for your family soon, keep in mind that the low cost and safety of Commercial Credit financing have been proved by satisfied users over a period of more than twenty years.

Remember the name. Ask any reputable dealer about the Commercial Credit Company.

CCC
SAFETY PLAN

One of the country's largest factors in the financing of automobile purchases, Commercial Credit Company urges motorists everywhere to cooperate in promoting motoring safety.

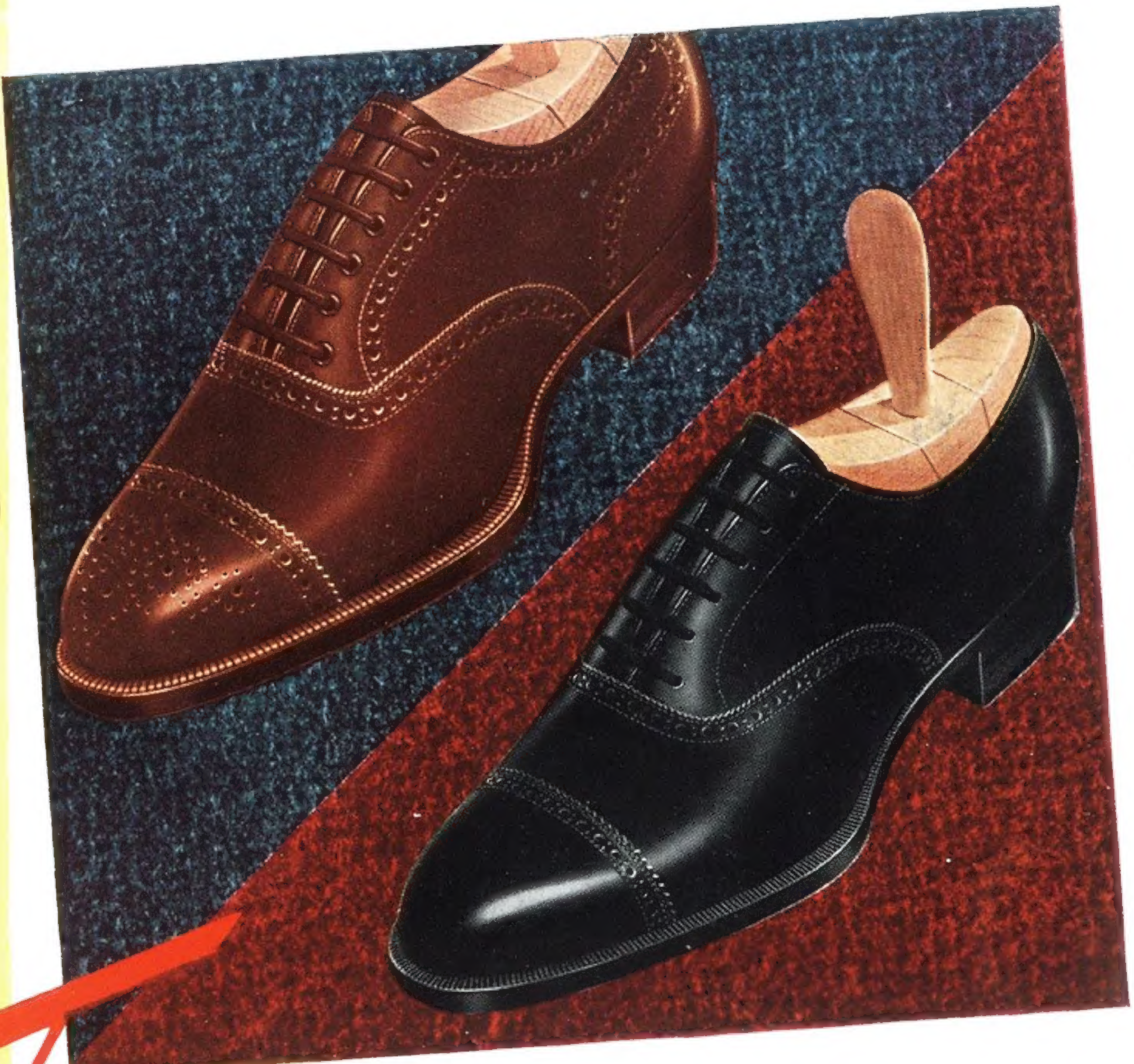
CHECK YOUR BRAKES
CHECK YOUR SPEED
CONSIDER OTHERS

CONSTANT CAR CONTROL
Will Save Lives

COMMERCIAL CREDIT COMPANY

COMMERCIAL BANKERS

FINANCING SERVICE FOR MANUFACTURERS, DISTRIBUTORS AND DEALERS THROUGH 171 OFFICES IN UNITED STATES AND CANADA



Win a *Free* $1000

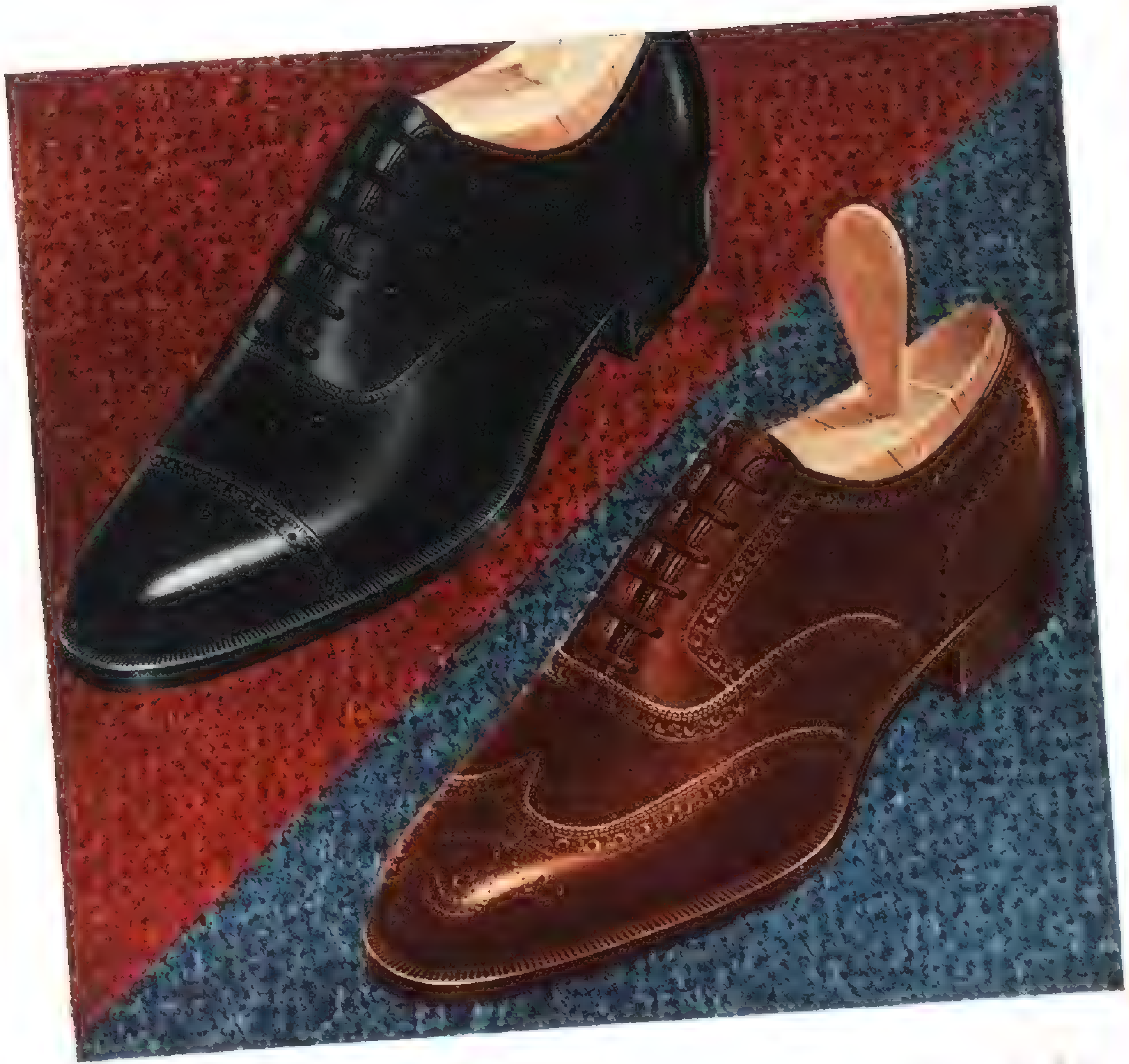
WITH A SLOGAN FOR THESE WRIGHT ARCH PRESERVER SHOES

HAVE you always wanted to look like a million dollars? Here's your big-time chance. Write a brisk slogan—not more than 15 words—that says in the best possible way that Wright Arch Preserver Shoes for Men are tops in style-plus-comfort. Simply do that, and the swellest wardrobe you ever dreamed of will plump into your lap. $1000 worth of exciting apparel and accessories—*free!*

So get in on it. Nothing to buy. Nothing to do except write 15 words (or less)—unless you're perspicacious enough to realize the edge you gain by barging into your dealer's and personally inspecting Wright Arch Preserver Shoes.

Have you had a secret longing to walk with the lift of an Olympic miler and the snooty assurance of a Princeton club man? Then slip into a pair of Wright Arch Preservers and make that longing a foot-sure fact. Perfect feet or plaintive feet will be inspired to do their duty in a new and vigorous fashion. Why? Because these extraordinary shoes distribute the body weight properly on your feet. A doubly-anchored arch bridge and scientific metatarsal support do the job. Ordinary shoes squeeze the

WRIGHT *Arch Preserver*



Wardrobe

SMARTLY STYLED FOR THE MAN-ABOUT-TOWN

toes till they're as puckered as old parchment. Wright Arch Preservers have an absolutely flat forepart that introduces your toes to new freedom. While the heel-to-ball fitting gives your foot a trig and buoyant energy—puts fresh precision in every step.

Wright Arch Preservers are the criterion of male shoe smartness. The four styles shown give you but a taste of the whole range of *eighty-six* intriguing models. Wear them on Wall Street or Bond Street, at the Harvard-Yale game or the Opening Night at the Met—and they'll put your feet in a kind of elegant limelight. In short—they're pretty good shoes.

Enter the contest. Write your slogan *neatly* on the convenient coupon—or on anything else that happens to be handy. Mail promptly. Besides the $1000 *free* wardrobe winner, twenty other gifted gentlemen will win prizes. (Duplicate prizes awarded in the case of ties.) To each of these twenty goes a pair of Wright Arch Preserver Shoes—to be selected in person at the nearest Wright Arch Preserver dealer's. Note well: contest begins October 15, 1936, and entries must be postmarked not later than midnight of December 15, 1936.

STEP UP YOUR CHANCES OF WINNING! INSPECT WRIGHT ARCH PRESERVER SHOES AT ANY OF THESE LEADING LARGE-CITY STORES

If your city is not listed, write us for name of nearest dealer

Akron	M. O'Neil Co.
Albany	Steefel Bros.
Allentown	Wetherhold & Metzger
Altoona	Wm. F. Gable Co.
Atlanta	Geo. Muse Clothing Co.
Atlantic City	Katzinger Bros.
Baltimore	N. Hess' Sons
Bangor	John Conners Shoe Co.
Binghamton	Chas. R. Strange, Inc.
Bloomington, Ill.	Bunnell Bros.
Boston	Filene's Men's Store
	Graham Shoe Co.
	Walsh Arch Shoe Shop
Brattleboro	Dunham Bros. Co.
Bridgeport	The Howland Dry Goods Co.
Brooklyn	Arch Preserver Shop, 11 Bond St.
	Friedman's, Inc., 1316 Kings Highway
	Loeser's
	M. J. Markell, 4715 13th Ave.
Buffalo	J. L. Hudson Co.
Burlington, Vt.	Lewis & Blanchard Co.
Charlotte	Gilmer-Moore Co.
Chicago	Marshall Field & Co.
Cincinnati	Potter Shoe Co.
Cleveland	Stone Shoe Co.
Columbia	Saxon-Cullum Shoe Co.
Columbus	Walters Shoe Co.
Dallas	Volk Bros. Co.
Dayton	Fred Hageman & Sons
Decatur	Folrath & Folrath
Denver	The Fontius Co.
Des Moines	Field Shoe Co.
Detroit	R. H. Fyfe & Co.
Elizabeth	Hilgendorff's
Erie	Erie Dry Goods Co.
Evansville	Bunnell & Combs
Fall River	F. E. Sullivan Co
Fitchburg	Penan Shoe Store
Flint	Hub Shoe Store
Fort Wayne	Bobay's, Inc
Fresno	Neil-White & Co.
Glendale	Winkler's Shoe Store
Grand Rapids	Paul Steketee & Sons
Hammond	Plaza Shoe Shop
Harrisburg	C. B. Rodney
Hartford	G. Fox & Co., Inc.
	The W. G. Simmons Corp
Holyoke	Thos. S. Childs, Inc
Hot Springs	Kempner Shoe Store
Houston	Sakowitz Bros
Indianapolis	Geo. J. Marott Co.
Jackson, Mich	The Arch Preserver Shoe Shop
Jacksonville	Levy's Bootery Co
Jersey City	Wenton Shop
	Joseph's
Johnstown, Pa.	Penn Traffic Co
Joplin	Rosenberg's Shoe Store
Kalamazoo	Gilmore Bros.
Kansas City	Miller Shoe Co
Kingston, N. Y.	A. Hymes
Knoxville	J. S. Hall's Sons
Lancaster	Todd Boot Shop
Lansing	Schaefer Arch Preserver Shop
Lawrence	D. D. Mahony's Sons
Lewiston	Lamey-Wellehan
Lima	The Crawford Shoe Co
Lincoln	Haney's Shoe Store
Long Beach, Cal.	Dobyns
Los Angeles	Bullock's
	Gude's, Inc.
Louisville	Rodes-Rapier
Lowell	Dickerman & McQuade, Inc.
Lynchburg	G. A. Coleman Co
Manchester	Morganstern's
Memphis	Henry Halle & Bros
Miami	Burdine's
Milwaukee	Schuster's
	S. J. Brouwer Shoe Co
Minneapolis	C. M. Stendal
Montgomery	Lane & Mathews
Mt. Vernon	The York Shoe Co
Newark, N. J.	89 Halsey St
New Britain	Sloan Bros.
Newburgh	Vogel's Shoe Co
New Haven	Emerson-Darby, Inc.
New Rochelle	Palace Shoe Store
Newton	W. L. McCammon
New York	Arch Preserver Shops at:
	9 E. 37th St.
	8 W. 37th St
	15 W. 39th St.
	53 W. 49th St
	50 E. 59th St.
	117 Church St
	966 Third Ave.
	117 E. Fordham Rd., Bronx
	McCreery's, Fifth Ave.
Oakland	Chas. Kushin & Co.
Oklahoma City	Rothschild's B & M
Omaha	Drexel Shoe Co
	Arch Preserver Shoe Store
Oneida	Conniff & Toher, Inc
Parkersburg	McHenry's
Pasadena	Hjalmar Johnson Shoe Shop
Passaic	Stenchever's, Inc
Paterson	Stenchever's, Inc.
Peoria	Moser's
Philadelphia	Strawbridge & Clothier
	Robt. Cherry's, Germant'nAve.
Pittsburgh	Kaufmann's
	Boggs & Buhl
Pittsfield	F. A. Farrell & Co
Port Chester	I. Goldberg & Son
Port Huron	John Mann Shoes
Portland, Me.	Lamey-Wellehan
Portland, Ore.	Meier & Frank Co.
Providence	Emerson-Ward
Racine	Stilb's Shoe Store
Reading	Wetherhold & Metzger
Richmond	F. W. Dabney & Co
Roanoke	Bush-Flora Shoe Co
Rochester	Pidgeon's
Sacramento	Lavenson's, Inc
Saginaw	Arch Preserver Shoe Shop
St. Louis	Famous-Barr Co
	Stix-Baer & Fuller
St. Petersburg	Dent & English Co
St. Paul	Emporium Merc. Co.
Salt Lake City	Hunter-Thompson Co
San Diego	Williams Bootery
San Francisco	Sommer & Kaufmann
San Jose	Bloom's
Schenectady	H. S. Barney Co
Scranton	Lewis & Reilly
Seattle	Frederick & Nelson
Shreveport	Phelps Shoe Co.
Sioux City	Schulein's
So. Bend	Modern Orthopedic Footwear
Spokane	Saad Bros
Springfield, Ill.	B. H. Luers Sons
Springfield, Ohio	Arch Preserver Shop
Springfield, Mass.	Morse & Haynes
Stamford	Montour Shoe Store
Syracuse	Park-Brannock Co
Tacoma	Pessemier's Bootery
Tampa	Henry Giddens Clothing Co.
Toledo	Hoffmann-Thomas, Inc
Topeka	The Payne Shoe Co
Trenton	Fischer's Shoe Shop
Troy	Cooper's
Utica	Hughes Arch Preserver Shop
Washington, D. C.	Boyce & Lewis
	Raleigh Haberdasher
Waterbury	Arch Preserver Shoe Shop
Wheeling	Alexander & Co
White Plains	Stone's Clothes Shop
Wichita	John Braitsch Shoe Co.
Wilkes-Barre	Walter's Shoe Store
Williamsport	Fred Kimmerer & Co
Wilmington	Bendheim's
Worcester	Shean's Shoe Shoppe
Youngstown	J. W. Smith & Sons Co.

ARCH PRESERVER SHOES FOR MEN, *made exclusively by E. T. Wright & Co., Inc., Rockland, Mass. (in Canada by Scott McHale, Ltd.): for boys, Gerberich-Payne Shoe Co.: for women, The Selby Shoe Co.: for misses, Green Shoe Mfg. Co. men's slippers, I. B. Evans Son Co.*

EXCITING $1000 WARDROBE ASSEMBLED FROM THESE SMARTLY-FASHIONED LINES

(NOTE QUANTITIES INCLUDED)

5 Hats by Knox
24 Twin-Flex Ties, 3 Mufflers by Hewes & Potter
16 Essley Shirts
3 Lounge suits, 1 sport suit, 1 tuxedo, 1 dress suit by Fashion Park
1 Chesterfield, 1 topcoat by Stein Bloch
10 Pairs Wright Arch Preserver Shoes
10 Pairs of Tecs
12 Pairs Superseam Gloves by Daniel Hays Co.
12 Sets Reis Underwear, 3 Reis Polo Shirts
6 Valcuna Sweaters
6 Pairs Paris Garters, Suspenders, 6 Paris Belts by A. Stein & Co.
1 Gruen Curvex Wrist Watch
3 Assortments of Swank Jewelry
3 Peerless Robes
2 Pairs Arch Preserver Slippers
1 Texraw Wardrobe Trunk, two matching cases by Belber Trunk & Bag Co.
1 Packard Lektro-Shaver by Progress Corporation
1 Graflex Camera, Series No. 2
And a host of other smart accessories

Shoes FOR MEN

ENTER $1000 FREE WARDROBE CONTEST THIS EASY WAY

E. T. WRIGHT & CO., Inc.
Rockland, Massachusetts

I accept the judges' decision as final.

Signed ____________________

Street ____________________

City __________ *State* __________

Here is my slogan (not over 15 words) for Wright Arch Preserver Shoes written below in the margin

TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

AUTO ACCESSORIES

PRESS THE MAGIC BUTTON—
Presto a *lighted* cigarette! SERV-A-LITE — in one beautiful compact unit combines a case for 20 cigarettes, a self lighter and dispenser, a handy ash tray. *It's fully automatic.* Attachable to any auto dash in 5 minutes without tools. Promotes smoking pleasure and safe driving. Deluxe model $3.95. Standard model $2.45 at your car service station or department store. Or write to — TELEMOTOR CORP., 260 5th Ave., N. Y.

BARS

RADIOBAR—the perfect combination of a Smart Cocktail Bar equipped with the latest 1937 PHILCO Radios, complete with glassware, bar accessories, etc., $99.50 up. See your nearest PHILCO dealer or Radiobar Co. of America, 60 Warren St., New York and 7100 McKinley Ave., Los Angeles.

CAMERAS

Two Outstanding Values
ARGUS 35mm. Candid F4.5 Lens, takes Leica Film, $12.50. . . .
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Children, more often than not, have the shin-skinning habit of leaving velocipedes, toy automobiles, skooters and what-not in the most unexpected places. If a garage were provided them, built in ratio to the usual two car garage, no other inducement would be necessary for them to ape their elders, a characteristic often less charming than their irresponsibility. In this case, however, it might be healthier for all concerned. The garage exists. It is approximately five feet square by four feet high, has white clapboard walls, green shingled roof, green trim and real plate glass windows.

There is nothing particularly new about nested tables, but we did see a set the other day which have backgammon boards set in the top. These should keep a family of backgammon fiends happy.

We'd like to refer the proud fathers who want to provide their sons with an "educational toy", or who use this as a pretext for engaging in the construction of a model railroad system or a model boat, to the New York Society of Model Engineers for advice and assistance. They have the whimsical habit of getting red in the face once in a while and of doing some formal clubbing, that is, keeping minutes, printing a bulletin and observing Robert's rules of order. However, for the most part this seems pretty silly to them; they're too intent on building and running their models to bother with minor formalities. Write them stating what you want to do with your model building and someone, or a committee, will answer you. Probably they won't be able to find a bulletin, but they will tell you anything and everything there is to know about model construction. We visited the clubrooms the other day and were, quite frankly, astonished. In a space large enough to house a steam engine, there was laid out a railroad system precisely like the genuine article, a block signal system, motor driven switches, every kind of bridge used in railroading, freight yards, depots, dispatcher's office, etc. Furthermore, all the equipment from the electrical work down to the couplings of the freight cars was constructed in the machine shops at the rear of the main room. Besides the railroad, there was an awesome array of boats, mostly power boats. The most fascinating thing about them were the engines. The darn things would fit into the palm of your hand, yet kick up as much fuss and noise as the originals after which they were modeled. One of them got to forty-five miles per hour. The members of the Society are as enthusiastic about the business as some of us are about fishing. We warn you, when you write to them, don't call the models toys. Call them MODELS, and don't write unless you are seriously contemplating the construction of a model railroad or boat.

Since the early forebears of that hardy race first wove Scotch tartan plaids as a means of clan identification, they have been used for strange and sundry decorative purposes. We have advance notice that luggage is about to appear dressed in these ancient patterns. George, the red cap, will know whether you're a Mactush or a Mactavish by your luggage.

There's a reproduction of a half-timbered Tudor house in New York City which is largely original and houses an antique store and architectural and metal working facilities. In it there is a complete room dated 1480, probably the oldest room in America. In case you want either original or copied Tudor or Stuart lanterns or any number of other antique household accessories, there is a treasure-trove to be found in this establishment.

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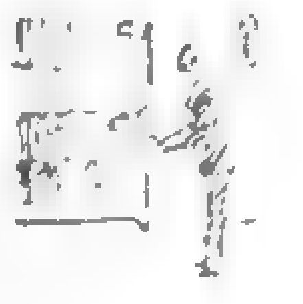

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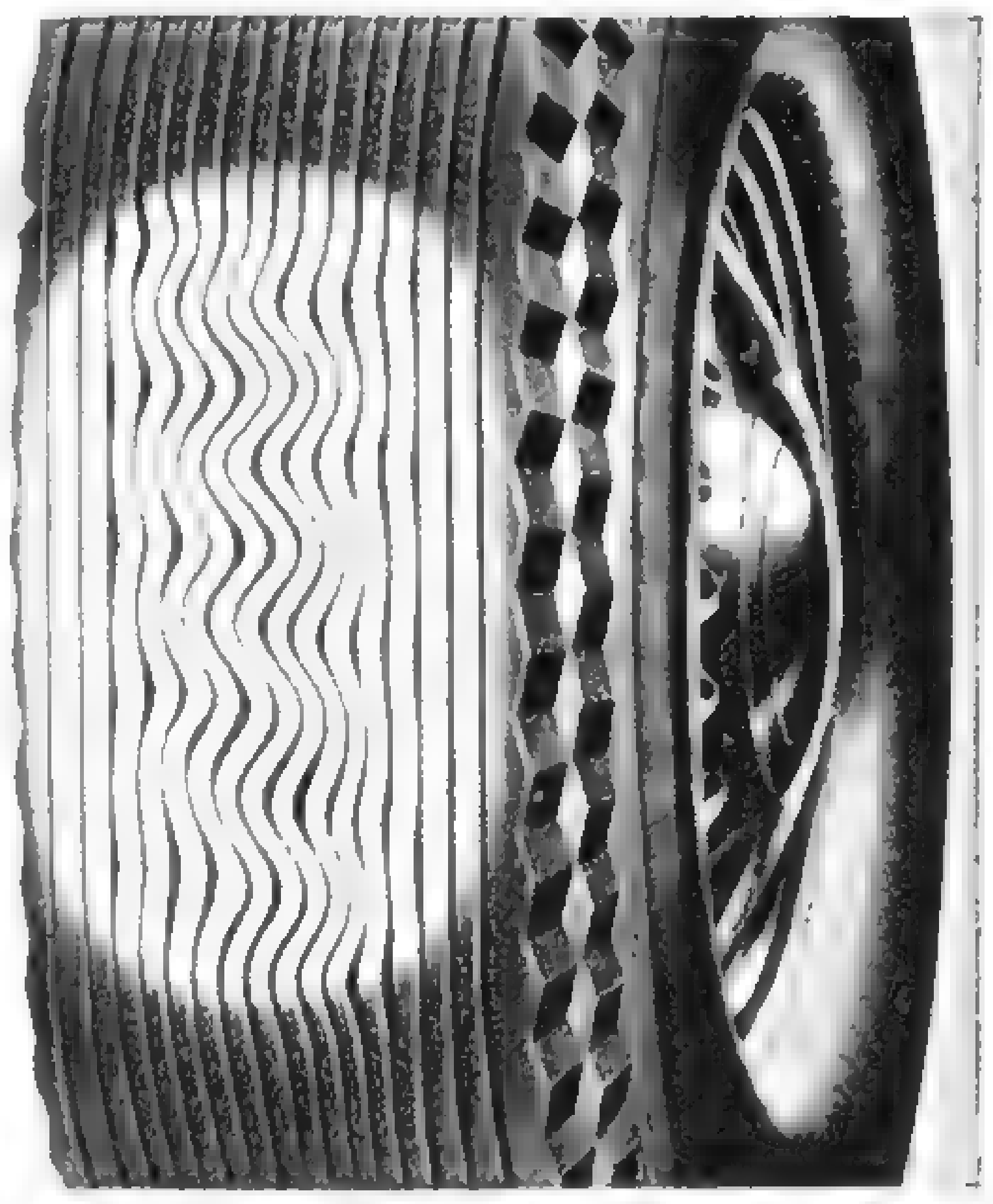

It's the Wrinkle **that ends skid-swerve and tail spins. When you apply the brakes, flexible ribbons of rubber wrinkle into squeegee-like action—provide positive traction on any road, wet or dry.**

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Someone has rigged an old fashioned sand glass egg-timer so that it makes a noise when the eggs are done. The glass is on a swivel as of old, but at the bottom of the metal frame is attached a bell, and at the top a scale. You set the glass according to the scale for three, four, or five minute timings, at the expiration of which an arm attached to the glass swings downward and bounces off the bell a dozen times or so. It can be used for other things that might require a time limit, such as, telephone conversations or guessing games.

Being fair game for the application of artistic design, clocks have been conceived in all shapes and for every decorative purpose. A new, small and inexpensive clock now makes its appearance in the form of a paper weight. It has a deep convex top with the traditional glass paper weight appearance, and a black rim marked with zodiac-like numerals. The minute hand is a star projecting from a miniature terrestrial globe, and the hour hand is a small crescent moon. The hands revolve against a brilliant celestial blue field of silver stars. The whole idea seems to us to have been inspired by an astrologer's outfit. There is also a stand that may be used if you prefer the clock standing up, to which is attached a perpetual calendar.

For those who are sufficiently fond of horses and dogs and would like pictures of their canine or equestrian favorites about, a particularly appropriate picture frame has been designed. It's made of tan calfskin and decorated at the top with racing stable colors. The backing is horse blanket plaid.

Back in the days of the gay nineties, the early conception of the four-in-hand tie was an object that you merely picked up and snapped on to your collar button. Since then we have had the acute problem of tying a four-in-hand so that it presents a perfect appearance. We've just seen what promises to be the solution of this difficulty. At the exact spot where the large end of the tie should rest beneath the knot, the tie has been pinched together and stitched. Of course you do have to get the knot in the right place.

Another inventive genius of the sartorial world has come through with an idea that eliminates the awkwardness of a shirt bosom that refuses to remain in its proper relation to the dress waistcoat, or vice versa. By producing a dress shirt with the waistcoat an integral part of the bosom, all difficulty of this kind is eliminated. You may sit, dance, stand on your head or even pass out without disturbing the appearance of this ingenious accessory.

A manufacturer has built a two foot model of the grey sentry boxes outside the fence at Buckingham Palace, and has put a phonograph in it. By lifting one half of the blue roof you reveal the turn-table. At the back is a door that gives access to a fairly large space in which to store records. The tone is good, and it seems to be the ideal thing for a nursery or play room. The reproduction is not grey, but painted in broad red and white stripes.

English table delicacies packed in rather handsome crockery containers make practical and usually appreciated gifts of an impersonal sort.

A game that promises amusing diversion during the cocktail hour consists of a set of eight cocktail napkins and a set of cards describing ten games based on the illustrations that appear on the napkins. These are pictures of various domestic and wild animals acting in a more or less ridiculous fashion. It's a follow-up on the "Handies" and "Knock-Knocks".

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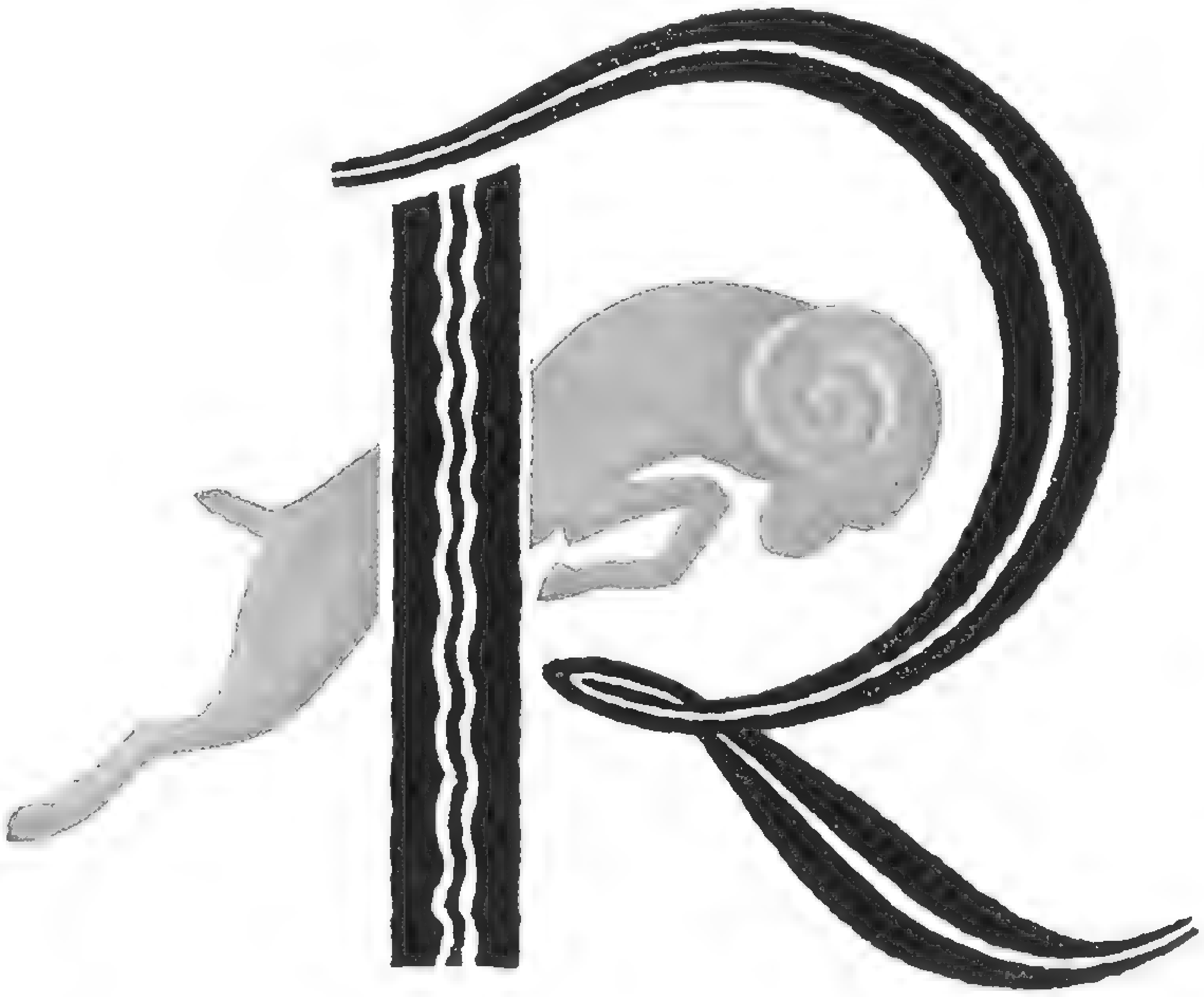

Now, Parfums for the skin

FOR almost a century the women loved by the men of Revillon awaited breathlessly for the annual shipment of raw sables from Tibet.

It was not only for the gossamer-soft brown fur of queens they waited. It was for a small, hide-bound flask of perfume that was always found hidden away in the heart of each bale of sable skins.

The annual gift of a Tibetan tribe to the house of Revillon, this flask contained a rare and enchanted perfume that went to the heads of men like wine; a scent so subtle, so alluring, that women of royal blood coaxed for even a few drops of the precious fragrance.

Time and again the Revillons tried to acquire the formula, but each offer was met with polite refusal.

The scent of princesses was not for sale.

And so, this strange and fascinating redolence remained one of the mysteries of the east until several years ago, a young Revillon entered the firm of his fathers.

Like every Revillon who goes into this business, he was forced to serve his two-year apprenticeship in the far-flung outposts of the company.

How, during his visit to Tibet, he saved the life of a chieftain's son is another story, glamorous as any tale of the cinema.

But it is your good fortune that his reward for this service was the gift of the formula for making the Tibetan perfume, which his family had sought for a century.

Hormones from the glands of sable lend subtle charm to these perfumes for the skin

Now imprisoned in lovely flacons of flashing crystal are four perfumes that bear the stamp of Revillon.

Made in Paris after the formula that came from the "land of the red faces," like other perfumes, it robs the flowers of their most languorous odors to titillate the senses.

But these perfumes hold, in addition to flower fragrances, elements that can be supplied only by the sable itself; certain life hormones that are the very essence of their spell.

Unlike ordinary perfumes, these Parfums Revillon are not applied to the outer garments, but are placed directly on the person.

When correctly used, as they are now in Paris, they are interpreted differently by every woman who wears them.

Then they become not merely a superficial scent to be put on and off with every gown, but an enhancement of the very being of the individual, until the body itself gives off its own glorious perfume like an exotic flower.

Today, these perfumes may be yours if you can afford them.

Frankly their cost is high because their essential ingredients are extremely rare and costly.

Since our supply is limited we in turn are forced to limit their sale to fifty stores in the entire United States.

If you are unable to purchase Parfums Revillon for the skin we will undertake to supply you by air mail, postpaid.

We cannot guarantee prices after January 1, 1937, since our costs are dependent upon the world-catch of sables.

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Enclose a dollar bill—give us your name and address and your druggist's—and two introductory size flasks will be mailed post-haste and postpaid—one for you and the other for your "running around mate." If one in a million can detect your breath—after having used "77"—following drinks—your money back of course.
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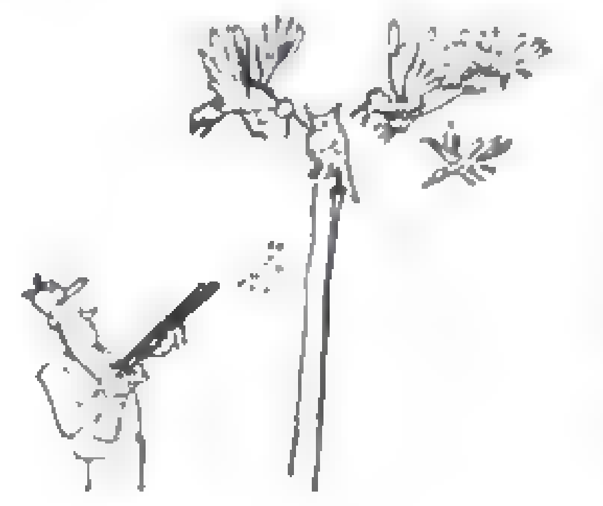
It is an attestation to the designing genius of Count Alexis de Sakhnoffsky that he has managed to produce actually new patterns for tie silks without violating the proprieties of sartorial colorfulness. Woven in foulard, barathea, and satin silks, one may choose from striped or all-over figured effects.

Apparently the tie problem got the Count off on a slant. After another session at the board, he emerged with a new lounge coat and a pair of slippers to complement it. The coat resembles a double-breasted model. It is fuller through the shoulders and under the arms, and has a slightly longer skirt. At the waist, adjustable fasteners, one outside to the right and one inside to the left, draw the coat to a well-defined line. Another feature is the pockets. They're placed far down and forward, where your hands naturally fall. The coat is made of twilled flannel in tan, grey, blue and maroon. The slippers are made of reverse calf, in a low cut model. Running from the toe to the bound edge of the vamp are patent leather strips. The sole and heel are leather.



If you'll take the word of those who know about such things, owls and crows are natural enemies. Our own interest in this bit of zoology was created by the discovery of some equipment for crow shooting, which employs a stuffed owl, mechanized with springs and levers, as a decoy to bring crows within gun shot. You set the owl up in a field at the top of a thirteen-foot pole, and by pulling a cord suspended from the symbol of wisdom, you create a lifelike flapping of wings and body motion. What with the help of a crow call, you fool the crows no end. The owl comes complete with a collapsible pole, packed in a box that can be carried conveniently to likely haunts of the quarry. Farmers should have no objection to your poaching on their property for this kind of shooting.

Latest contribution to shooting conveniences is a kit or knapsack to be carried on the back. It is made of brown, waterproof canvas, is leather bound, and has a wide shoulder piece to leave the hands free. It's equipped with all the shooter's needs—a vacuum bottle, sandwich box, cups, waterproof matches, crow call, oil can, carriers, cleaning rod and implements, and room for shells.

Men who make a hobby of shooting usually collect fine guns to the limit of their financial ability to acquire the handiwork of the world's finest gunsmiths. A collection that represents the proverbial king's ransom in value has been placed on sale at what seems like terrific prices to us, but are actually bargains that will bring a gleam to the eye of the gun-wise. Masterpieces from Boss, Churchill, Francotte, Lang, Lancaster, Holland & Holland and Purdey are included in this collection, and were made specially for the original owner. The guns are in sole leather cases, with complete equipment for their care, and some of the collection are pairs.

A musical jug or pitcher is decoratively embossed with the picture of that famous huntsman, John Peel. When you pick it up, a concealed music box bursts forth, just as you've suspected, with "D'ye Ken John Peel". Another design is inspired by the song "On a Bicycle Built for Two".

Here's an opportunity to kill two vices with one cigarette. A cigarette blended with that "old demon" rum carries with it the claims of the makers that the rum aroma prevents mouth weariness caused by heavy smoking, and that they're good for hangovers, if anything is good for that.

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Don't your feet look good in new shoes? Travel Trees, a last-maker's patent, keep shoes looking store-new for months—prevent wrinkles or upturned toes from unsupported over-night drying; preserve the original smartness. Beautiful mahogany finish. Life-time construction. Light in weight. Just slip them in; self-adjusting for length and width.
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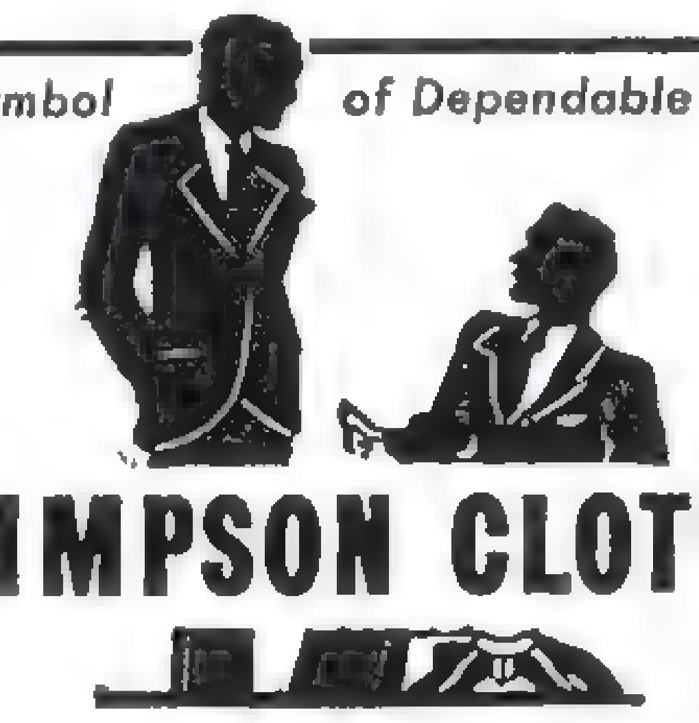

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ONE SUBSCRIPTION	$5.00
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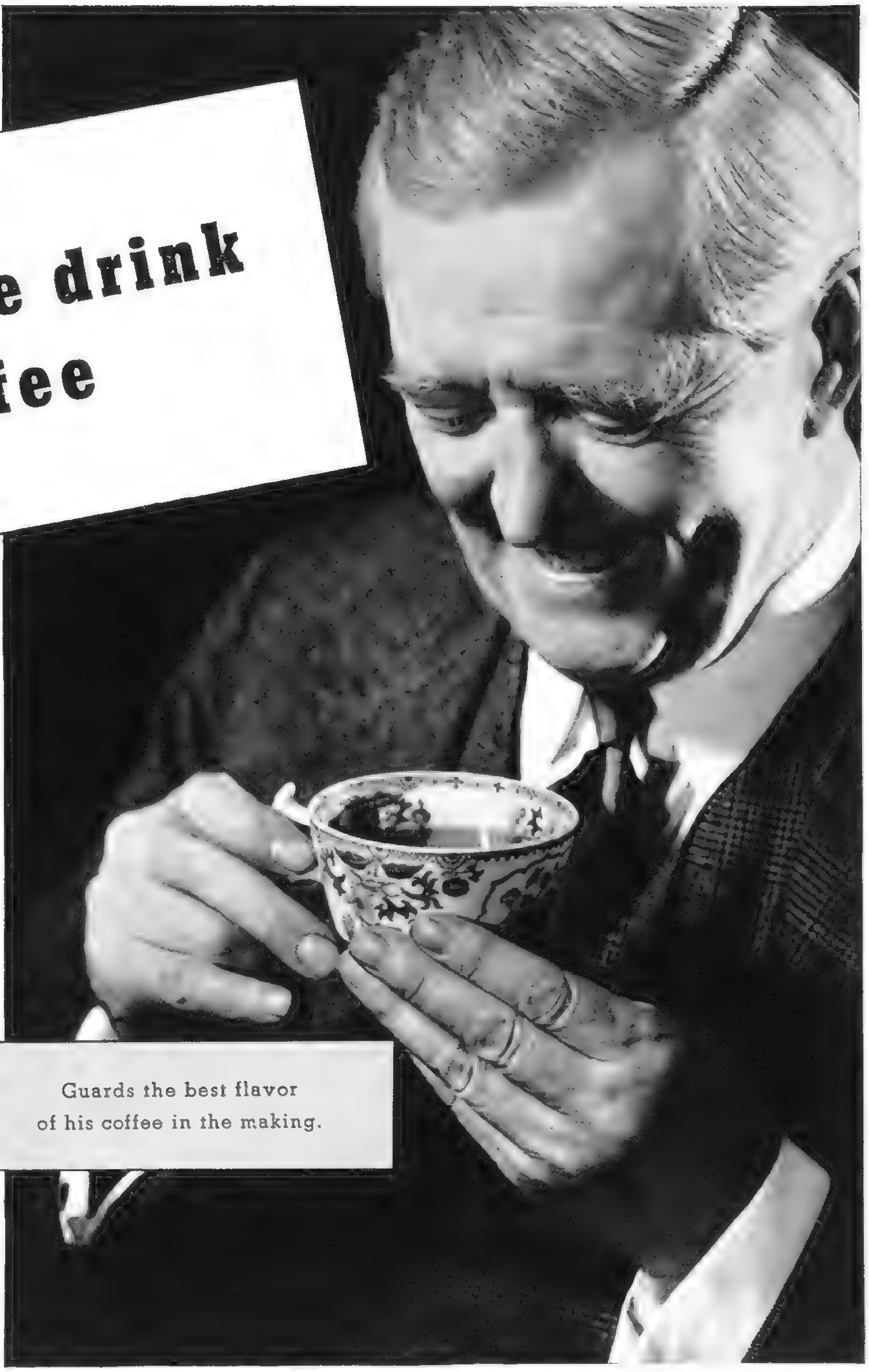
☆



Now.
his favorite drink is coffee

Guards the best flavor
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THE DAY IS RUINED for any man...if he doesn't have an enjoyable cup of coffee in the morning. Frankly, it's a man's inalienable right to have a refreshing cup of coffee *every* morning. For that matter, it's a woman's right, too!

The secret of better tasting coffee is to use your best brand at its best...in Silex. Brews without boiling—in half the time over a kitchen range; with automatic timing of infusion in an electric table model. Silex is transparently clean. The Pyrex brand glass is guaranteed against heat breakage.

You get all the flavor because Silex brews your best brand the best way. Silex eliminates grounds, sediment, metallic taste. The way you *make* coffee is all-important. Preserve that delicious, perishable, stimulating coffee flavor...by making your coffee in Silex.

You brew in crystal clear glass. To wash, you simply rinse sparklingly clean.

Silex delivers a royal brew at the most critical time...breakfast. You enjoy coffee that is clean, wholesome, stimulating. Imagine...Silex brewed coffee...tomorrow morning. Hurry to your favorite store. Greet Silex at tomorrow's breakfast.

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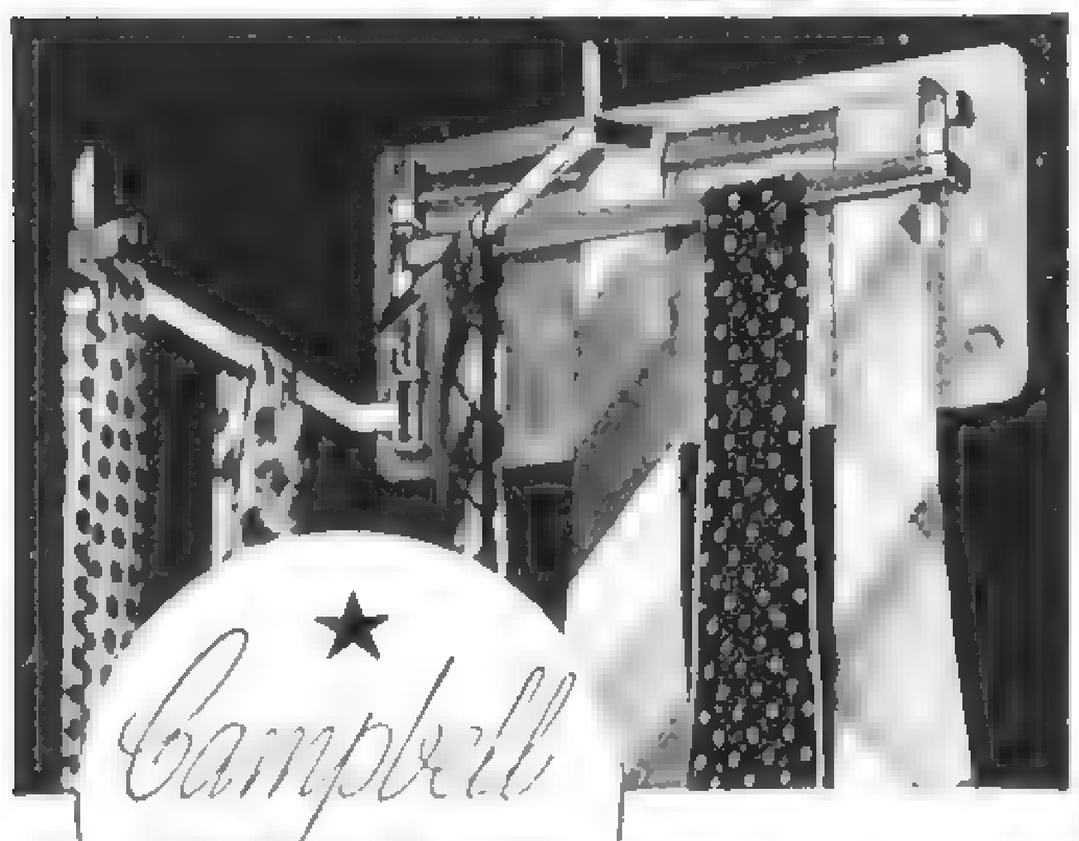
TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

they hang onto this GIFT★



★ Campbell TIE RACK

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They can hang onto it, not only **NECKWEAR** but **SCARFS... BELTS...** whatnots! ▪ ▪ Ties look neater and last longer when kept on a Campbell, instead of being drooped over door knobs or crumpled into a drawer. Four plated bars latch on the right—swing out to the left. You see every tie full length and can instantly pick the one you want. ▪ ▪ Holds 32 to 64 ties. Equally convenient for scarfs, belts and other do-dads. Steel back plate, 8¾ in. by 4⅝ in., attractively finished in 3 colors—Black, Ivory or Red. ▪ ▪ Give him a Campbell—it always clicks. At department stores, men's stores, gift shops. Or send $1.00, check or money order, to

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Good positions for trained men and women in hotel, restaurant and institutional field. Qualify in 4 months—learn on real hotel equipment. Placement Service FREE of extra charge. New day classes start January, February. Catalog FREE.
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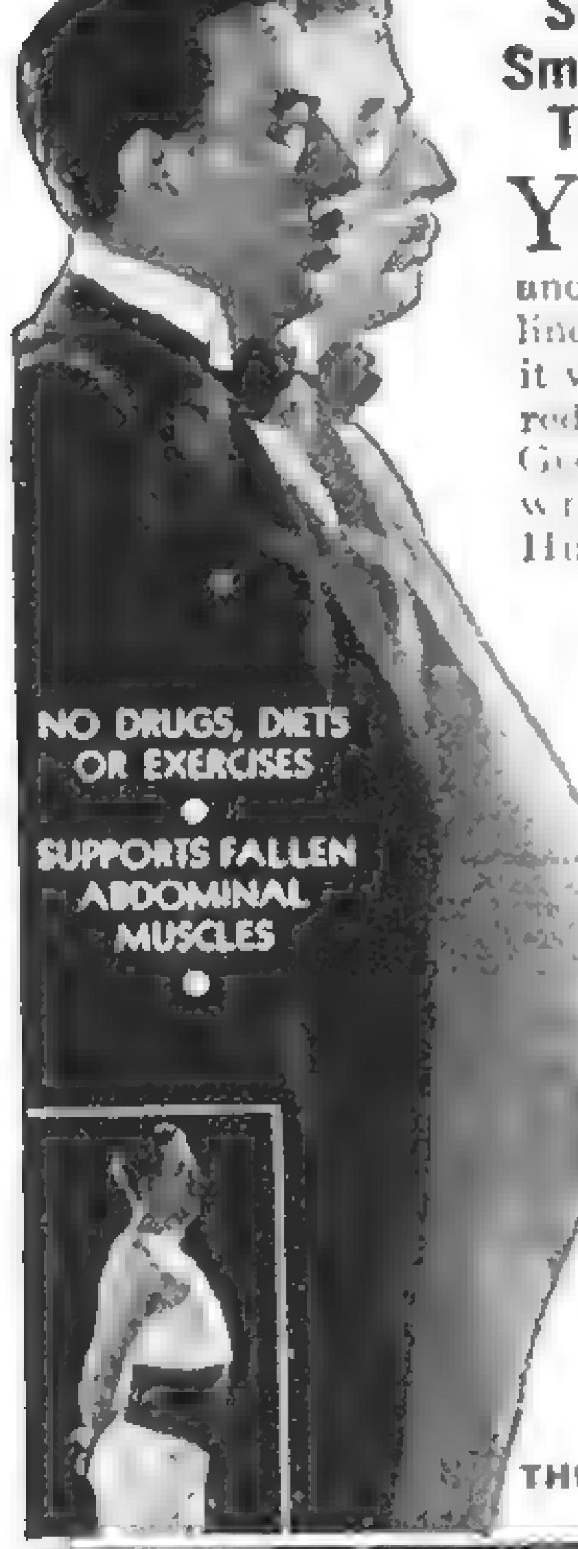
"I have REDUCED MY WAIST 8 INCHES WITH THE WEIL BELT!"
...writes George Bailey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SUPPORTS FALLEN ABDOMINAL MUSCLES

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YOU will appear many inches slimmer at once and in ten days if your waistline is not 3 inches smaller it will cost you nothing! "I reduced 8 inches" writes Geo. Bailey. "Lost 50 lbs." writes W. T. Anderson. Hundreds of similar letters.

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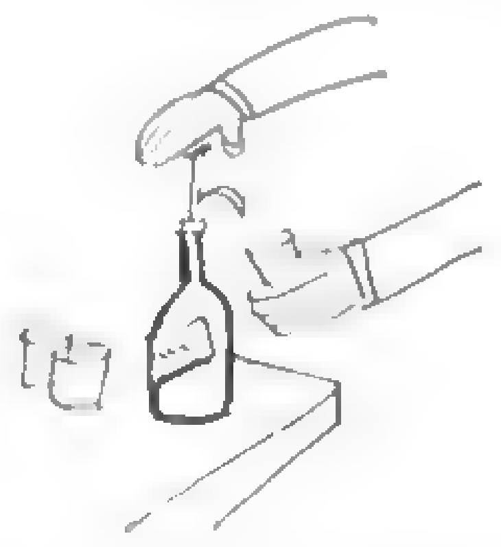
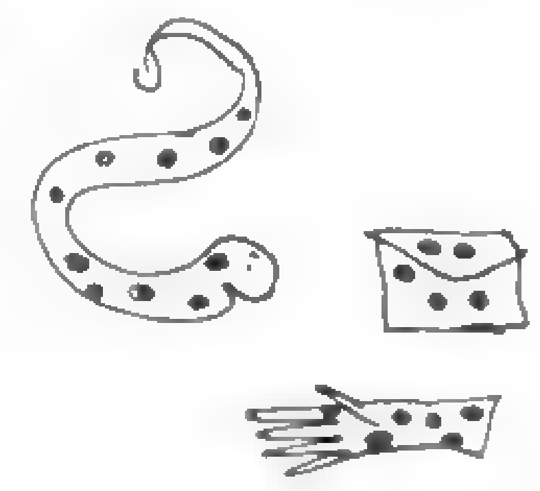
THE WEIL CO., 5811 Hill St., New Haven, Conn.

SEND FOR FREE 10 DAY TRIAL OFFER

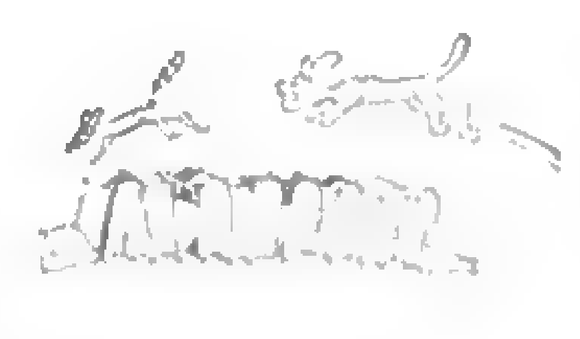
A new gadget to add to your bar equipment is a plunger for pumping liquor out of a bottle. Extending to the bottom of a quart size bottle is a steel tube held tightly in place by a rubber wedge collar at the top. Above the neck of the bottle sits a large drum-like cap. When you push this cap liquor squirts downward out of a crooked tube at the side, amounting to one jigger per plunge. It's much quicker than pouring, and minimizes the risk of a mess.



We've come across a new feminine item that is quite suitable for a gift. Snakeskin for some reason has always been obdurate against taking the form of a glove. An Englishman has conquered the rebellious stuff and now triumphantly displays a smart gauntlet fashioned of a grey and white skin. A gracious gesture is the addition of a handbag to match the gloves. Of course, you don't *have* to buy both of them, but they make attractive sets.



This department, having been dedicated to the reporting of the new and novel, finds itself somewhat conscience stricken, but frankly admits a wholehearted admiration for old English rooms. These rooms, anything but new and certainly not novel, are rare and interesting enough, nevertheless, to justify our attention. What with the building boom just around the corner, it's entirely possible that you might want to inject some genuine old English atmosphere into your living room. One of these rooms, of great historical value, was transplanted from Ye Olde Treaty House in Uxbridge, England, where the Commissioners of Charles I and the Commissioners of Cromwell met on the 30th day of January, 1645. It's oak panelled in the traditional Jacobean style and is approximately twenty-one by eighteen feet. The years have given the panelling a deep, rich, reddish-brown patine and the condition of the panelling indicates that it has always been treated with respect. The room was installed when the house was built about 1575. It's practically no trick at all to transplant this room as is to a contemporary style home, or you can build yourself a house around it. Another panelled room, not so old and not so expensive, but equally interesting, has been brought here from the residence of the Earl of Essex, Hertfordshire, England. This one dates from about 1750 and would make a perfect setting for furniture of the Georgian or Queene Anne periods. An interesting note is the fact that these pine rooms were painted, and it was not until the nineteenth century that an appreciation of their natural wood colorings was manifested. This room has been stripped of its paint down to the original Norwegian pine panelling, and is likewise ready to set up in your own home. The size is eighteen by eighteen feet. What with its historical associations, it is not disproportionately priced for such a rarity. If you feel you just can't live without one of these rooms, we'd be glad to obtain all the details for you. We believe some special old English ghosts are furnished to haunt you charmingly, but this is not guaranteed.



Hunting enthusiasts who own a book or two will shout their view halloo at the sight of a pair of book-ends bearing porcelain figures of a fox and a fox hound.

If you are interested in improving your marksmanship, but are not too keen about having firearms around the house, a powerful air pistol, absolutely accurate, will give you the opportunity of practising your Annie Oakley shots with the minimum of danger.

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For annoying itching and unsightly Dandruff, use Glover's. Start today with Glover's Mange Medicine and follow with Glover's Medicated Soap for the shampoo. Sold by all Druggists.

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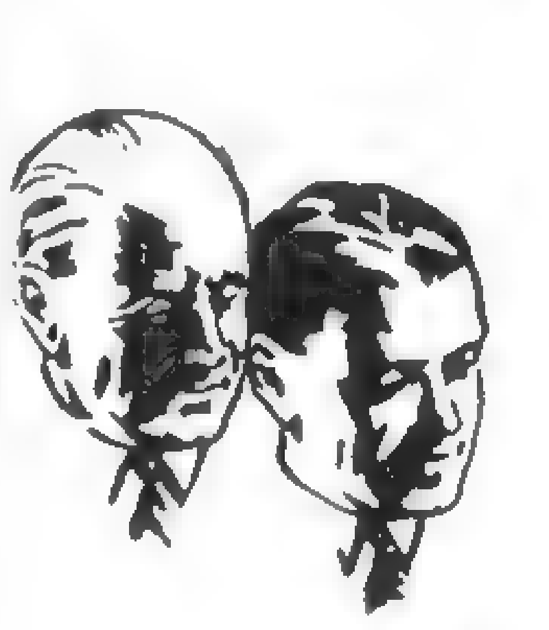

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"*Swing It!*"

Leo Reisman exchanges his baton for a cocktail shaker... and pours out a new cocktail that's as smooth as the music of his popular orchestra! But it's not the way he "swings" his shaker that produces such perfect harmony...it's the rich, mellow G&W Whiskey that he puts in it!

Try Leo Reisman's new number in your shaker and let your palate tune in on G&W's "good whiskey" taste. Remember... there's 104 years of fine liquor-distilling experience back of all G&W Whiskies and G&W Gins!

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BLENDED WHISKEY
90 PROOF
Blended & Bottled for
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Distilled in Canada

G&W's new "Drink of the Month"

"THE GREAT WHITE WAY"

G&W's Drink of the Month for October

White of ½ Egg
¾ jigger G&W Two, Five or Seven Star Blended Whiskey
¼ jigger Port Wine
Juice of ¼ Lemon
½ teaspoonful Sugar

Shake well, strain into glass, add a slice of pineapple...and let G&W's mellow glow fortify you against Fall chills!

G & W SEVEN STAR BLENDED WHISKEY—90 PROOF. The straight whiskey in this product is 6 years old. 35% straight whiskey. 65% neutral spirits distilled from grain.

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G & W BONDED STOCK STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

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FLUID

FREE—LEKTROLITE LIGHTERS!

G&W will give away Lektrolites for the best whiskey or gin recipes sent in this month. Mail your favorite recipe now to win one of these amazing *flameless* cigarette lighters. Address Gooderham & Worts, Ltd., P. O. Box 887, Dept. O, Detroit, Mich. Winners will be notified by Nov. 15, 1936.

(This offer not good in states where such offers are prohibited.)

G&W STANDS FOR *Good Whiskey*

GOODERHAM & WORTS, LTD., DETROIT, MICH. . . . Established 1832

QUEEN ANNE SIMPLICITY

The main feature of this beautiful room is the Queen Anne panelling built in 1704 for Sir Joseph Clarke at Harold House, Waltham Cross, a suburb of London. The lovely texture of the wood and the fine simplicity of the carving will be appreciated by any connoisseur of period art. The panelling includes two doors and three windows and the entire room may be purchased for a surprisingly reasonable sum. The proportions of the room are approximately 24 feet long, 20 feet wide and 10 feet high.

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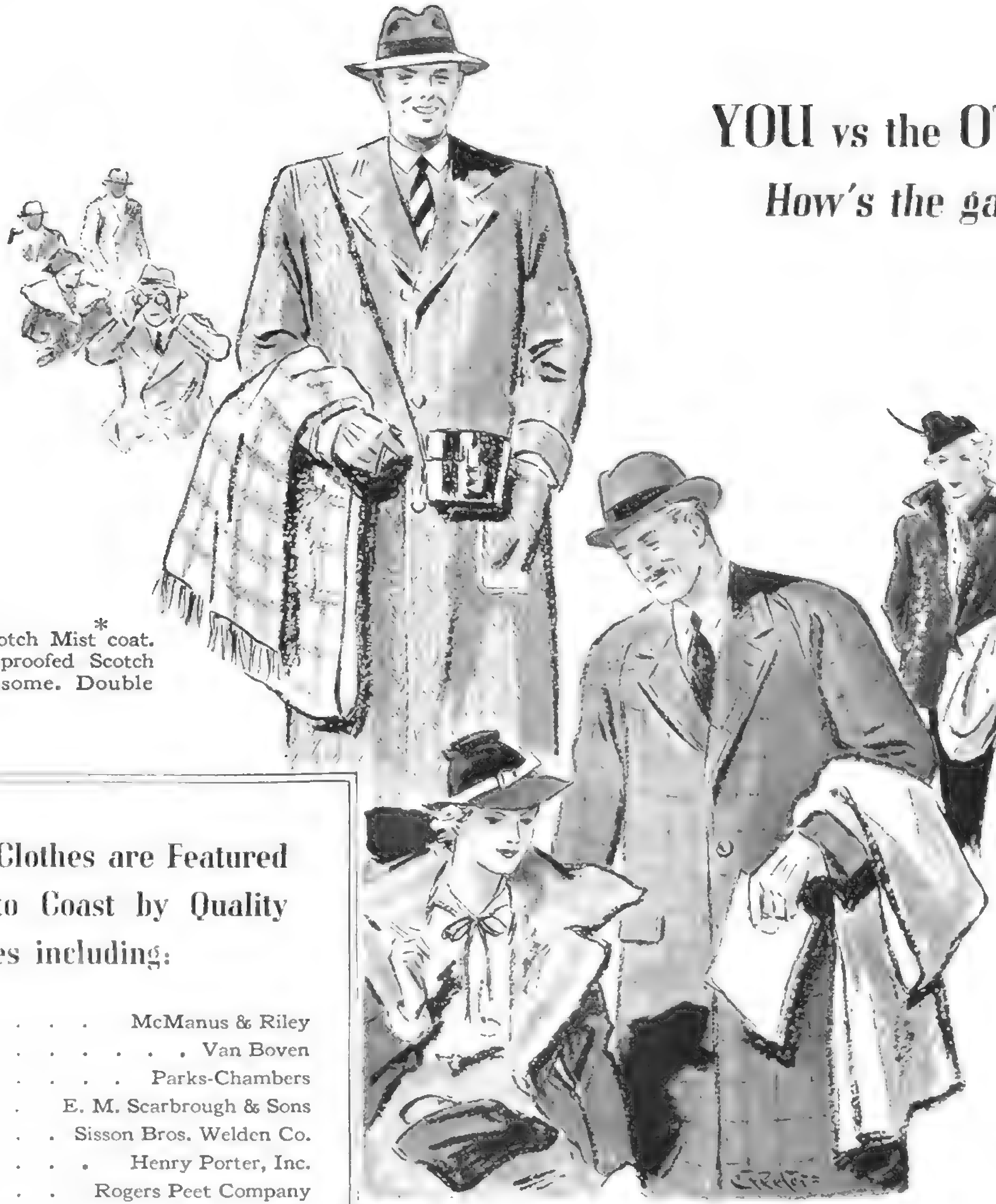
YOU vs the OTHER MAN

How's the game coming?



Rogers Peet Scotch Mist* coat. Exclusive, rain-proofed Scotch cheviot. Handsome. Double duty. **$65**

Rogers Peet Tweedmoor* suit. Exclusive Scotch tweed, with a twist. Many smart models in suits that last years. **$65**

Rogers Peet Roadster* coat. Exclusive cloth, one of the most durable made. A knock-about coat that boasts style. **$45**

THE struggle of a man to reach his goal—the highest place in the social and business worlds—takes something more than brains and strength.

Appearance is vital. Therefore the up-and-coming-leaders, as well as those at the top, are turning to Rogers Peet style, hand-tailoring and unquestioned quality.

College men, young industrialists and older men who have achieved their honors are following the trend to Rogers Peet.

Rogers Peet Company

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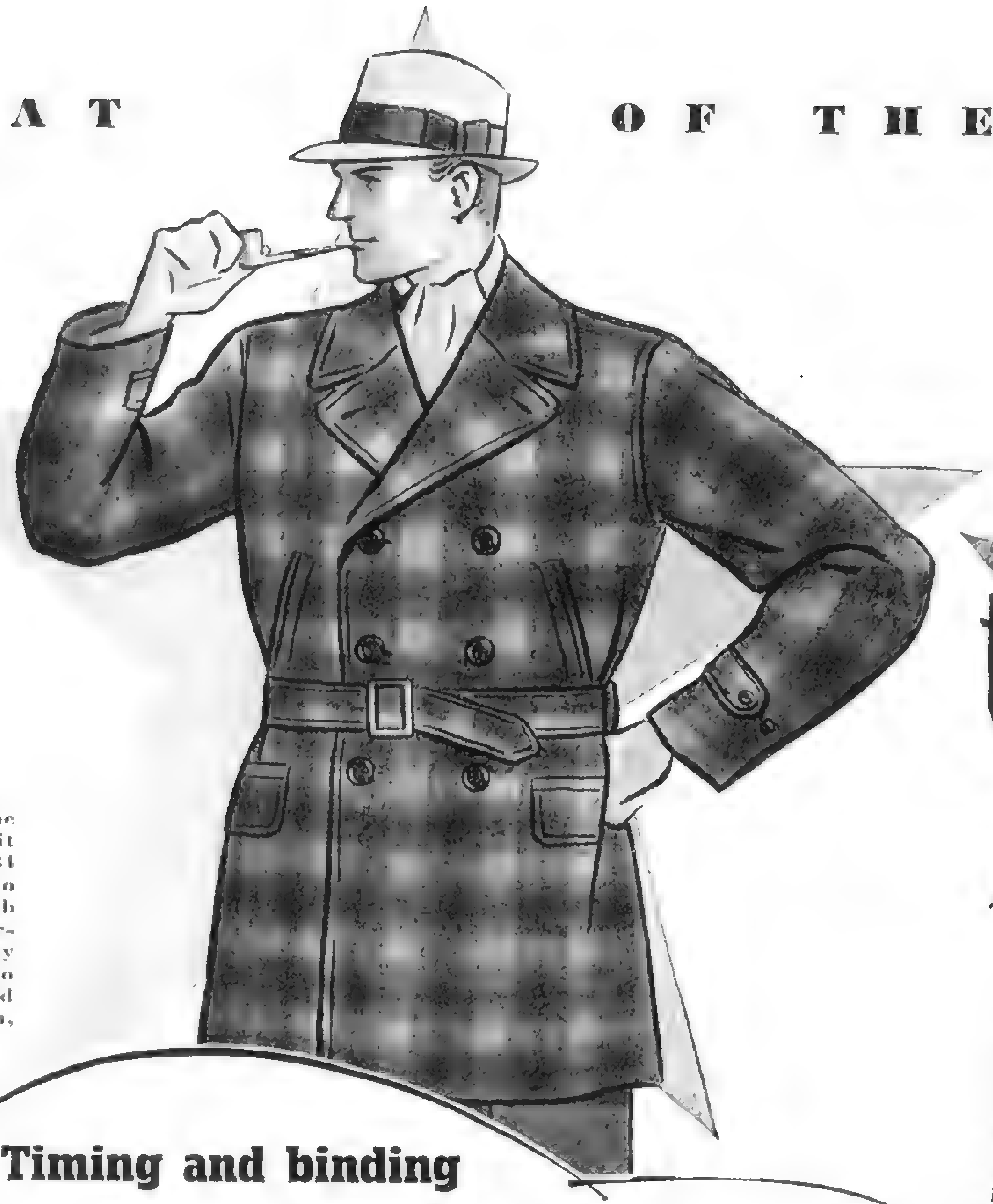
* Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

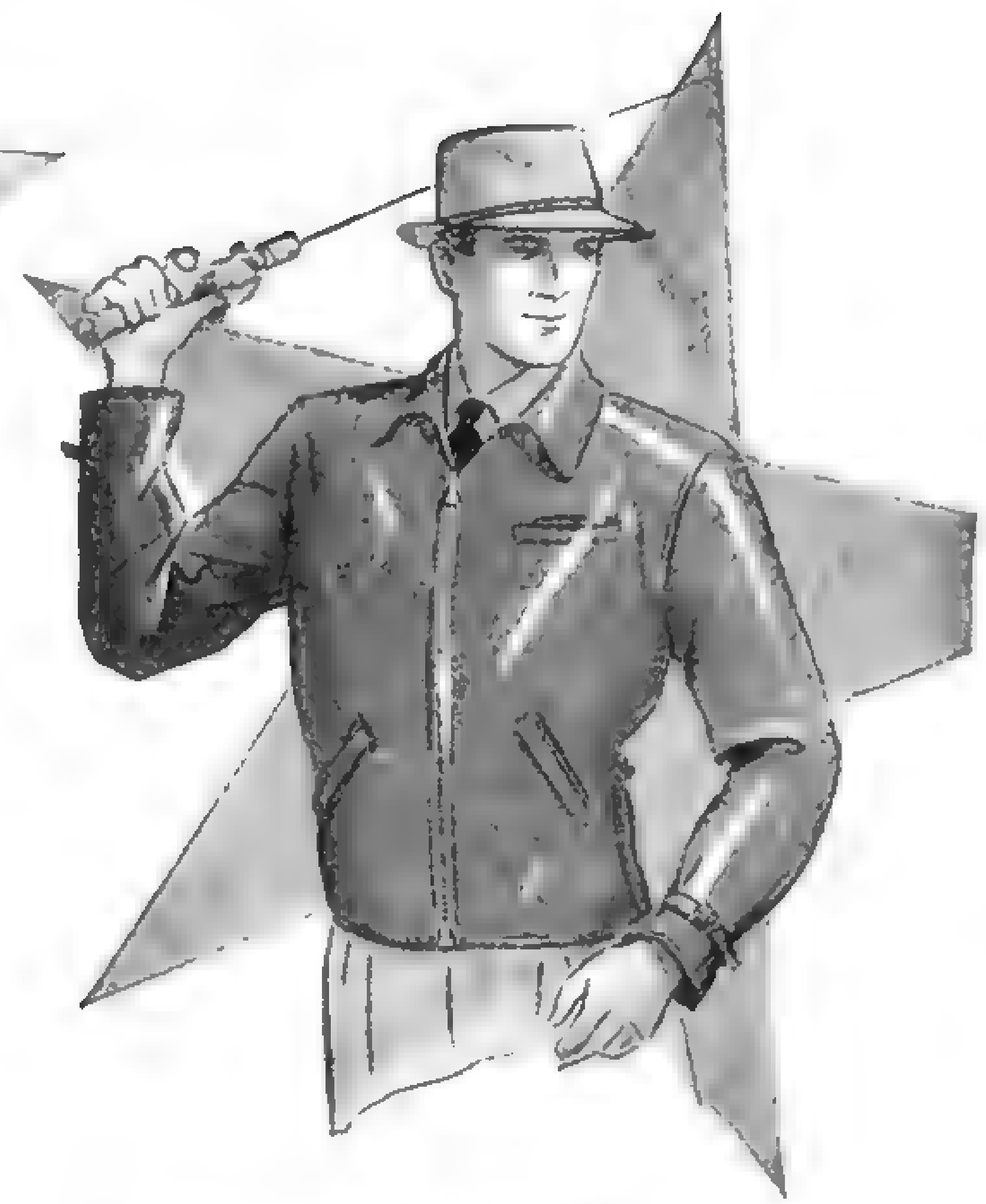
THE COAT OF THE STARS!



The Rambler

An *all sports* coat in fine woolens with new Action Fit back. Extra long . . . 34 inches. Plenty of leeway to swing a skeet gun—or climb into a rumble seat. In colorful plaids and Hudson Bay stripe effects, from $12.50 to $20. The soft, warm plaid illustrated, in gray, brown, red or blue . . .

$13.50

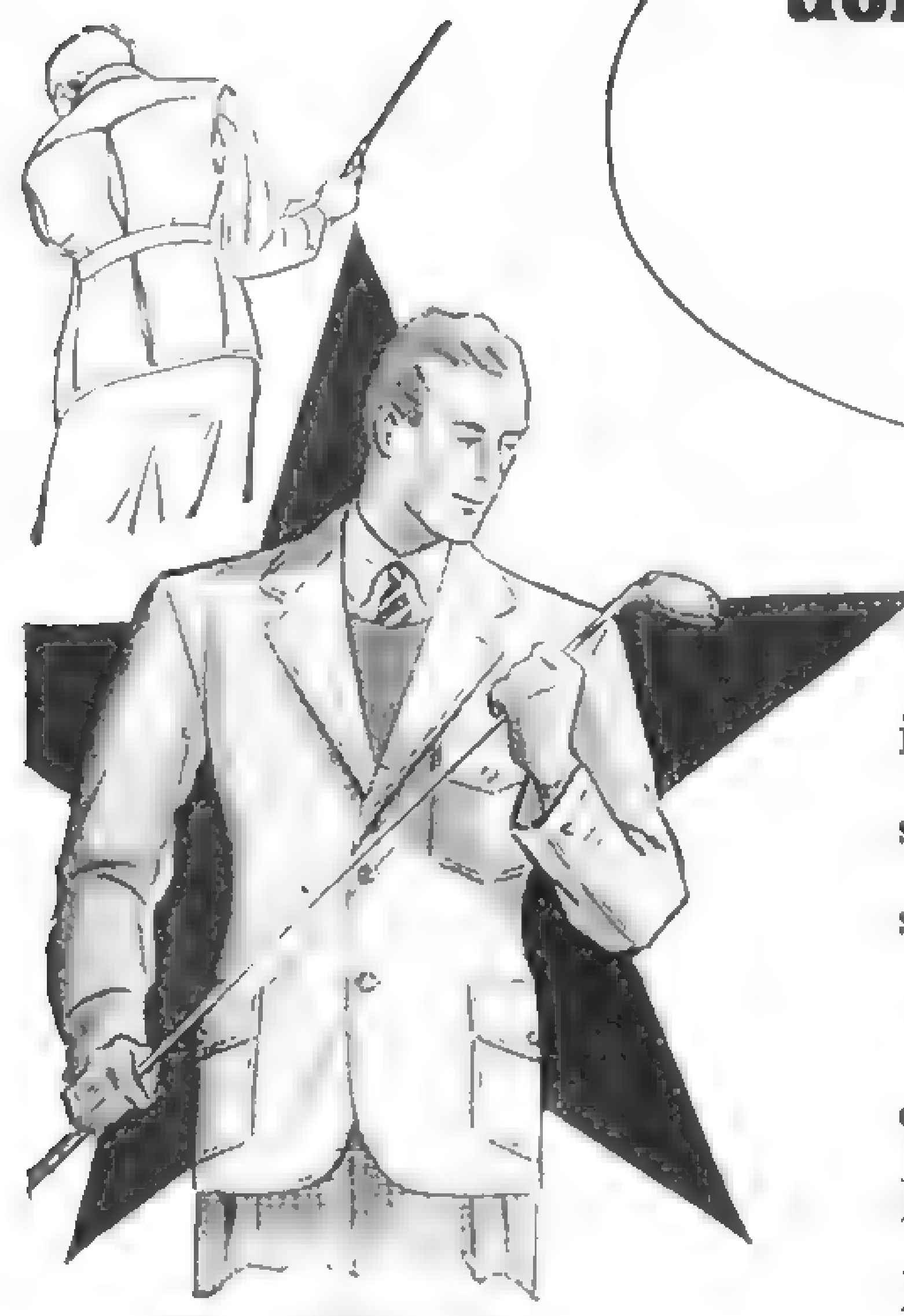


The Full Back

This blouse back developed by Albert Richard is an entirely new idea in sportswear styling, correctly applying the Action Fit principle. Made in gray, cocoa or chestnut suede leather—and in tan, brown or black ostrich grain or smooth capeskin. Rayon lined body and sleeves. Talon fastener.

$12.50

Timing and binding don't go together. *Active* sports demand *Action* FIT



The Olympic

For campus or country club this custom-cut single breasted sack coat of soft suede leather sets a new high in smartness and ease. Colors: gray, cocoa, chestnut brown. There's freedom for a full golf swing in the new Action Fit bellows sleeve.

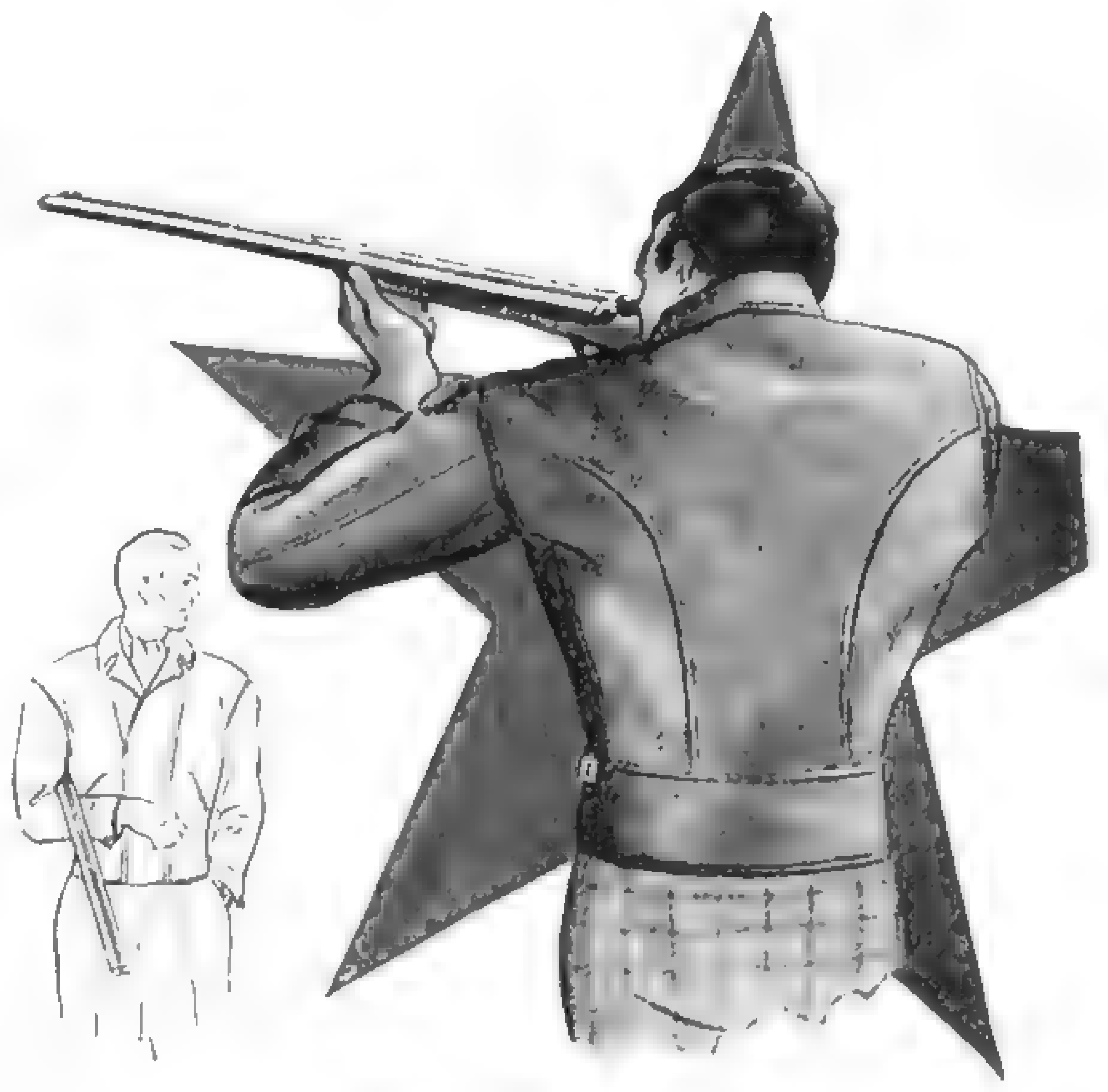
$15

Whether you're taking a horse over a hurdle, bringing down a mallard on the wing, or laying an iron shot up to the pin, it's *timing* that counts. The slightest tension throws you off.

That's why our discovery of *ACTION* FIT is so exciting! With a wind-breaker tailored by Albert Richard for *ACTION* FIT, you'll score better, tire less, get a thrill out of every minute! Even to sit in the stands you'll enjoy its comfort more.

Yet all these advantages of *ACTION* FIT are yours at no extra cost! Slip into any of the new leather or woolen coats tailored by Albert Richard. See how completely free-for-action it leaves you, and you'll thank us for telling you about it.

You'll find the Star Styles sketched here—and others equally outstanding in styling and comfort—at leading stores. If you don't, write us direct, and we'll see that you're supplied promptly. State your size, the style you want, color and kind of leather (or the color plaid if you order a mackinaw). Enclose check or money order. ALBERT RICHARD COMPANY, exclusive makers of *ACTION* FIT Sportswear, Milwaukee, Wis.



The Wing Back

Inspired by the West Point dress uniform, this blouse is designed for the broad-shouldered, narrow-waisted athletic type. Convertible double-breasted Talon fastener front. In tan, brown or black; smooth or ostrich grain capeskin; rayon lined body and sleeves.

Waist length as shown **$12.50** Hip length **$13.50**

This Emblem of Merit distinguishes the genuine

Write for "Crucial Games and Plays that Won Them" —thrilling All-American football stories— FREE

ALBERT RICHARD

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A knowledge of Whiskey Quality

is a part of every gentleman's education

The purpose of this advertisement is to acquaint you with one of America's **great** *whiskies—and to tell you why it is great . . .*

◦ ◦

The whiskey is Park & Tilford "Private Stock"—an historic American whiskey, the finest and most famous produced by this house whose reputation for quality in wines and liquors goes back nearly 100 years.

◦ ◦

Park & Tilford "Private Stock" is a *great* whiskey because it is an expertly balanced blend of fine *straight whiskies*. No one straight whiskey—no matter how excellent—can possess *all* the requirements of taste, body, smoothness and bouquet. And so we combine *several* fine straight whiskies, each famous for a certain virtue, and thus produce a final whiskey that is supreme in every characteristic demanded by the connoisseur.

◦ ◦

Your favorite brand of cigarette and coffee, world famous Champagnes and Cognac Brandies, are all similarly produced. Their superior taste and recognized quality are the result of *expert* and *balanced* blending.

◦ ◦

And so, remember, the next time to order Park & Tilford "Private Stock," a whiskey that is **all** *whiskey and that represents, we believe, the most perfect form in which American whiskey can be enjoyed.* PARK & TILFORD *Distillers, Inc., New York, N.Y.*

ONE QUART
PARK & TILFORD
Private Stock
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT RYE WHISKIES
PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC

PARK & TILFORD
Private Stock
WHISKEY

In Rye or Bourbon
96 PROOF

A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES—AND THAT MEANS *ALL* WHISKEY

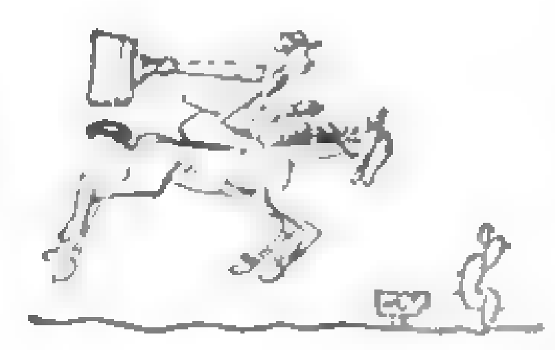
PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE

The Caviar, at 128 West 52nd Street, seems to withstand the tradition that the smart spots are all east of the Avenue. Senor Dadone, of the Savoy, London, and the old Sherrys and Martins, knows the caviar trade and can ladle out the delicacy at one dollar or two-fifty the portion, without blushing or thinking of the revolution. Following the caviar we had a clear soup, a delectable duck with orange, a field salad, a crepe suzette (as good as any hereabouts), coffee and brandy. With the duck there was a superb Chateau Mouton-Rothschild. It seems a little strange to see such a place with tails, adjacent as it is to frowsy Broadway, but New Yorkers are learning to cross the deadline when excellent food is the consideration. It was the best meal of the month.

If the millionaires have not put up the shutters on their mid-island estates, take a run out to Smallwoods, at Roslyn. You bear left at the clock tower in the centre of town and, in spite of all roads and temptations, keep extreme left for two and a half miles. Otherwise you miss one of the enchanting haunts of the filthily rich and, comes the revolution, you might want to know where to find them all in one bunch. Joe Smallwood, the host, is one of those rare things seen mainly in English taverns. He knows his guests and their likes. Steamed clams is his specialty and his kitchen has a way of washing and steaming them that defies rivalry. His steaks and chops are not to be sneezed at. Between drinks or glances over the twinkling bay, try to get Joe to talk to you about the old Ziegfeld days or when Billie Burke was a chorus girl in Liverpool. If you miss it this Autumn, don't fail next spring. Even during the Saratoga season we could reach out and touch seventeen millionaires from our table.

The Normandie, Twelve Central Park South, revived its bar with a troupe of amateur players from a show then current. The evening was saved by some smart song and patter by Nancy Noland and Bob Bard and the sprightly loveliness of Jean Bellows selling flowers. These almost compensated for the butterflys that had evidently drifted in from the Park to swish their way amid the confused waiters.

A correspondent begs for Town Painting information from out the cloudless west, as he contemplates a safari. We can't be so many places at once but fortunately we have at hand advice from America's best epicure, Julian Street, who writes recently: "Three and a half months in Hollywood. There is not one restaurant in or around Los Angeles, so far as I know, that is strictly first-class. There are a number of pretty fair eating places (I thought Perino's the best on the whole) but there isn't one place open to the public where you can spread yourself on a really beautiful dinner and get things done absolutely right. The only very fine dinner I got in all the time I was there, during which time I searched diligently for a first-class place, was at the Bel Air Country Club, where I pulled my farewell party with roast peacock and Romanée Conti 1915 as the principal course. I went out to the ranch of a friend and got a young peacock (they mustn't be over a year old) and it was really delicious. There is a fine chef named Emil at the Del Monte Lodge, Pebble Beach and there is still some good cooking in San Francisco, but north of there, gorgeous to see, is a gastronomic waste. The best wines are merely fair. How can any one learn about wines when they can't get fine wines?" We don't know the answer but we are out looking for that peacock.



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DWIGHT FISKE
IN HIS STORIES AT THE PIANO
After the Theatre in the Cafe Lounge and Snack Bar
EMILE PETTI and his Cosmopolitans
Dancing at the Cocktail Hour Daily and Sunday and after the Theatre. SNACK BAR Luncheon and Dinner Daily and Sunday.
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HEINEKEN'S Imported HOLLAND BEER
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Plays in the
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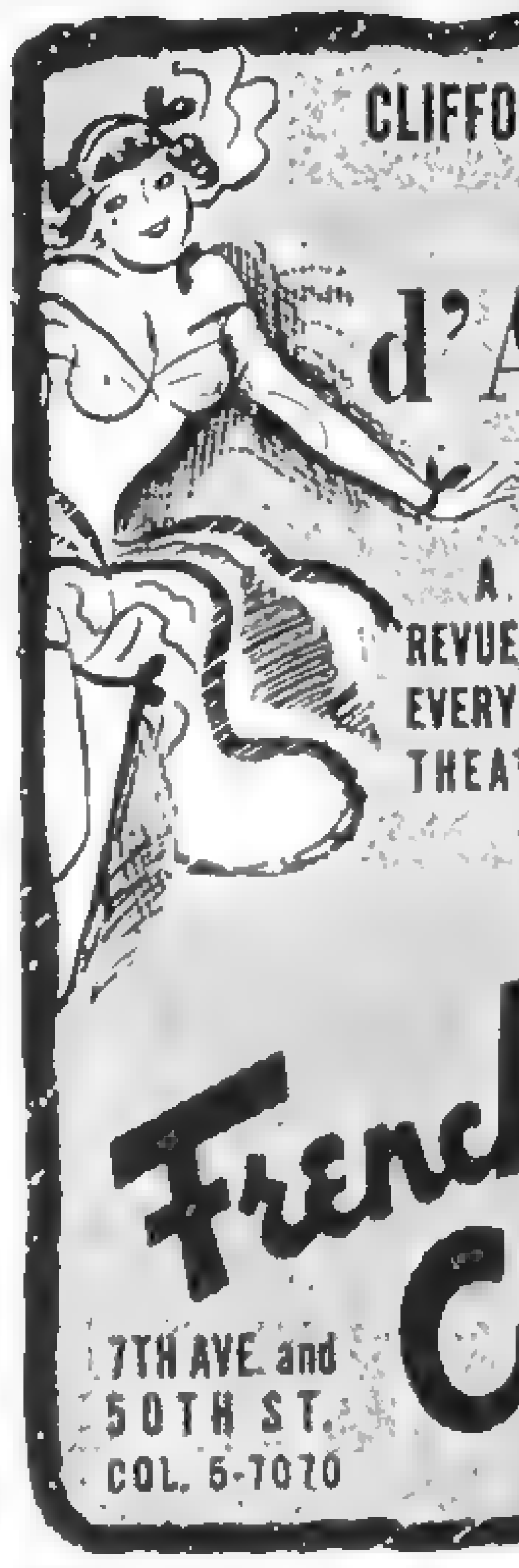

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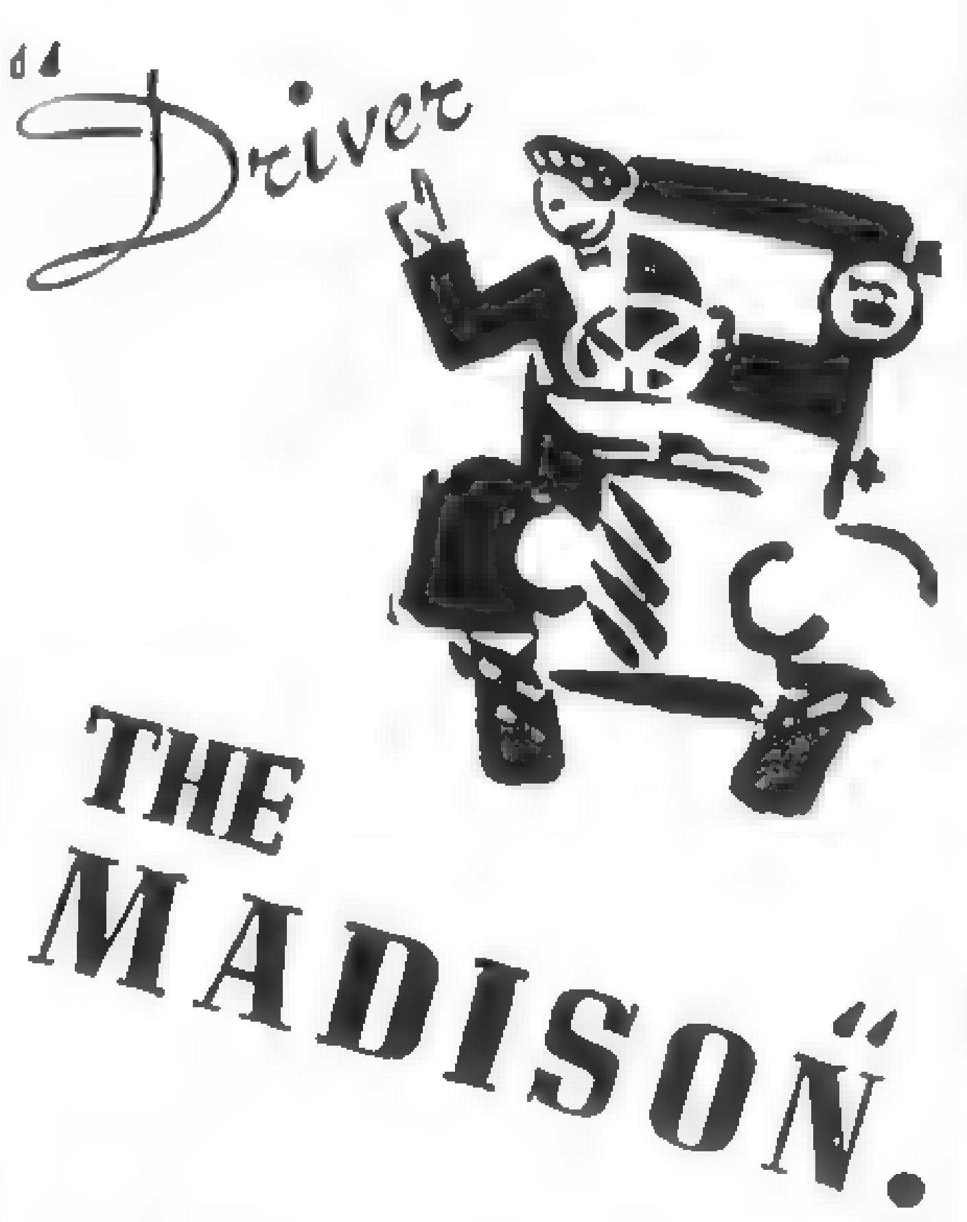

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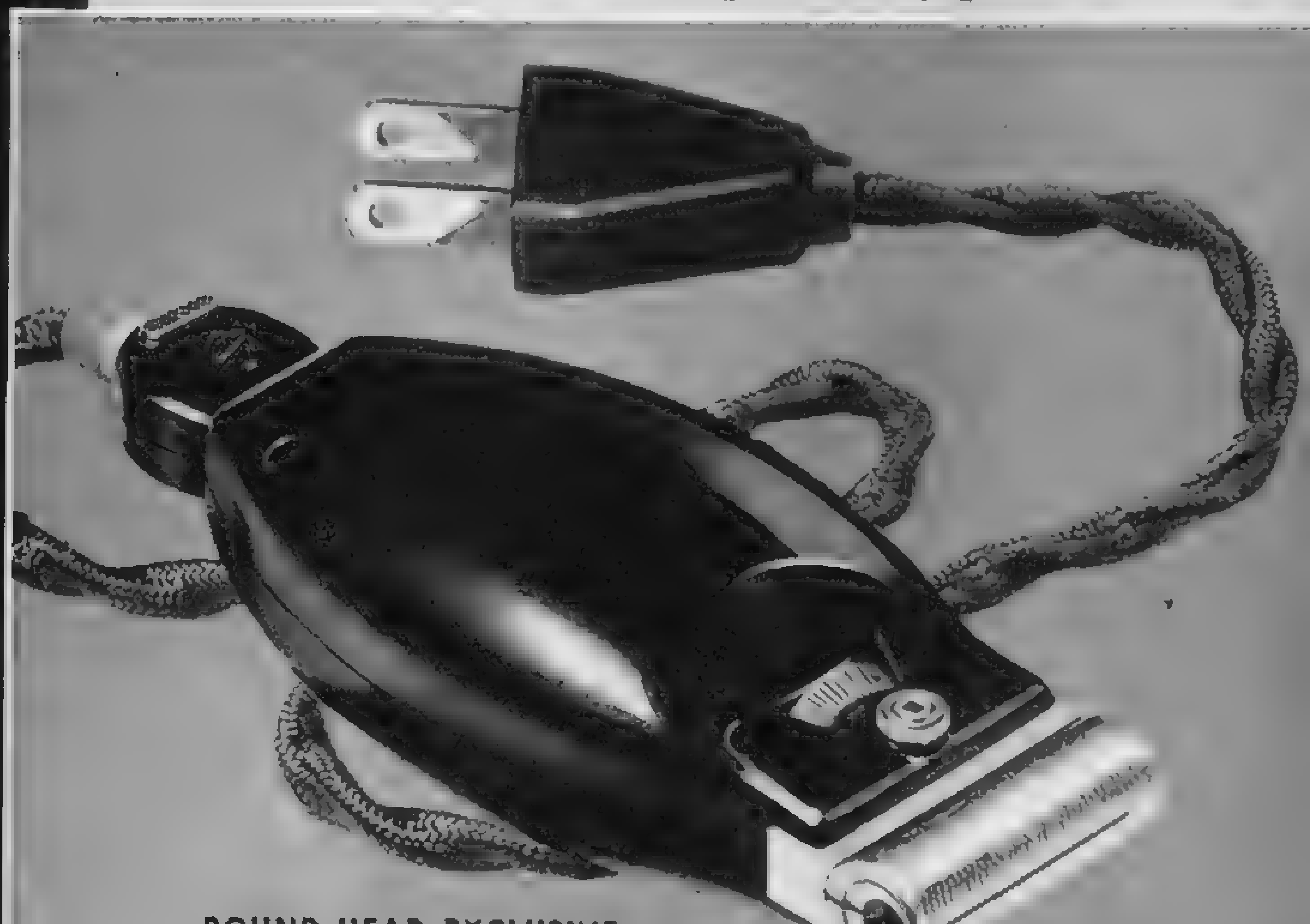

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August 5, 1936

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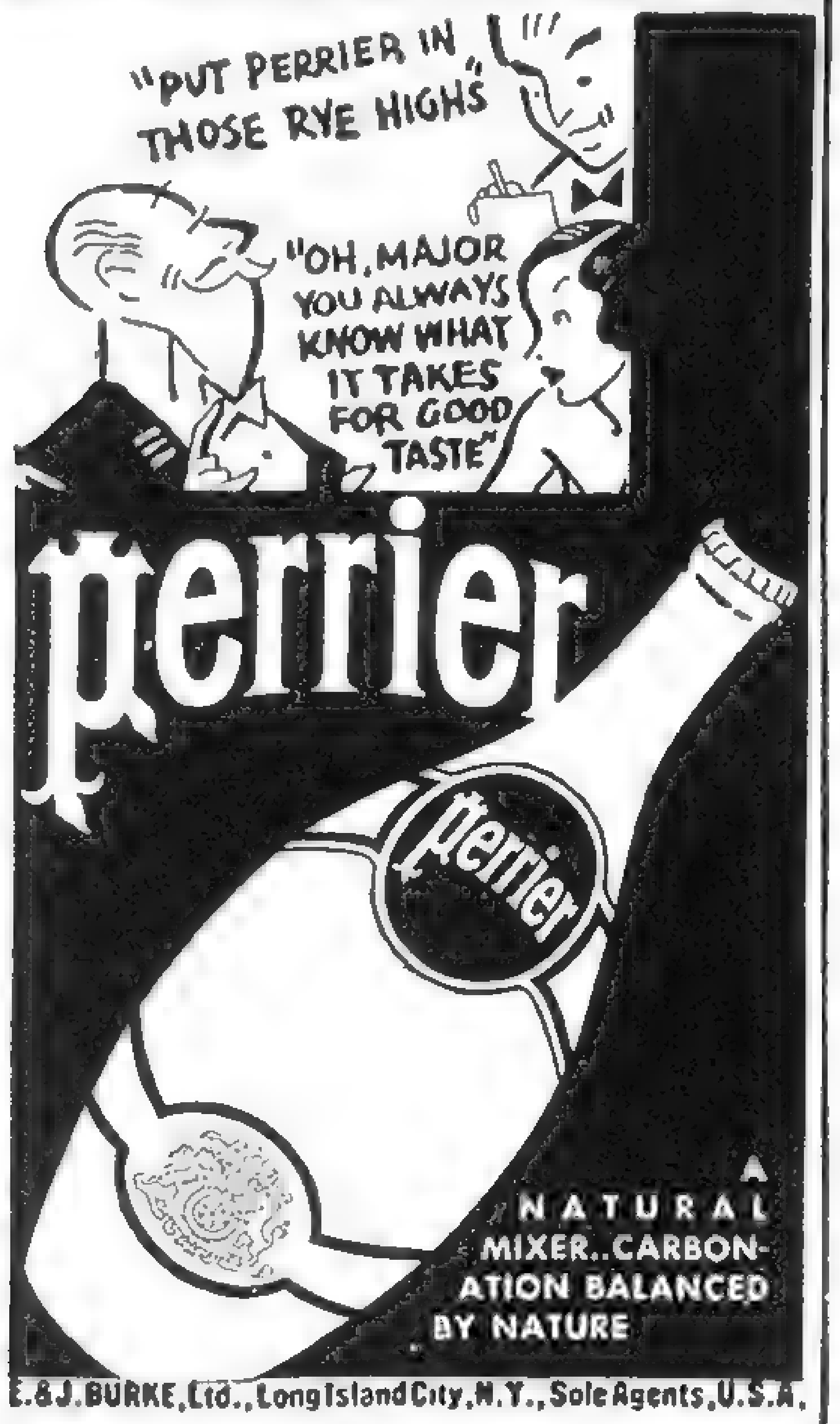
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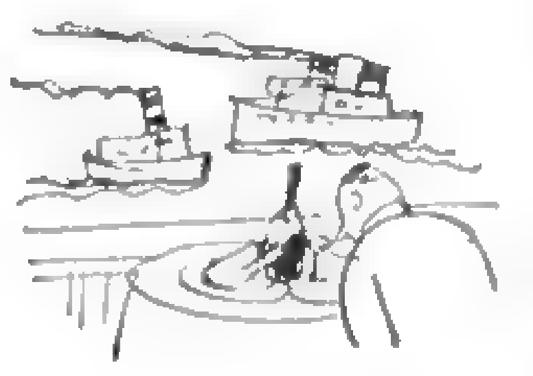
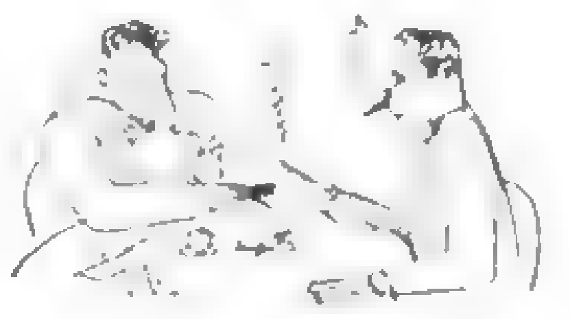
If you like gazing at theatrical folk and the giggly stars of tomorrow, Sardi's, at 234 West 44th Street is your meat. Time was when it was individual and the menu on a slate, but that was when Roland Young was starting his American career and Winthrop Ames was a leading producer. Now it is standardized and high-priced. It is also extremely popular. Upon demand you can get Vincente to serve you zuchini or one of the really Italian dishes.



Our mind being as broad as our stomach, we are always as ready for a retry on a hostelry that has disappointed us as on one that has exceeded the billing. Consequently we found ourself seated before a spotless table cloth overlooking the Hudson at the Claremont Restaurant. Courteous and clean waiters moved silently about and blue-eyed press relations' counsels shyly whispered the gospel of sweetness and light. Under these circumstances who could be a bum and say that the broiled chicken was not tender and that the Chateau Latour Blanche was not at exactly the right temperature. We couldn't anyway, what with our weakness for big blue eyes.



Robert, at 33 West 55th Street, has tired of his dull but harmless decorations and has gone in for bright yellow curtains, new lights and wall seats. The food, as always, ranks with the best in town. On a night with a good deal of summer in it, we went for a corn soup after hors d'oeuvres, then into a rack of lamb with vegetables and field salad, helped down with a Berncasteler '32. After a sweet and brandy we sat and talked of the new prosperity the tavern keepers are enjoying.

Coq Rouge, one of the handsomest places in town, at 65 East Fifty-sixth, was not content with its scenery and has an entirely new production. This set includes murals and new seating arrangements, somewhat simpler than formerly. Fortunately the bar, with its photomurals, has not been touched, nor has the kitchen or the unbeatable colored choir of entertainers. The Coq Rouge is of course on every first-class list of places to dine.

Hal Hope and his Swing Rhythm Boys proved so popular in the Montclair Casino, atop the hotel at Forty-ninth and Lexington, that they have been brought down to the grill for the winter. The food is way above the hotel average, as Eastsiders well know.

The Edison Hotel, on Forty-seventh Street, west of Broadway, is one of the favorite theatrical hang-outs, featuring family parties on the side. The food is pretty good (much better than it need be for that locale where the emphasis is on something else.)

The Green Tree Lodge, out of Huntington, L. I., on Route 25, is one of those stuffing places where you become a little ashamed of the amount you tuck in. For one dollar (or one and a quarter on Sundays) you can have the fifty-seven varieties of smörgasbörd and then an excellent dinner of duck, turkey, chicken, lobster, to mention a few, followed by the little pancakes and lingonberries. You top this off with a Swedish punch, if you hope to carry your own weight out. The pleasant place is open all year, except February when they sit down to think out new little smörgasbörd. They'll never improve on their potato salad, about the best in the world. A good bet for Thanksgiving.

Ozzie Nelson returned to the Lexington Hotel's Silver Grill. Harriet Hilliard, although not with him at present, is expected to return later in the season. This orchestra, a perennial favorite of the collegians, makes this room one of the gayer hotel spots in town.

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where NAT BRANDWYNNE'S famous orchestra entertains nightly for dinner and supper dancing. For an enjoyable luncheon, cocktail hour, dinner or late supper be sure to come to the Casino-On-The-Park. Prix fixe—a la carte.
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Oscar Wintrab, *Managing Director*
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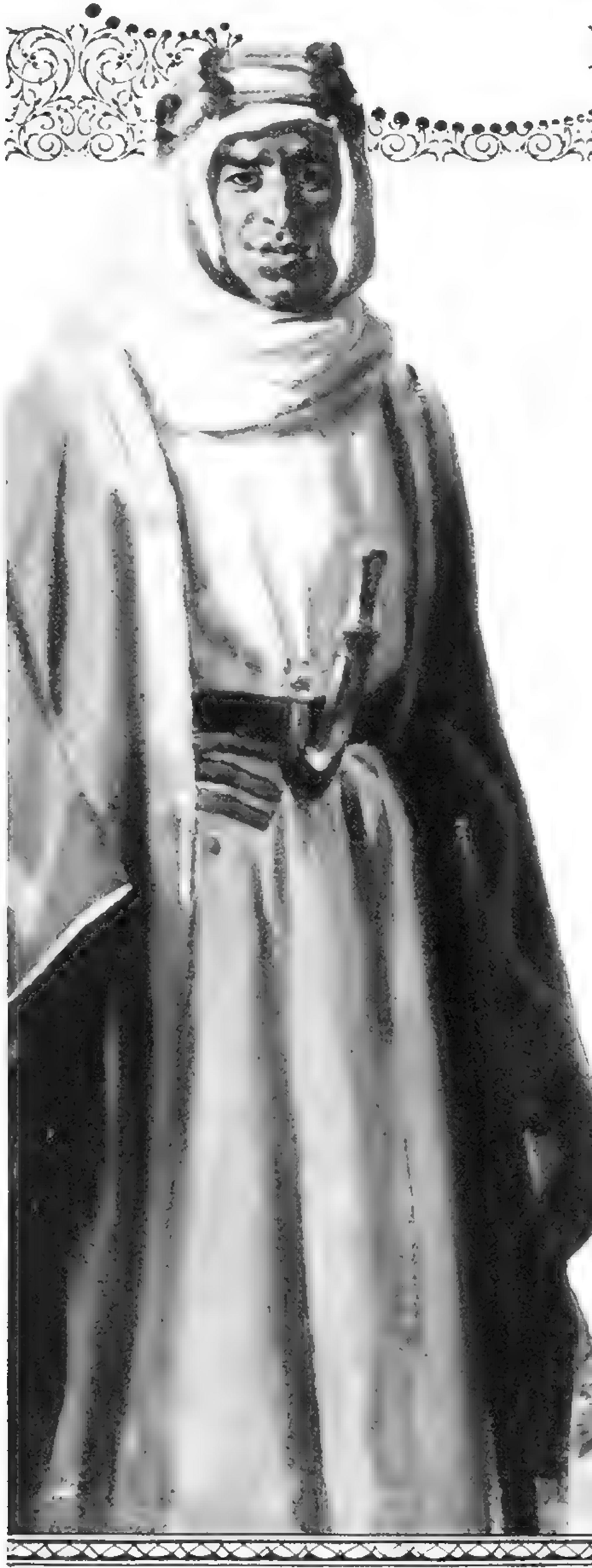
—of a book which until last year was available only in privately printed copies valued at $20,000 each. Unexpurgated, identical with the original text is this special edition of

SEVEN PILLARS OF WISDOM

By T. E. LAWRENCE



THE SEVEN PILLARS OF WISDOM will be, as it was meant to be, Lawrence's monument to posterity. It has an exciting story of its own, and for years has partaken of the sensational and legendary which surrounded everything that Lawrence did. Lawrence finished it during six months of writing at the Peace Conference in Paris. Close to 250,000 words had been written. Then one day while he was changing trains at Reading Station in London, he left this manuscript unguarded and it disappeared. It has never been recovered.

Within a few months he rewrote a second draft in 400,000 words; but his style was careless and hurried, and realizing he would never be satisfied with it, a year later characteristically he burned the entire manuscript. The third text was begun at once and was composed with great care. It is the present one. It was privately printed in London and fabulous sums were said to have been paid for the few copies sold in England. Twenty copies were printed for America, to retain copyright here, and the price of these was set at $20,000 apiece. The money realized from this private edition was donated by Lawrence to Arab charities. Upon his death, last year, the unexpurgated text was given to the world.

"Compiled from a notebook which must often have contained hurried items set down in exhaustion and anguish, expanded into a book in the bitterness of disillusion, the SEVEN PILLARS OF WISDOM is neither all narrative, all reflection, all memoir, but a blending of every kind of writing except formal poetry in complete self-expression. . . . Nor is it a clear and simple account of the Arab revolt which helped to win the war in the Near East. For the truth is that Lawrence was not writing a history in this book. . . . The stream of explanation and narrative is made up of many elements. There are studies of Arab history and Arab character, the latter brilliant in the extreme, and pen portraits of Arabs, Turks, French and British leaders of extraordinary wit, shrewdness and power, and these and much else are floated on a narrative of adventures that are terrible, humorous, exciting to a degree unequalled in our time, enriched by descriptions of the desert, of Arab life, of the backgrounds of critical action, many of which are beautiful in a high degree, real masterpieces of English prose. . . .

"But this is only one strand of this great book. . . . The other is philosophical, but in no abstract sense. It is the meditation, often agonized, sometimes profound and occasionally petulant and despairing, of a leader torn between duty to his conscience and duty to his cause, of a Hamlet uncertain of the worth of his every action. . . . This is the memoir of a genius recording what he believed to be his failure as well as what he knew to be his triumph. It is an inextricable mixture of a human document, pure literature, philosophy, adventure, a history and a confession."

A visualization by Nicholas F. Riley of a camel charge upon the Turks led by T. E. Lawrence

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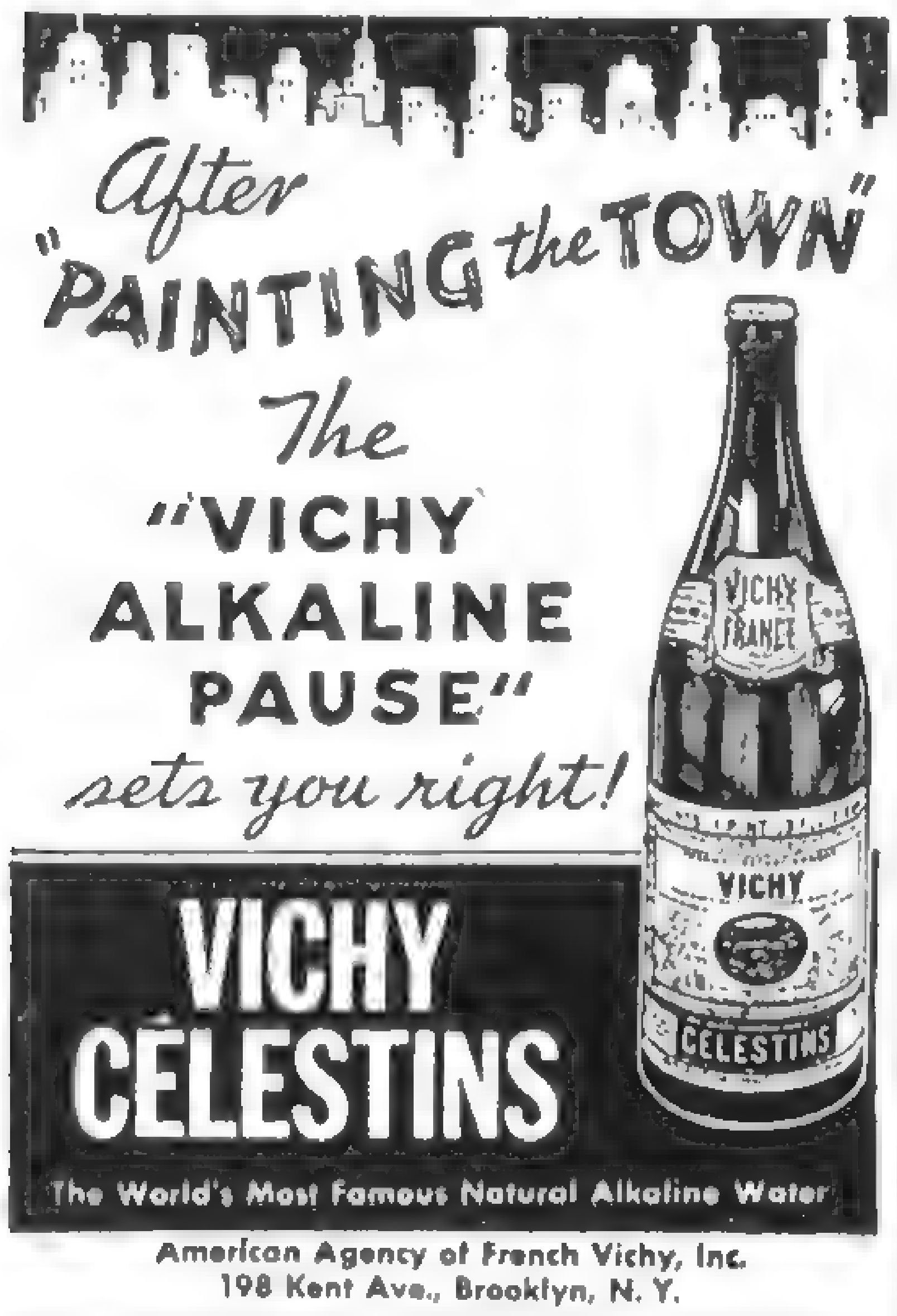
PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE



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FIFTH AVENUE
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Grand Central Terminal
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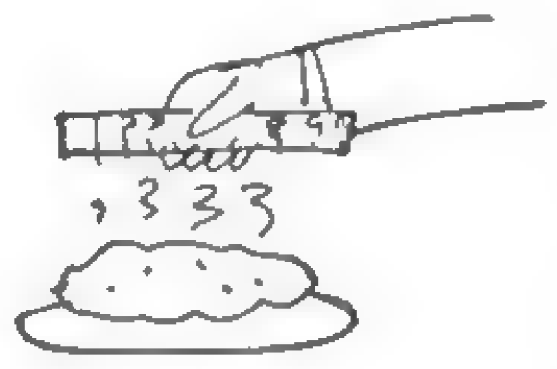
OCEAN FRESH DAILY
OYSTERS

Henri's, 40 West 46th Street, is one of the old favorites that keeps to its role despite time and tide. It is still one of the best places to get a French meal on the expensive side, and it is one of the few places where people gather for tea (out of a pot). The brioches petit fours and ice cream, made on the premises, cannot be duplicated in the city.



It is open season for the English Mutton Chop and the only feeding grounds for that rare species we know of is at Keen's Chop House, 72 West Thirty-sixth Street. With the chop (enough for a family of four, including two growing children) you bag a baked potato eight inches long. If you catch them shorter you have to throw them back. But the famed chop is not the only maison specialty: steaks of all kinds and sea food are featured. Keen's is perhaps the sole landmark of a passing age and, whether you are nostalgic or whether you are young, if you like excellent food in a English tavern atmosphere, Keen's is your dish. Churchwarden pipes for all comers and ancient playbills are offered as scenery, but the food is the thing.

News from Chicago finds the Silver Forest in the Drake Hotel closed and the classic Gold Coast Room taking its place for the winter season. Dick Jurgens brings his collegiate orchestra from the West Coast to complete a floor show headed by Pat O'Malley, Irish baritone of radio fame. The Mayfair Room, over at the Blackstone Hotel, opened with Senorita Corinna Mura, our favorite dark-eyed Castillian with the mezzo-soprano voice. Al Kavelin's rhumba music is highlighted by Carmen, his pianist. With the Senorita strumming her guitar and Carmen at the piano, the music forthcoming would stop a revolution.

Another of those amazing roadhouses, model 1936, is the Chanticler at Milburn, N. J. An American mansion of the McKinley period of architecture is the outward shell for a blazing interior with a modern trend. There are two bars, one for the commuter's wives and one for the diners later on, and there is a spacious dance floor where Gus Steck and his orchestra hold forth for the younger feet of the Oranges. Steck has been around for three years, not following the custom of the metropolitan organizations of moving every fortnight. He must be liked in his own precinct. Bill Naue, the jovial owner, is assisted by Lew Stern, one of the more formidable maestros of the supper and dance trade. Then, for good measure, they have imported several captains from the renowned Rainbow Room of Rockefeller Center. The food is varied and excellent.

Not since Barnum, has any showman hit the popular taste as successfully as the gentlemen who run the French Casino. Of its sort, it is undoubtedly the top spot of the whole world; at least, we have never seen its equal in any of the foreign capitals. The handsome, brilliant set-up, which passes for modern with the patrons as well as with the owners, is a great background for the business of drinking and watching a swift show. The current review, Folies d'Amour, while not as smart and as sophisticated as the former one, is better calculated for the crowds that overflow the place. We still recommend it to our readers as worth at least two of its nearest competitors.

Mon Paris moved in from its beautiful summer set-up near Eatontown, N. J., to resume activities at the old stand, 142 East 53rd Street. The management is new, or rather a realignment of old entrepreneurs—Joe Fernandez, late of Le Crémaillere and Joe Chevalier, former director of Maison Dorée. Gene Fosdick's band furnishes the dance music.

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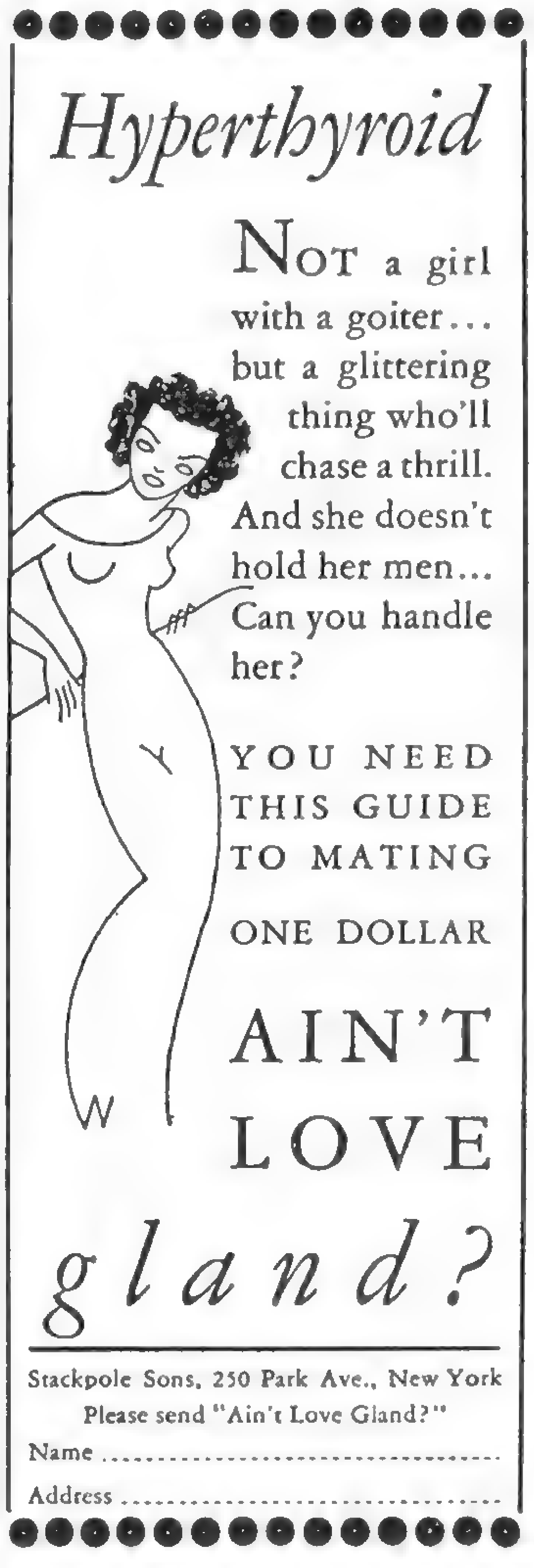

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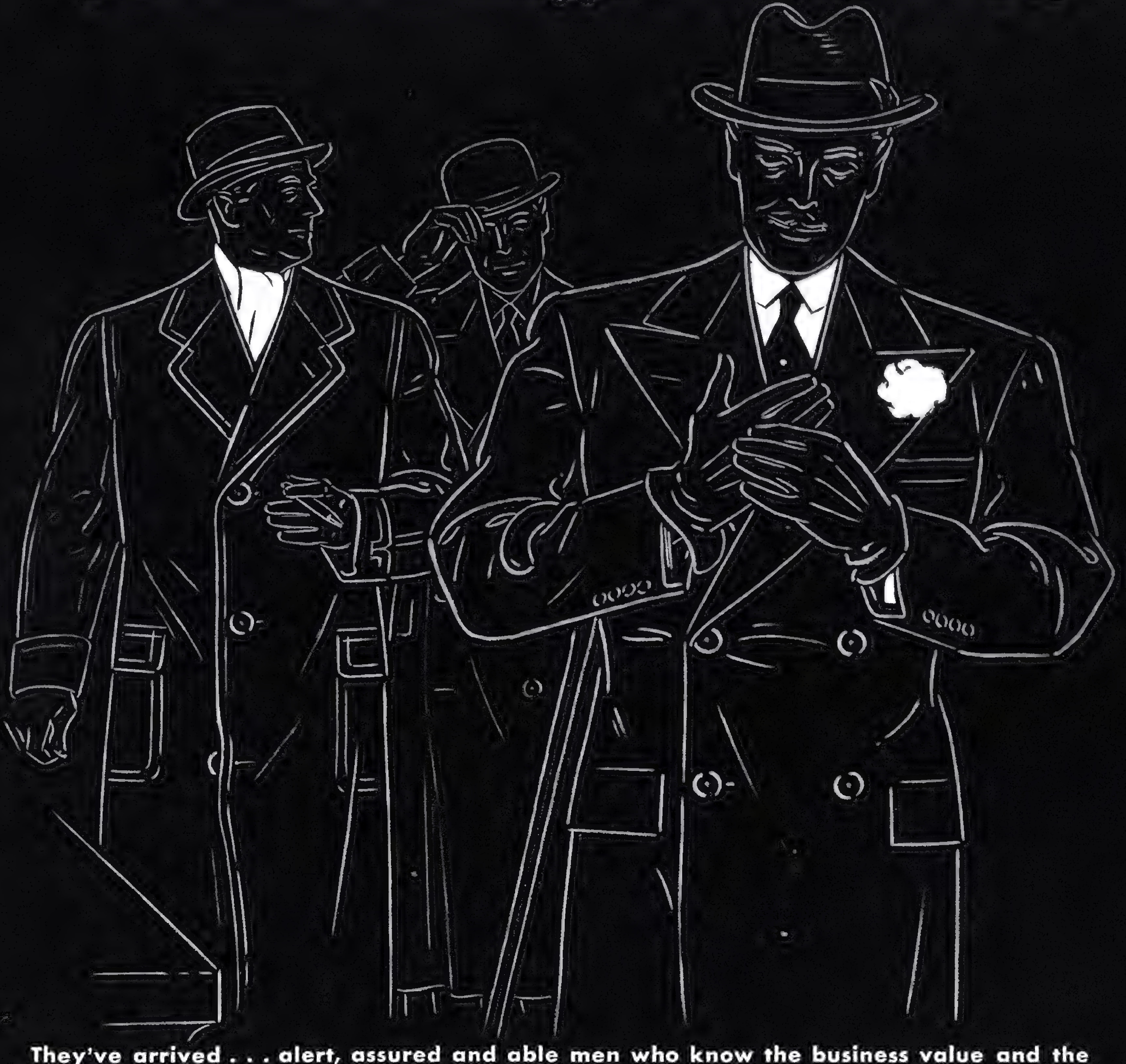

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PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE

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One of the pleasantest foreign journeys we know is the trip to Staten Island. Debarking from the ferry, you are surprised that the language and native costumes are similar to the mainland, but don't let that fool you. Three miles out on the Hylan Boulevard there is the Old Mill, at Grassmere, about the only food place in the territory. Out front, the hot dog and hamburger hold sway but around the corner in the restaurant, you can get a $4 steak for eighty cents, delicious clam fritters and like native dishes. You will thank us for telling you about it, especially if you are fortunate enough to meet the handsome host.

The hotel and bar at 70 Park has the executive trade of that neighborhood. The food is moderate and first-class, and the bar stays open until midnight for the after-theatre nippers. It is a pleasant oasis on Murray Hill.

Our ambition now is to get a job as a waiter and follow around to the places where Corinna Mura sings, hoping she will smile on us. We heard her first at the old place run by Barney and laterly at the swank Lounge of the Savoy Plaza. The Lounge has gone back to Dwight Fiske and is as popular as ever with Emile Petti's humorous orchestra . . . La Rue, 480 Park Avenue, still holds the town's record for hauteur. An Eddie Davis orchestra dispenses popular tunes while the élite dine expensively. The food ranks with the best in the city, the chef knowing many changes to ring on the poulet and lobster. . . . The Rainbow Room, atop Rockefeller Center, has reverted to its formal attire, now that the tourists have gone back to their country clubs and banks. Ray Noble's suave orchestra alternates with the rhumbas of Rodrigo. Gomez and Winona and Sheila Barrett supply the entertainment. . . . Eddie Duchin is at the Persian Room of the Plaza, delighting the hearts of the college boys and their deb friends. The DeMarcos, the world's perfect ball room dancers, have returned. . . . Pierre's have gone in for girls and gaiety. They already had one of the best cooks in captivity. . . . The Sherry Netherland moves into its winter gaiety with its cocktail lounge, one of the handsomest in the city, despite many more recent additions to the town's foot rails. . . . The St. Regis, one of the town's leaders in refined fun and selected trade, is Russian again in the basement, and normal upstairs, in a newly decorated King Cole Room. . . . The Waldorf-Astoria, warmed by the gentle Autumn has kept Shep Fields up on the brilliant Starlight Roof. . . . The St. Moritz, at Fifty-ninth and the Park, has wedded the Café de la Paix to a new Restaurant fronting Sixth Avenue. Rumplemeyers still attracts the gourmets at noon. . . . Hotel New Yorker, with its Manhattan Terrace, always has its capacity taxed with visiting firemen. Their Ramos fizz is still one of the town's delights. . . . Places you will not miss: the pleasant newspaper folk at Billingsly's Stork Club, 3 East Fifty-third . . . the celebrity gapers at "21" where Jack and Charlie rush about looking disdainfully at newcomers . . . the snootier set at El Morocco where everything is right . . . the warmth of the new Cotton Club parade.

John Lamanna's, 147 West Fourth Street is known to epicures who dine in the village. The genial John is something in a political way, not to mention his connection with the arts. The largest mural ever done by Reggie Marsh, depicting old New York, adorns the upper floor while the bar and street rooms glow under the handsome warmth of Cleon Throckmorton. The kitchen is Italian but one departure is excellent: the restaurant interpretation of beefsteak, cooked in a salt blanket, and served in hot butter. Better try that.

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on the
ALL AMERICAN
SELECTIONS
for 1936

OLD MR. BOSTON
Distilled Dry Gin
FULL QUART
OLD MR. BOSTON
Sloe Gin
FULL QUART
OLD MR. BOSTON
Orange Gin
FULL QUART
RYE
OLD MR. BOSTON
RYE LIQUEUR

Old Mr. Boston Distilled Dry Gin

—— 90 PROOF ——

Contains 100% Grain Neutral Spirits

Perfect prelude to a delicious dinner and a delightful evening. Correct taste when made with Old Mr. Boston Distilled Dry Gin, crystal clear, full-flavored.

Dry Martini Cocktail

1½ ozs. Old Mr. Boston Dry Gin
¾ oz. French Vermouth
1 dash bitters

Stir well with cracked ice and strain into 3 oz. cocktail glass, and serve with an olive.

Old Mr. Boston Sloe Gin

—— 70 PROOF ——

A natural cooler frequently used by clever hosts to extinguish heated football arguments. Owes its magic to the genuine imported sloe berries from which Old Mr. Boston Sloe Gin is made.

Sloe Gin Tom Collins

Use 12 oz. highball glass

2 ozs. Old Mr. Boston Sloe Gin
Juice of ½ lemon
1 teaspoon powdered sugar

Fill with seltzer water. Decorate with slice of lemon, slice of orange, and a cherry.

Old Mr. Boston Orange Flavored Gin

—— 80 PROOF ——

Your old favorite now becomes a gleaming golden taste miracle. Be sure to make it with the original . . . Old Mr. Boston . . . for that true orange flavor.

Orange Martini Cocktail

1½ ozs. Old Mr. Boston Orange Flavored Gin
¾ oz. French Vermouth
4 drops bitters
Twist of lemon peel

Stir well with cracked ice and strain into 3 oz. cocktail glass. Serve with a cherry.

Old MR. BOSTON

Old Mr. Boston Brand Straight Rye Whiskey —— 100 PROOF ——

The cocktail that made the Indians sorry they sold Manhattan. For the desired effect, be sure to use Old Mr. Boston Straight Rye Whiskey, an honest whiskey at a sensible price.

Manhattan Cocktail

1½ ozs. Old Mr. Boston Straight Rye Whiskey
¾ oz. Italian Vermouth
2 dashes bitters

Stir well with cracked ice and strain into 3 oz. cocktail glass. Serve with cherry.

Old Mr. Boston Brand Straight Bourbon Whiskey —— 100 PROOF ——

We're repeating ourselves, we know (see July Esquire) but a julep is the highest use to which you can put a good straight bourbon. And Old Mr. Boston Straight Bourbon Whiskey is as good as you can buy.

Mint Julep

Use 12 oz. glass

Muddle 4 sprigs of mint with 1 teaspoonful of powdered sugar and 1 teaspoonful of water
Fill glass with chipped ice
Add 2 ozs. Old Mr. Boston Straight Bourbon Whiskey

Decorate with sprig of mint.

Old Mr. Boston Rye Liqueur

—— 90 PROOF ——

One of the best drinks from "the good old days." The Old Mr. Boston Rye Liqueur adds a new smoothness and extra flavor.

Old Fashioned Cocktail

½ lump sugar
2 dashes bitters
1 oz. water

Muddle well, then add 2 ozs. Old Mr. Boston Rye Liqueur and large piece of ice. Stir very well. Decorate with slice of orange, twist of lemon peel, and a cherry. Serve in old fashioned glass.

OLD
MR. BOSTON
Blackberry
Nectar
Liqueur

Old Mr. Boston
Blackberry Nectar Liqueur

— 80 PROOF —

Serve this one straight . . . after a full dinner, a full evening, a full day. It's everything you expect from a European fruit brandy except the price . . . which is domestic. All Old Mr. Boston Nectar Liqueurs are excellent served straight as an after-dinner brandy drink.

OLD
MR. BOSTON
Peach
Nectar
Liqueur

Old Mr. Boston Peach Nectar Liqueur

— 80 PROOF —

After dinner, between bridge games, or while the Professor explains . . . gives life to an otherwise dull evening. While you're mixing it up, sneak a jigger of the Old Mr. Boston Peach Nectar Liqueur straight . . . it's swell!

Peach Sangaree

2 ozs. Old Mr. Boston Peach Nectar Liqueur

Shake well with cracked ice and strain into 3 oz. cocktail glass, leaving enough room in which to float a teaspoon of port wine.

OLD
MR. BOSTON
Cherry
Nectar
Liqueur

Old Mr. Boston Cherry Nectar Liqueur

— 80 PROOF —

For celebrating, bon voyaging, welcome-homing, consoling, cajoling . . . or just having a good time. There's diplomacy in that Old Mr. Boston Cherry Nectar Liqueur . . . everything you get in a European fruit brandy except a high price.

Cherry Sling

1½ ozs. Old Mr. Boston Cherry Nectar Liqueur
1½ ozs. Old Mr. Boston Dry Gin
Juice ½ lemon

Shake well with cracked ice and strain into 12 oz. Tom Collins glass. Add several cubes of ice and fill with seltzer water. Decorate with slice of lemon, slice of orange, and a cherry.

Predicts . . .

THE ALL AMERICAN DRINK SELECTIONS FOR 1936

OLD
MR. BOSTON
BOURBON
LIQUEUR
FULL QUART

Old Mr. Boston Bourbon Liqueur

— 90 PROOF —

After you have hung up the guests' fur coats, this drink should be your next move. A chill-chaser that is especially appreciated because of the additional smoothness of Old Mr. Boston Bourbon Liqueur.

Hot Toddy

Place lump of sugar in hot toddy glass
Add jigger of hot water to dissolve, then
add 2 ozs. of Old Mr. Boston Bourbon Liqueur
Fill remainder of glass with hot water

Stir well and decorate with slice of lemon. Nutmeg may be sprinkled on top.

Rose Bowl or punch bowl . . . stars make the game. What drinks will make this year's social season really social? To get this low-down on the high jinks of the approaching season, we sent scouts hither and thither snooping—smelling—smacking their lips. Then from this accumulated enthusiasm, experts in liquid thrills sorted out a squad of eleven "All American" star drinks. These drinks show the handiwork of pure genius just as inspired coaching makes an All American eleven. Discover the real joys of hosting it . . . practice up on these star drinks of the '36 season. You will want to keep this collection of All American drinks for future use.

BEN BURK, INC., Boston, Mass.

REMEMBER: *Pints and fifths of all these Old Mr. Boston Liquors are available with handy jigger caps.*

COPR. 1936 BEN BURK, INC.

OLD
MR. BOSTON
Apricot
Nectar
Liqueur

Old Mr. Boston Apricot Nectar Liqueur

— 80 PROOF —

For going places and doing things. Here's one that is our personal favorite. Don't serve one unless you intend to serve another.

Boston Side Car

1 oz. Old Mr. Boston Apricot Nectar Liqueur
1 oz. Old Mr. Boston Dry Gin
1 oz. lemon juice

Shake well with cracked ice and strain into 3 oz. cocktail glass.

Knock, knock!

Who's there?

Wetherby!

Wetherby who?

Wetherby hanged, Lady! "Weather" gets the ha-ha from Double-Mellow Old Gold's *double*-Cellophane package. Rain or shine! Hot or cold! Any climate! Anywhere! Any time! . . . you'll find Double-Mellow Old Golds are always factory-fresh. Thanks to those 2 jackets of the finest moisture-proof Cellophane on every package. And don't forget O. Gs. are blended from the choicest of the *prize crop* tobaccos!

ZIPS OPEN DOUBLE-QUICK!

Old Gold
CIGARETTES
THE TREASURE OF THEM ALL
Old Gold

Outer Cellophane Jacket opens from the Bottom.
Inner Cellophane Jacket opens from the Top.

Copyright, 1936, by P. Lorillard Co., Inc.

PRIZE CROP TOBACCOS MAKE THEM DOUBLE-MELLOW
2 JACKETS OF "CELLOPHANE" KEEP THEM FACTORY-FRESH

CRAM IT
into your traveling bag
—it won't wrinkle

SLAM IT
into your rumble seat
—it holds its shape

HUG IT
if the wind is sharp
—it keeps out cold

WET IT
in a storm or shower
—it is rain proof

★

WRINKLE PROOF

★

RAIN PROOF

★

COLD PROOF

★

WIND PROOF

Hudder
TOPCOATS

The Hudder is one of the finest, most distinguished, and most practical topcoats ever conceived. Often imitated, never duplicated. It's brilliantly styled. Masterfully tailored. Wrinkle proof. Rain proof. Snugly warm but surprisingly light. The fabric is exclusive with Society Brand. And because it's a silk-like blend of alpaca, mohair, and fine wool... plus a magical secret finish... it's marvelously soft and luxurious. Smart plain shades and strikingly attractive patterns. Once you experience the gratifying pleasure of wearing a Hudder you'll never be without one.

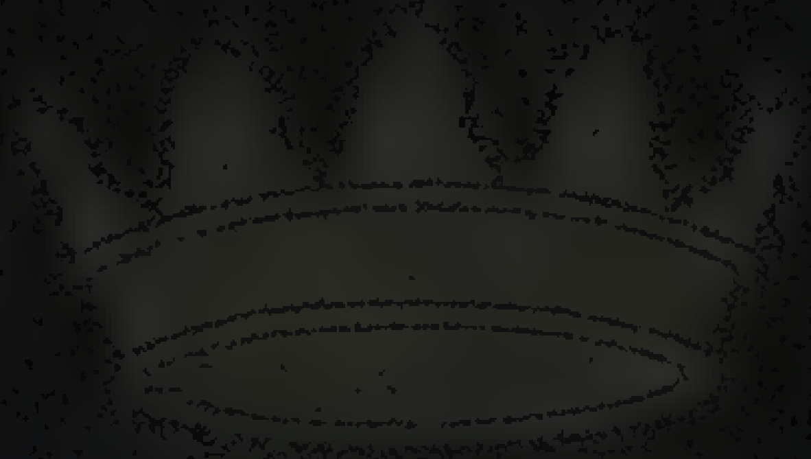
The Hudder... $40

Overcoat weight... The Hudderford, $50

Society Brand Clothes

FOR YOUNG MEN
AND MEN WHO STAY YOUNG

ALFRED DECKER & COHN, Makers
Chicago • New York • SOCIETY BRAND CLOTHES, LTD. • Montreal, Canada



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Notes Taken in Class

The New York Herald Tribune's Second Annual Football School for Coaches holds a six-day pre-season session . . . members of the faculty: Lou Little (Columbia), Fritz Crisler (Princeton), Jim Crowley (Fordham), Herb Kopf (Columbia), Leroy Mills (Princeton), Elmer Layden (Notre Dame), Bernie Bierman (Minnesota) . . . official note-takers: Stanley Woodward, Everett Morris, Jess Abramson — of the Herald Tribune's sports staff.

Crisler — on Stealing the Ball

Crisler startled some of his hearers by asserting flat-footedly that three times a week at Princeton five-minute periods are devoted to the art of stealing the ball from an opposing carrier and learning to avoid similar tactics.

To illustrate the best technique in prying the ball loose from a back's arm, Crisler summoned George H. Daley, the Herald Tribune sports editor, to serve as an assistant. He tucked the ball away in the old Union quarterback's hand, forearm and elbow in the approved fashion, and then showed how simple it was to get it out of there when you knew how. A sharp downward crack on the wrist, a simultaneous upward thrust on the elbow and, presto, the ball was loose.

"There is nothing in the rules that say you cannot steal the ball," Crisler went on. "So we try to steal it. If the other fellow can't hang onto it, then we plan to take advantage of his laxness."

Mills — on Kicking

Mills, eyes twinkling behind horn-rimmed spectacles and a huge pipe clutched in his teeth, introduced his dissertation on kicking as an offensive weapon, with the assertion that "There is an antidote for every form of football offense except a rolling ball. There is no antidote for that unless it is another rolling ball. The only thing that cannot be stopped by a defense is an accurate kick."

Leroy Mills, kicking authority, shows he means what he says...with pipe, pigskin, and a fifty-five yard punt.

Kopf — on Ends and Passes

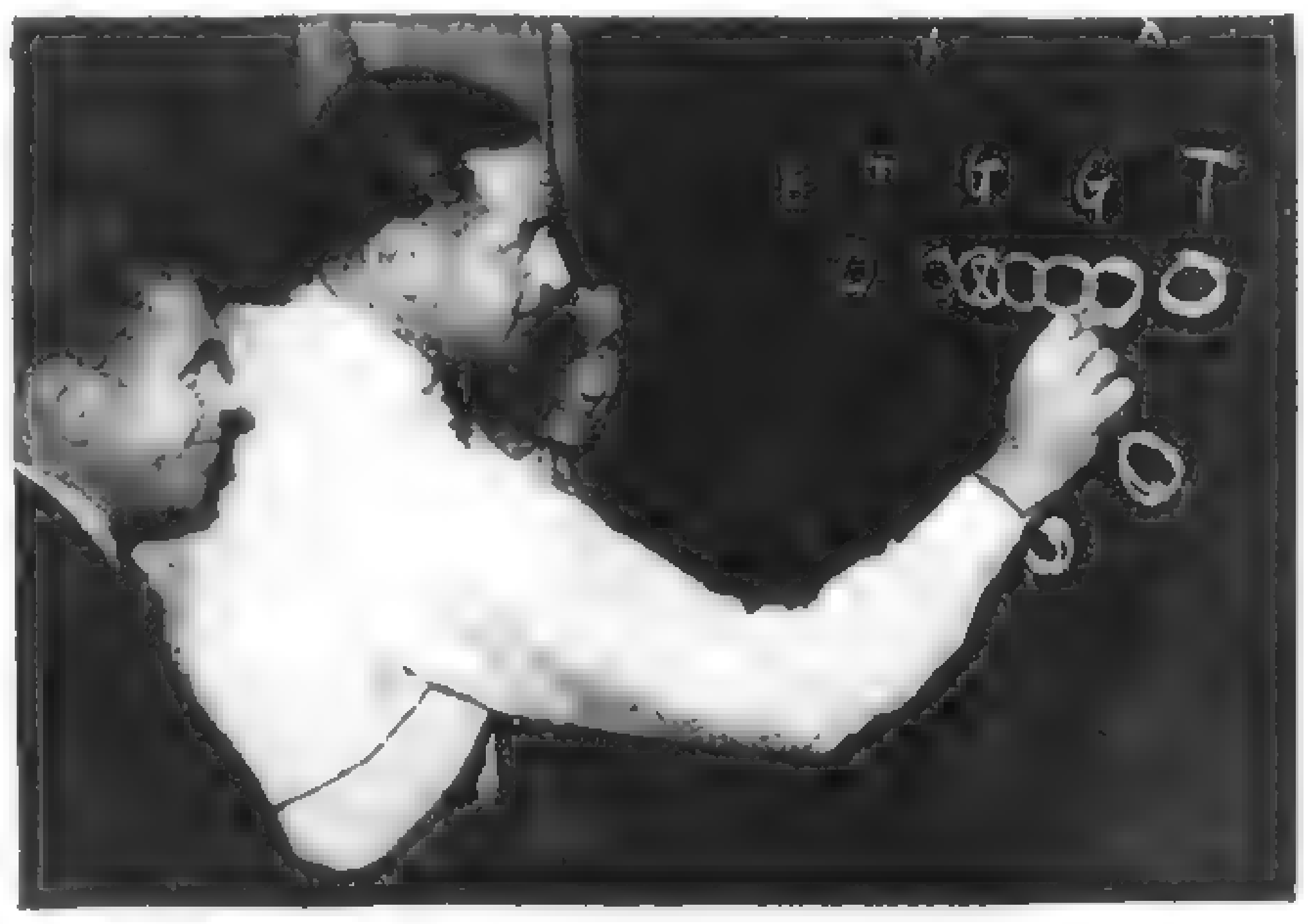
"The offensive end must operate on the theory," he said, "that he has to dispose of the tackle alone. Of course, he should have help from his wing back, but if the back fancies himself as a great ball carrier he isn't going to be too enthusiastic about getting in there and working on the tackle with the end. It's the nature of the animal. So the end must figure that he is doing the job alone, hit hard, drive his head at the tackle's middle and try to get him out of the play.

"One big fault with many ends is that they don't finish the job. They get a tackle off balance with their initial charge and then let up instead of driving on, much like a prize fighter rocks his opponent with a punch and then lets him recover instead of knocking him out."

On the subject of pass receiving he laid heavy emphasis on the importance of timing, taking the covering defensive player and getting the head around to watch the flight of the ball.

"Many a rotten pass has been made to look good by an intelligent end and vice versa," he declared.

He suggested catching passes with the fingers instead of the hand because they have more natural give than palm or wrist. On overthrown passes that lead the receiver too far, it was better judgment, he said, to reach with one hand than two because it was possible that way to get nearer to it.



Fritz Crisler, the Princeton pundit, chalk-talks his points on blocking and general defense tactics.

Little — on Line Play

"We want our boys to line up with both hands on the ground on both offense and defense, to keep their heads up, their backs straight and to lift as they charge. We do not want them to use their hands until they break through. On the defense we want them, linemen and backs alike, to run through the ball. We do not want any one running parallel to the course of the ball-carrier. We want to give no openings for cutbacks.

"The lineman, whether he is a tackle, guard, center or end, should take a firm stance with one foot slightly ahead of the other, head up, back straight and weight on the balls of the feet. When he charges we teach him to aim with his head, not his shoulder, for the opponent's middle. By aiming with the head at a moving target he will get his man with the shoulder, whichever way he moves.

"We teach our linemen, even the center, to charge with either foot forward, and we require them to vary their positions to suit the circumstances," he continued. "As an example, when the defensive tackle plays on the outside shoulder of the offensive end he must start with his inside foot back. Thus he will present his strong side to the end when he makes his charge and not permit the opponent to hit through weakness. His very next step, moreover, will present another 'strong knee' to the wing back."

Crowley — on Shifting End Play

"It was Rockne, back in 1912, who started the shifting end play. He was not strong enough or big enough to take tackles out unless he had some advantage over them. So he shifted in and out along the line to get the proper angle on a tackle for driving him in or out. Gradually this became a part of the Notre Dame system, and I figured that if it was an asset to have the end shifting in that manner, we could apply it to others. So we have our tackles bobbing in and out to get blocking angles on the guard."

Elmer Layden (Notre Dame), Lou Little (Columbia) of the faculty.

Layden — on Pass Defense

Layden noted five different styles of defense against the pass. He discussed the 6-2-2-1 alignment principally, for that is the one Notre Dame is now using. Because Notre Dame for many years under the late Knute Rockne defended with a 7-2-2, Layden explained: "We have gone in for a six-man line because it is now necessary to have five men back, what with quick kicks, laterals and other offensive stratagems.

"We use the man-to-man system when we start our practice on defense against the style of pass attack we are to meet the next Saturday, studying the capabilities of our players, noting their limitations and resources before we change to a zone defense or a combination of the two."

Layden pointed out the weaknesses of the several defense systems. It is easy to ruin a zone defense, he said, by throwing two or three of the five eligible receivers into one zone. Therefore, it is essential that the defending backs must resort to signals to protect themselves against being overpowered in any sector.

"If no one says anything," Layden said, "they are lost. But like a drowning man, you yell for help. The yell usually is 'two men,' which brings help from your teammates. Teamwork is important here, being alert and calling out at the first sign of danger."

Sports Editor George Daley greets the collegiate all-star squad as it files before the class.

Bierman's Big Stock of Plays

"I am a believer in a lot of plays," Bierman said in rather an apologetic way, as though it were a vice of his, "up to the limit of the capacity of my team to absorb them. I realize there is a school which believes it is better to have six or eight perfectly drilled plays than a mass of plays not so well known. Either team, however, would be handicapped. The defense may strike upon the means to stop your six or eight perfected plays. It is not difficult to teach a lot of plays, with forty or fifty signal numbers, if the plays are integrated properly. This doesn't mean that each player has forty or fifty assignments. The idea is to keep down the number of individual assignments. Our offense last year could run through four hundred different maneuvers without repeating itself exactly, but this merely means a change in one individual assignment in each maneuver. On play after play the short side end, for instance, would have exactly the same thing to do, so the number of individual assignments was comparatively small."

Advertisement

For clear, competent, and complete reports of both the technical and local-color details of this year's big games, follow the sports pages of the leading football-covering newspaper — the New York Herald Tribune.

Can you take it on the CHIN?

PINAUD PARFUMEUR
LILAC VEGETAL
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In these 3 ways
Lilac Vegetal helps

1 BEFORE SHAVING. It eases and speeds up the shave because it conditions and stiffens up the whiskers, makes them easy prey to your razor.

2 AFTER SHAVING. It refreshes and stimulates the skin, and allays irritation.

3 AS A SKIN TONIC. After the tub or shower it soothes and refreshes as a body rub. Great to relieve fatigue.

Man ... *prepare, each day, to face the world, with Pinaud's Lilac Vegetal*

Get *Pinaud's Lilac Vegetal* and *Lilac Vegetal Shaving Cream* together, in this smart combination packet. As a gift for any man who shaves, this handsome package is always welcome

PINAUD'S Lilac Vegetal does three mighty fine things for a man's skin, and does them well.

Used every day, it helps one face the world confident that he's groomed for success. Clear 'round the world, men of the army, men of the navy and men of affairs use it as part of the day's routine.

It has the scent of cleanliness, the feel of comfort, and the refreshment of well being. It is extremely well to make sure you get the original product—Lilac Vegetal, made by the French House of Pinaud.

Pinaud's Lilac Vegetal soothes the skin. *Pinaud's Lilac Vegetal Shaving Cream* or *Shaving Bowl* gives a quick, luxurious lather. *Pinaud's Lilac Vegetal Talc* is a man's talc, assuring a natural finish.

The House of **PINAUD**
PARIS

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Sensationally successful among contributions to the September issue was Herb Graffis' curvacious little essay *A Breast of the Times*. Through their advertising agents we learned that the piece had delighted the makers of the Bali Bra, injecting a new joy into their lives and adding a fillip to their otherwise monotonous routine of grinding out bust-, belly- and behind-casings. And *The Corset and Underwear Review* asked and received permission to reprint. So did *Corsets and Brassieres*, *The Foundation Garment Review*, whose associate editor, Valentine Erskine, answered Herb Graffis' rhetorical question ("What chance has a guy got . . . with . . . those who plot his downfall with the wily brassiere, bandeaux . . .?") as follows: "Not much, Mr. Graffis. And we're finding new tricks up our sleeves every day. Did you ever see a Gay Deceiver? And have you ever let your hand run over the smooth Anotex in a Charmaux girdle that's softer than a baby's skin? It's all right. You can do it in any corset department."

Heedless of such temptations, however, Mr. Graffis has left to those who want it the pleasant task of follow-up on the research problems raised by *A Breast of the Times* and has turned his acid attention to the A.A.U., to whose antics he has devoted his current scherzo, *Clowns on High Olympus*, which you will find on page 62 of this issue. What Westbrook Pegler used to be, in our opinion, Herb Graffis now is. His congenital laziness is all that keeps him from universal recognition as the most polished and effortlessly literate of all sports writers. And as a phrase coiner we can't think of anybody else to put forward as a serious challenger to Winchell's supremacy. There again, it's the criminal negligence with which he lets his talent go to waste through insufficient use that keeps Graffis from the top ranking that, on natural ability, he deserves. The only point of all this prodding is to record our dissatisfaction at being unable to pry a piece out of Graffis every month.

•

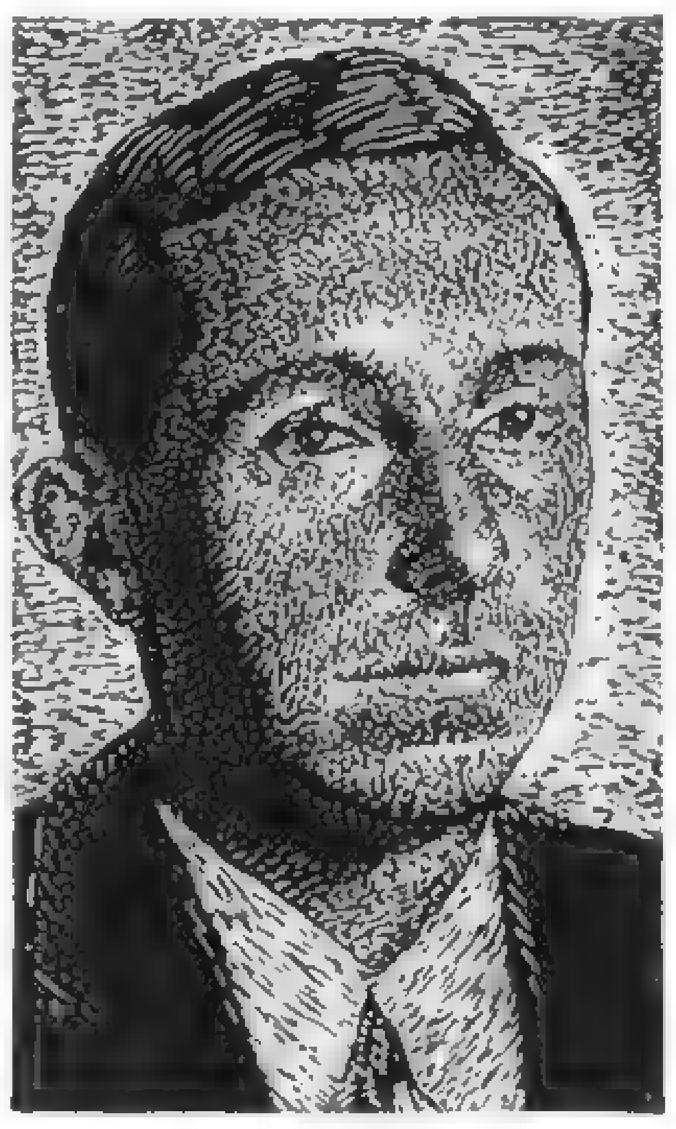
Just after receipt of the first proofs of *The Snows of Kilimanjaro*, for the August issue, we went to Bimini for five days of fishing with Ernest Hemingway. Under the peculiar spell of our presence the Captain of the *Pilar* put in five days of solid, but fishless, fishing. We haven't been able to get a line of copy out of him since, while the September, October and now the November, issues have come and gone. We feel like a bridesmaid in a Listerine ad. He says he's working on a new novel, and if he is then it's all right, but that's what those writers always tell all the boys. In the meantime, remembering the five fishless days through these three scriptless months, we read a new significance into that pregnant sentence in *Death in the Afternoon*, "It's always a mistake to know an author."

•

Glen Perry, who wrote *Interference Follow Me!* page 71, is yachting editor of the New York *Sun* and likes it, but wants the world to know that his life isn't one long vacation. He confesses that he first had the urge to write at the age of 12, when he edited an amazingly frank newspaper for a couple of months, to the delight of those suburbanites not mentioned therein. He continued writing at Lawrenceville and Princeton, but decided that the chances of making money were better in advertising. After a year in an agency, however, he says that the yen to write reasserted itself (advertising copywriters will please skip this passage, which is not to be regarded as the responsibility of Esquire) and joined up with *The Sun* as cub reporter. He has ghosted one book which delicacy forbids mentioning and has sold articles to various magazines.

•

Ernest Lyons (*A Congo Prayer*, page 68) lives in Florida and works on a newspaper that boasts of being the only daily in the country in a town of 2,000 citizens. He likes to fish and admits he's a wizard at salt water casting with light tackle. This hobby of his gave him an idea for a booklet on Florida sport fishing, which was used in the Florida State Exhibit at Rockefeller Center last winter. During his vacation this summer Mr. Lyons took a look at the boom in the Everglades. He says money is plentiful down there, gambling wide open and truck growers are making and losing fortunes overnight.


Ernest Lyons

•

Lots of places around New York just after Labor Day we heard people saying that "they say Esquire's sales are slipping." They practically had us believing it ourselves, so we hurried home to check up with the circulation department. It is a relief to be able to disappoint the calamity howlers with the news that the September issue, which has just come off the newsstands as this is written, enjoyed the greatest sale in Esquire's three record breaking years of existence.

•

Comes this cryptic note from Esquire's fair haired boy, the author of *The Success Secret* on page 83 of this issue:

"As a faithful reader of your excellent periodical, which has given us the work of such a representative cross section of American writers, I am somewhat astonished to observe the absence from your pages of many reputable and talented authors, among whom are the following:

Struthers Burt
James Thurber
Robert Hillyer
Lewis Mumford
Robert Nathan
William Faulkner
Ben Ray Redman
Joel Sayre
Ross Santee
Stuart Chase

Won't they work for you or don't you want them?

Sincerely,
Woodhaven, N. Y. Louis Paul"

Mr. Paul has us, as the feller says, on the hip. We have printed Pirandello, Gorki, Thomas Mann, Maeterlinck, Ivan Bunin, Trotzky, D. H. Lawrence, Havelock Ellis, Arnold Zweig, Bertrand Russell, Ring Lardner, Barbusse, Knut Hamsun, Dreiser, Maurois, Feuchtwanger, Wassermann and, oh yes, Saroyan. But never, we must admit, have we published one writer on Mr. Paul's obviously excellent list.

•

Just to give you a small idea of what treats you miss every month through the editor's inability to detect great literature when he smells it, we quote the following:

"I am sending back my story called *Barry the Boche Buster*, for there must have been some mistake in returning it to me. I am certain that it never reached your hands and was probably only read by some incompetent manuscript reader who failed to appreciate a good story.

The story must be all right, for as you can see, I have faithfully followed every rule of the Home Correspondence Course.

Naturally, it has an exciting beginning to catch the readers eye and there is tremendous action all the way through, building up to the great climax where Barry the Boche Buster rescues the Red Cross nurse from the Germans and has to jump from the burning plane. There of course is where I put in the love interest, subordinating it to the action. There is the menace of the villain and the mystery of who he is till he turns out surprisingly to be the German spy and is rightfully vanquished in the end by the hero. I have also pointed out two great moral lessons, one the efficiency of prayer and two, the evils of drinking vile alcohol.

Therefore the story conforms in every way with all the rules of short story writing and you must admit, Mr. Editor, that it has a great and novel plot, one that has never been used before.

Therefore, I shall expect a check by return mail and I would also like an autographed copy of photographs of Ernest Hemingway and Jean Harlow if you will get them for me, but please do not wait to get them to send the check. Send that at once.

Very truly yours,
Acton, Mo. Oscar Henry Shump"

•

T. F. Healy (*A Shelter from the Storm*, page 110) is writing a book of historical stories, one of which, *Spy*, is coming up in Esquire one of these months. He is also writing his impressions of America, and of his own people, the Irish. He has done extensive newspaper work in this country, and has contributed to such magazines as *The American Mercury*, *Commonweal*, *Forum*, *Columbia*, and *Catholic World*.

•

Carleton Smith, who writes about the Bayreuth Festival this month, is getting around quite a lot these days. He has lately made radio broadcasts from Salzburg, Moscow and Helsinski.

•

Alfred Smart, on whom the brunt of the Christmas subscription burden falls each year (along with many managerial burdens the rest of the year) has just returned from a pilgrimage to the fount of all periodical publishing wisdom, The Curtis Publishing Company's Philadelphia headquarters, where he was so courteously received and helpfully advised that we are all glowing with goodwill toward the *Saturday Evening Post*, still the daddy of them all among America's outstanding magazine successes, still able (though obviously not prone) to say that it has forgotten more than the best of the rest of us can hope to learn. As a result of this trip to Curtis, the sixth floor of the Palmolive Building, where our circulation department is quartered, already begins to look like a place being prepared to repel invasion, as the changes and additions calculated to insure the successful handling of the Christmas rush begin to take shape. To us, sweltering in our roost up beneath the Lindbergh Beacon, Christmas seems farther away than Little America, but down in the circulation department it's practically time for the carols.

•

Louis Zara, Esquire discovery, who does *not* appear in this issue, is out in Hollywood, working for 20th Century.

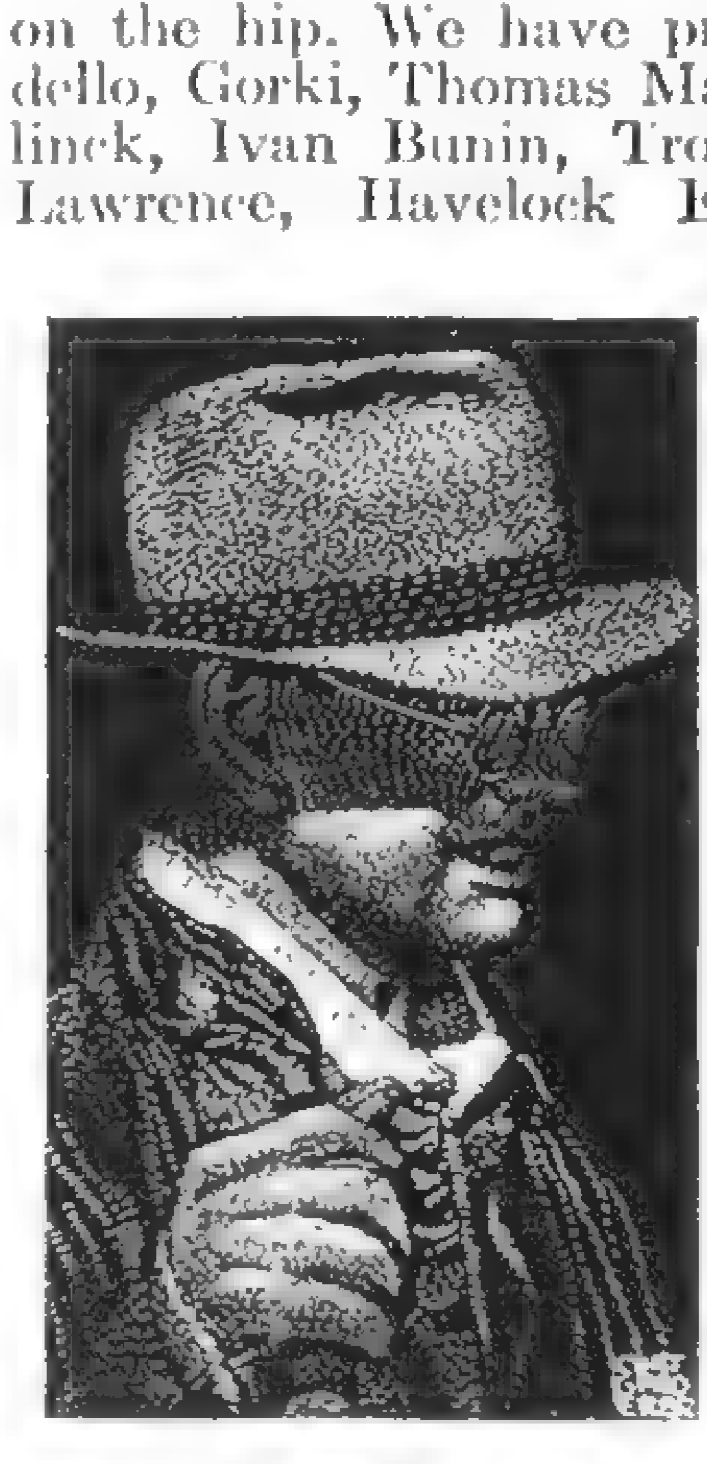
•

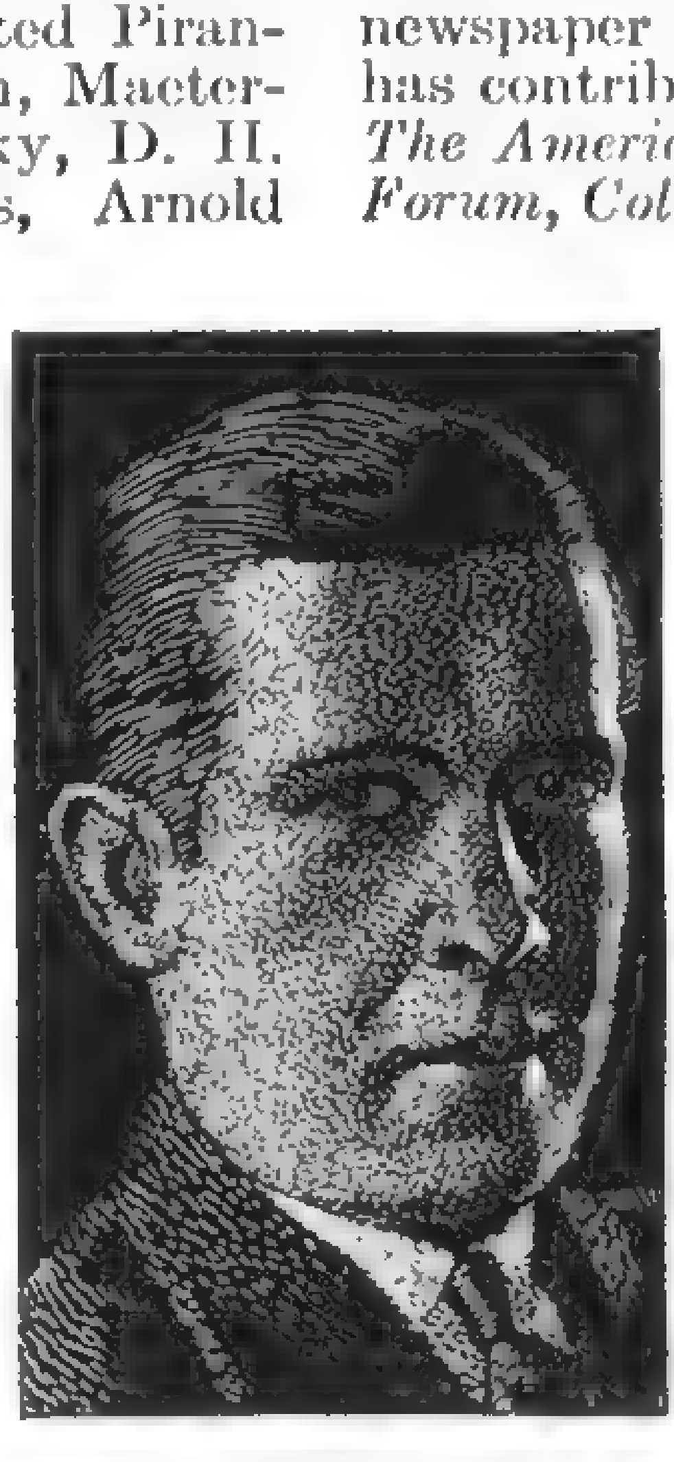
So great was George Jean Nathan's dissatisfaction with the title we put on his first departmental contribution to Esquire, in the October issue, that he wanted to throw up the new job the very day his first piece appeared in print. It has been our custom, since the magazine began, to give the titles to the various departments, as well as to write the subheads appearing each month directly beneath those titles. Rascoe may writhe, for all we know, under our three-year old title, *Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf*, and Levin may for as many months have carped at *The Candid Cameraman*, though neither has ever complained out loud. And maybe, now that we think of it, the reason Frank Black has not been heard from again after his summer's leave of absence is that he can't abide the thought of resuming operation under the old sign, *The Music-Box Revue*. In any event, an Esquire department contributor's space is his castle, as Rascoe rather pointedly proves this month, and if one of them decides he doesn't like the sign we hang out over that space he's at perfect liberty to change it. That's what we pointed out to Nathan, who lost no time in tearing down our first title and putting up a new one of his own: *First Nights & Passing Judgments*, under which you will find, on page 117, his excellent critique on the cult of Gilbert and Sullivan.

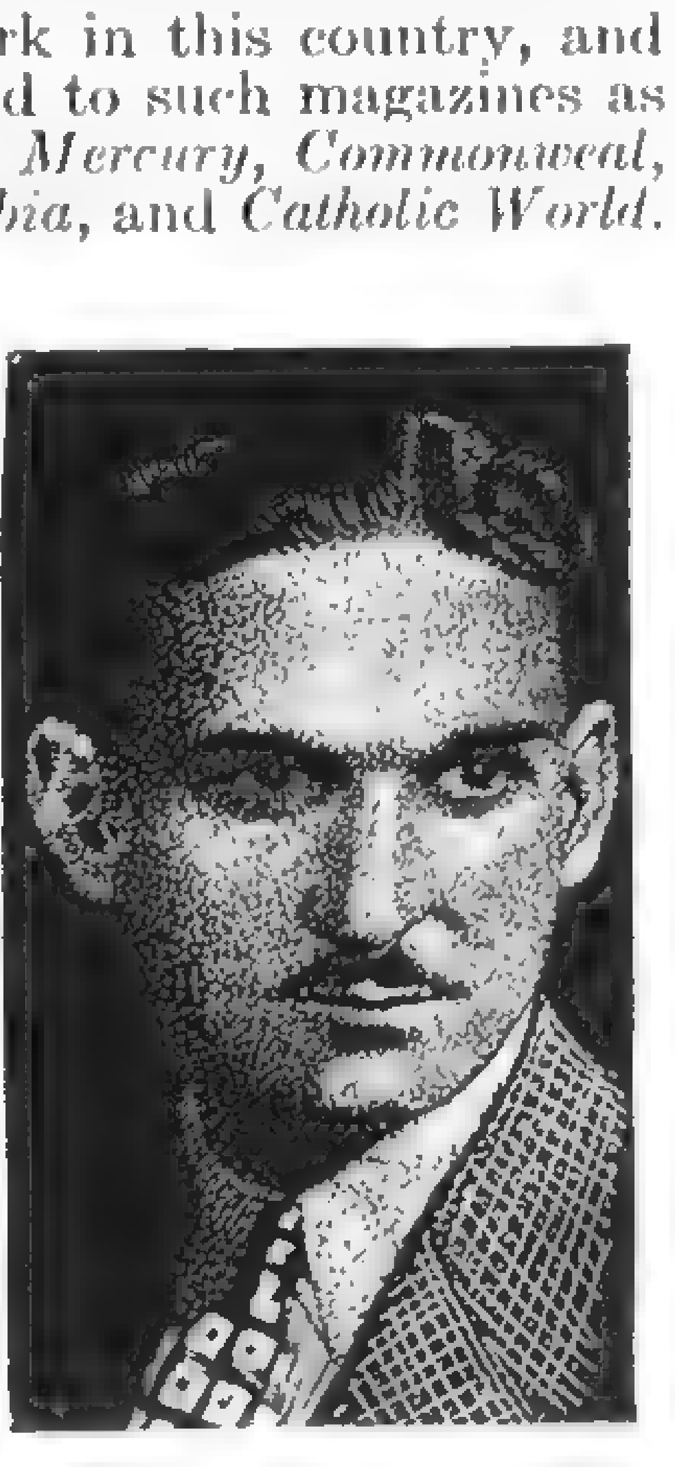
•

Victor Lowenstein is our Discovery of the Month. His first published story, *They're Nice Girls*, is on page 114 of this issue. He says: "I am 23 and have lived all my life in and around New York City—even to the extent of attending N. Y. U. I liked it enough to struggle through six years of it, evenings, and sincerely believe that it did me no harm. Someday I may even have a degree to show for it. So far as I am concerned Joyce, Proust and Mann are tops, but I would just as soon read Hemingway, Huxley and Faulkner."

Continued on page 44


Glen Perry


T. F. Healy


Victor Lowenstein

A Fine Imported Whiskey
6 years old
90 PROOF
DISTILLERS
SINCE 1857
Seagram's
90 PROOF
"V.O."
Rare Old Canadian Whiskey
UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT
6 Years Old
DISTILLED & BOTTLED BY JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS LIMITED WATERLOO-ONTARIO-CANADA
Time Works Wonders

AS SERVED IN THE HOME OF *William Rhinelander Stewart*

Mr. Stewart is a member of one of America's oldest families, which has been socially prominent in New York and Newport since the early 17th Century.

In SEAGRAM'S "V.O." men of taste find a unique delicacy and mildness together with a warm, mellow friendliness. "V.O." accords with their high standards of good living. Fragrant with authoritative character, "V.O." is a proud member of the Seagram family of fine whiskies that goes back 79 years.

Seagram's
"V.O."
MASTERPIECE OF SEAGRAM SKILL

RARE OLD CANADIAN WHISKEY • AGED IN CHARRED OAK CASKS

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BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

H. O. (known to the boys as Fritz) Crisler, who proves that *Passes Make Trouble*, on page 67, is beginning his fourth season as football coach at Princeton. Before that (do you mind riding backward?) he served three seasons as head coach at Minnesota, and was also assistant football coach at his Alma Mater, the University of Chicago. During his student days he was a football star of no mean dimensions, winning, among other things, a place on Walter Camp's All American team.

•

When we first read *Brotherly Love* by James Poling (page 126) we felt that it was too grisly even for this avowedly man's magazine, and told the author so. He defended the article as follows:

"I was rather surprised that you were surprised that the article was grisly. Torture can hardly be written of in terms of lavender and old lace. And I must say that your reference to the author reveling in the details was equally surprising to me. I had thought my irony was too obvious. Evidently it wasn't. I wish you could read some of the other general articles on torture and see how I've toned mine down. I really didn't think I was tossing you too much raw meat. And if Esquire's male audience can take Hemingway's descriptions of the vultures on wounded soldiers in Abyssinia my article shouldn't cause them to retch too violently. I have tried it on a lot of average readers, including a large proportion of females, and without exception their reaction has been one of surprise to learn that such things still exist today—which is the point I tried to make—and not one of nausea."

James W. Poling

•

Donald Culross Peattie, author of the current best seller, *Green Laurels*, wrote the following additional bit for *Leading the Life of Riley*, which appears on page 72: "In rereading my article on Riley I see I left out an incident that had particularly appealed to me. When Riley was most distraught with intrigues and worries he had terrible headaches and insomnia, and the only place he could sleep was in a barber's chair. So he used to pay the barber to let him sit up all night in the shop! Query: why didn't he buy a barber chair and put it in his bedroom?"

•

Comment has often appeared in these pages on the habit we have of using scribbled notes, instead of printed slips, of rejection for manuscripts unsuited to Esquire's needs. But the Art Director, Eric Lundgren, who unconsciously follows the same practice, has heretofore gone unsung, which is why we print the following:

"This is just to let you know what a little word of advice from a person in your position can do for some one who is battering his head against the stone wall so staunchly erected around the art editorial offices of our larger magazines.

"One day last Spring you wrote me a note saying that I ought to try some smaller magazines and to work in mediums that could be reproduced in black and white. It is very possible that you were becoming a little discouraged yourself with working all month long only to have all your profits eaten up by the postage required to return to me all the tons of drawings I was sending to you each month. Whatever your intentions were, you did it in a manner nice enough to equal that of even some of the best foreign diplomats, and you know how well they can say precisely what they don't mean. Anyway, you might be interested in the result of your efforts. Almost immediately I landed the job of illustrating, in their entirety, five pulp magazines a month, along with some commercial work and a few cartoons here and there. Although the illustration work is mostly 'cops and robbers,' murderers, and surprisingly promiscuous young ladies, it has kept me so busy all summer that I have hardly had the time to erase my layout pencil lines. I forgot to mention that I have also done several covers (two, to be exact). All in all it is giving me a lot of much needed experience. And the break came yesterday in the form of a letter from a large New York advertising firm giving me the opportunity to run over there to discuss joining their staff, all of which I hope turns out according to expectations.

"If you by this time are wondering why I am writing all this to you I'll tell you. Someday, when some other artist in the larva stage is causing you too much trouble, tell him to go to hell in as nice a way as you did me and he'll probably thank you for it as I am now.

Cordially yours,

Upper Darby, Penna. L. A. Mezger"

•

Joseph Kessel is France's bad boy genius. He is the author of *Paris Nights*, *Crossroads*, *The Pure in Heart*, *Princess of the Night*, and, in collaboration with Helene Iswolsky, *Blinded Kings*. *Hawaiian Confessions*, a short-short which he contributed to this issue, is on page 104.

•

John McCarthy (*Football's Greatest Year*—page 89) recently returned from Ireland and brought us a handsome blackthorn stick.

•

Stewart Robertson (*Galloping Dollars*, page 102) says he owned part of a burlesque troupe back in the Hips Ahoy days when burlesque was Broadway's cradle. He has also dallied with laboring, timekeeping, billposting, detecting and railroad construction. He served three years in France and Belgium with the Canadian Corps. And to win a bet, he once wrote a religious poem for *The Christian Century*. Like so many of our contributors, he's kind of a wanderer, and has been in every state in the Union and most of the continents except Australia. He says: "I was egged into scribbling by a syndicate while on a trip to California; I have turned out hundreds of movie star tripe, and thereby quail at the thought of Judgment Day. As Hollywood case histories require the fictional touch, drifting into fiction was a natural step, although the old habit breaks out in an occasional radio interview. We are anchored by four youngsters at present, but when they're married off, the missus and I will start roaming again."

Walter Clare Martin (*Dodie's Duck*, page 78) has appeared in these pages before with *Less Game and More Glory*, *Chaulmoogra Hunt* and *The Goshawk*. He has been a reporter, an editor and an advertising manager, and has published two books, *Matters of Sentiment* and *Baby Is Born*.

•

Marvin Cox was born and raised in Georgia, and graduated from the University of Georgia in 1931. He was a sports writer for the Atlanta *Journal* and the Macon *Telegraph*, and says he learned to know and love the folks of the backwoods and crossroads during the real, old time Southern political campaigns. Hence *By The People*, on page 98. He went to Washington as secretary to a congressman and later joined Ding Darling as aide in the Bureau of Biological Survey when he was running that organization. Now he is with the Division of Information of the WPA.

•

Hanson W. Baldwin who contributed the incredibly awful *Horror on the High Seas*, which appears on page 86, is the naval expert of the New York *Times*. He will be remembered as one who started the series of navy anecdotes with *Navy Blue and Gold* last December, and who also contributed *These Too Shall Live* and *Mutiny on the Brig Somers* to these pages.

Hanson W. Baldwin

•

Alan MacDonald, author of *You Can't Sleep with Women*, page 84, says: "Statistically: I am a bachelor, aged 33, and practically nothing to look at—hence no photograph. The article you are publishing in this issue is my first click in any magazine. My work: I advertising manage one fair-sized newspaper in Western Pennsylvania and edit another, which is probably the smallest newspaper in the world. But it's a good one. I've been trying this 'extra' writing business only a few months for my spare time just isn't. Have no illusions about becoming a well known writer—there are too many of them now. My only claim to fame, I believe as I look back over the years is this: At the age of 13, I was the champion elderberry sheller of my district. Not much, I know, but the record still holds."

•

In the light of last month's editorial and this month's *Five-Minute Shelf*, this letter from one of our favorite satirists has topical interest:

"Your Mr. Rascoe tickles me, he's so delightfully inconsistent. Of course, its pretty obvious (because you, yourself call attention to it in front of the book) that you're trying to stir up a controversy about John Dos Passos. Maybe I shouldn't help you and then again why not? What can I lose? And what can Dos Passos lose? No matter what your Mr. Rascoe says, and no matter what the few grouches who will write in agreeing with him (there always are a few such) say, Mr. Dos Passos (I haven't yet had the pleasure of meeting him, so I can't be as palsy-walsy as you are and call him Dos) will remain, as he is, the most important living American writer. The word American in that almost-frightening pronunciamento is the gimmick, of course.

"What your Mr. Rascoe fails to recognize is Dos Passos' Americanism. Dos Passos knows his U.S.A. and there's no kidding about that. He doesn't try to hammer out any diluted English. He doesn't play with the language (well, not much anyway, not any more than all us other smart-alec Americans) and he doesn't bastardize the two languages. American and English are two separate languages and Dos Passos knows it. What the hell. All (most) of us go through life kidding ourselves we're educated gents; we talk one language and write another, even in letters; it's like drinking four o'clock tea in a Sixth Avenue dive.

"Your Mr. Rascoe (I can't help that, mister, he's not mine, not yet) seems to be worried by the fact that Dos Passos won't pay any attention to the critics and this you took care of, but good, in your piece. He also worries about the fact that most of the stories Dos Passos tells are basically the nuts. Meaning he's heard 'em before, or read 'em before. And forgetting that there are some guys who've read and heard of Mr. Rascoe before.

"Again, what the hell. If Dos Passos is trying, as I assume he is, to write a book covering the subject of his fellow Americans over a stretch of years, there is no reason why the separate stories should be anything but hack, basically. Your average neighbor, including Mr. Rascoe, is not very different from Charley Anderson or Margo Dowling. Naturally. Obviously. That's what makes it okay. If Dos Passos were telling a single story of a single gent, then, maybe, he should pick 'unusual' material (and I still doubt whether he could find something your Mr. Rascoe, reading as much as he does, hasn't read along 'unusual' lines). But he isn't. He isn't telling a story. He's painting a picture. On a big canvas. And that picture is different, and unusual, and arresting, and fine, and breath-taking. Even if the pigments are the same ones as hacks use.

"If Dos Passos were writing a story he could write about Mr. Rascoe. But since he's writing a novel, he's writing about Bernarr Macfadden's fellow men.

"Having handed you your Mr. Rascoe on ice, I want to end by reclaiming him. There's another gent I know named Burton Rascoe. He's okay. He's a smart guy. He agrees with me about books and writers. He writes in your monthly every month (except last month) very interestingly and very intelligently. Cut me in on a piece of that guy.

Wolfe Kaufman"

•

Dr. Maxwell Maltz, (*Jailor or Surgeon*, page 74) was formerly President of The American Society of Plastic Surgeons, and received more fan mail after the publication of his *New Deal for Cyrano* over a year ago than any of our contributors—with the possible exception of the young man who wrote *The Perlu*.

•

Benedict Thielen, whose *Forever Cherished*, page 101, is one of the best indictments against war we've ever read, contributes stories to *Scribner's* and *Story*, as well as Esquire, and is the author of two novels, *Deep Streets* and *Women in the Sun*.

Gentlemen . . a taste-full whiskey

WITH NO RAW AFTER-TASTE!

Pour it yourself
and prove it!

This reveals all!

Swallow a few drops of Old Schenley Whiskey, straight. First, you get that rich, full taste of fine whiskey. Then, as it goes down, you get that satin-smooth warming "feel" in your throat. And now . . . the surprise! Instead of a raw after-taste, you get a pleasant sense of lingering mellowness, subdued and mildly warming.

It is the *after-taste* that reveals the true character of a whiskey. Old Schenley is a whiskey with *no raw after-taste*—a quality coveted by all except those few who drink for a terrific "kick." Pour your own and *prove* it.

Photographed in the Cocktail Terrace of New York's St. Regis Hotel

Copr. 1936, Schenley Distributors, Inc., New York

OLD
SCHENLEY
Quality
SUPREME

"THANK YOU, SCHENLEY" say New York's bartenders

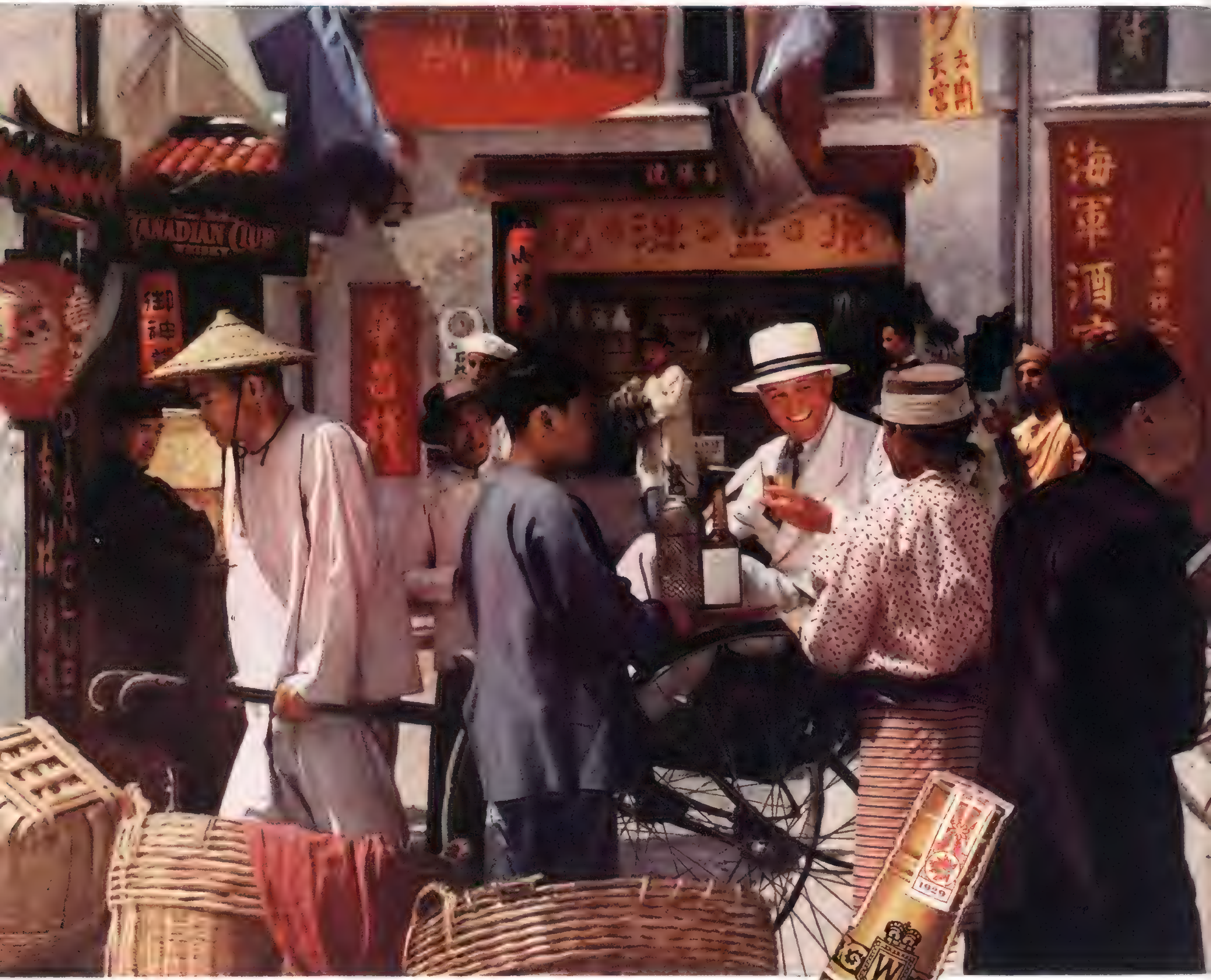
For the richest blended whiskey they've ever tasted—and Schenley's exclusive Protect-All Bottle, first adequate, unrefillable, free-pouring bottle. It absolutely protects you against substitution—the barman against unfair suspicion.

The House of Schenley proudly presents—Old Schenley Brand . . . First, it is a rich, full-flavored whiskey with no raw after-taste . . . Second, it is kind to you the next morning if used in moderation . . . Third, it provides you unfailing protection against substitution when you order it. Truly, Old Schenley is the Blend of your Desires!

OLD SCHENLEY IS THE NAME!

BLENDED WHISKEY The Blend of your Desires. The straight whiskies in this product are **8** years or more old, 40% straight whiskey and 60% neutral spirits distilled from American grain. In the Schenley Protect-All Bottle. 86.8 Proof

"STOP THE RICKSHAW!"


CANADIAN CLUB

1929
W
Canadian Club
Canadian Whisky
Hiram Walker's
Walkerville Canada
THIS WHISKY IS 6 YEARS OLD
90.4 U.S. PROOF

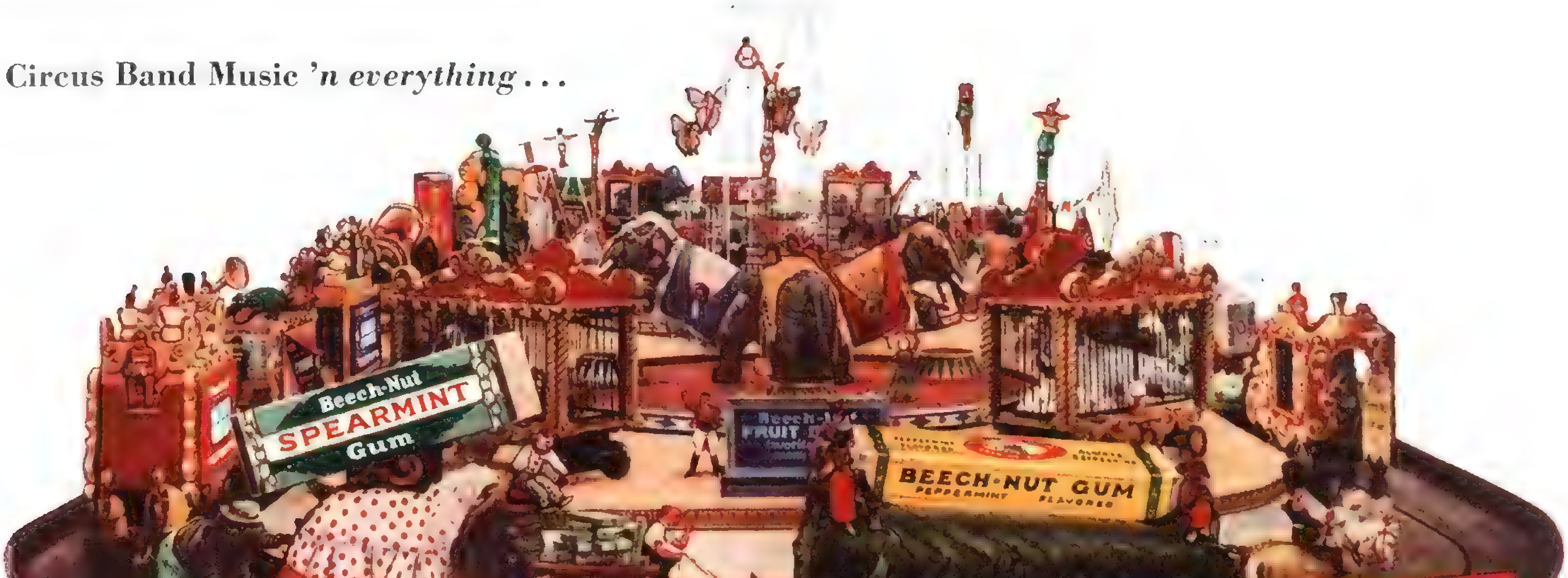
"We were on our way to the European Club in Kuala Lumpur, picturesque capital of the Malay States," writes C. M. Parsons of Boston, "when I saw a sight that thrilled me even more than the paddy fields, the houses on stilts, or the elephants at work on rubber plantations. It was a sign in front of a hotel. It read, 'Hiram Walker's Canadian Club,' but what it said to me was, 'Here's an old friend from home.' And Man, Oh Man, it sure did taste good!"

HIRAM WALKER'S
"CANADIAN CLUB"
CANADIAN WHISKY
SIX YEARS OLD · 90.4 PROOF

In 87 lands, "Canadian Club" is prized. Whether you prefer rye or bourbon—bonded, blended or straight—you'll find a Hiram Walker whisky to suit your purse and please your palate. Just ask for your favorite at your dealer's and clubs, bars and hotels everywhere. Hiram Walker & Sons, Walkerville, Ontario.

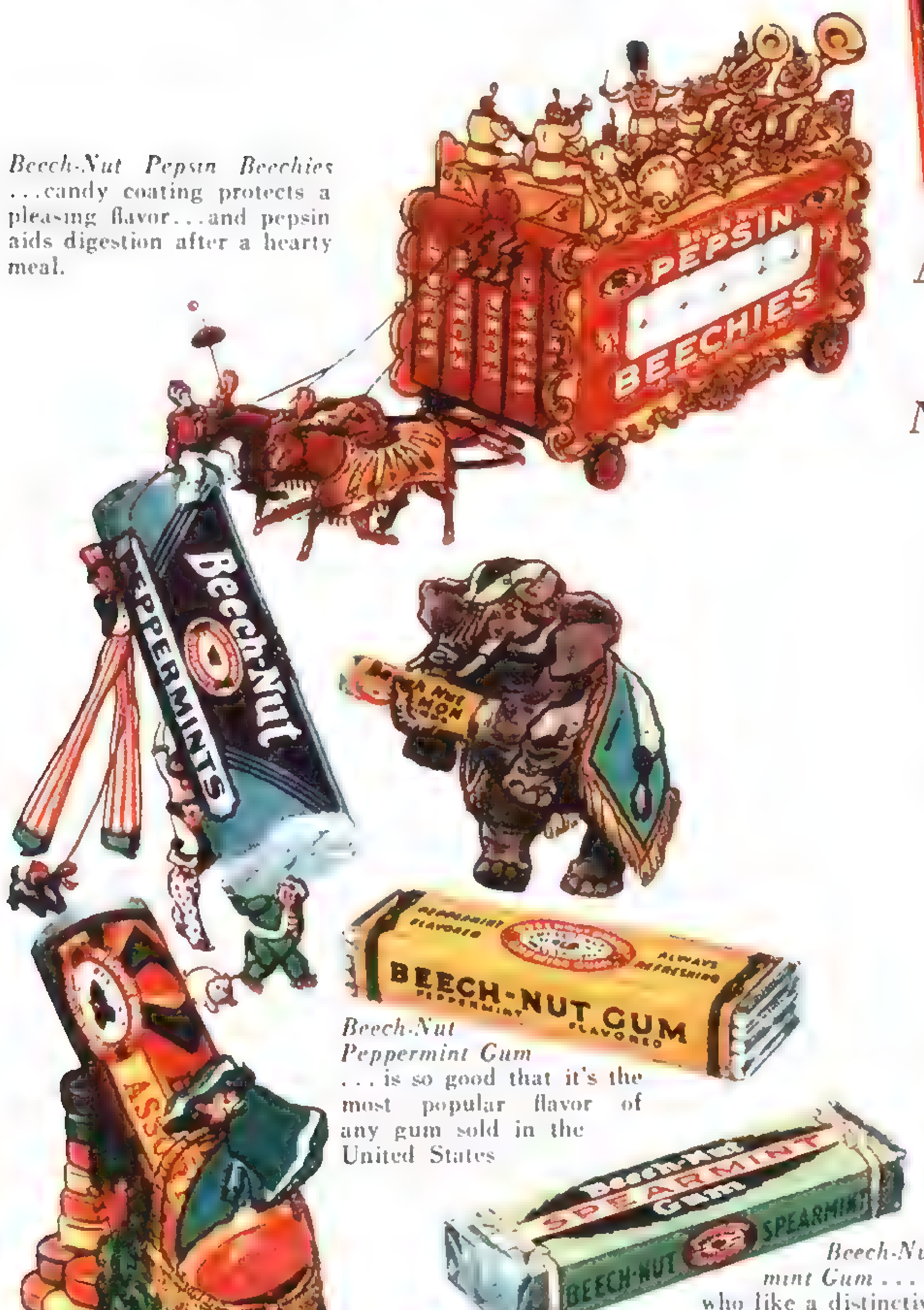
Hiram Walker's "CANADIAN CLUB"

Circus Band Music 'n *everything*...


Beech-Nut SPEARMINT Gum
Beech-Nut FRUIT
BEECH-NUT GUM PEPPERMINT FLAVORED

THE BEECH-NUT CIRCUS

Beech-Nut presents the "Smallest Show on Earth"


PEPSIN BEECHIES
Beech-Nut PEPPERMINTS
Beech-Nut LEMON
BEECH-NUT GUM PEPPERMINT FLAVORED ALWAYS REFRESHING
ASS
Beech-Nut SPEARMINT Gum

Beech-Nut Pepsin Beechies ...candy coating protects a pleasing flavor...and pepsin aids digestion after a hearty meal.

Beech-Nut Peppermint Gum ... is so good that it's the most popular flavor of any gum sold in the United States

Beech-Nut Spearmint Gum ... for those who like a distinctive flavor.

A feature attraction of the great expositions at San Diego, Dallas and Cleveland

Now Installed in Motor Cars and Touring the Country

Complete in every detail from clowns to calliope! Wild animals, performing elephants, acrobats, aerial artistes, musicians, prancing horses, all in the gayest of circus trappings! New! Different! A unique combination of artistry and mechanical ingenuity! Everything in motion, electrically operated!

Children love it—and so do adults—they stand for long periods gazing at this remarkable circus and the parade of majestic floats which go round and round its three rings.

When the Beech-Nut Circus visits your city be sure to see it. We believe you will enjoy it almost as much as you do the fine flavor and quality of

BEECH-NUT GUM and CANDY

Made in a variety of flavors to appeal to the taste of everyone

Beech-Nut PEPPERMINT 5¢ BEECHIES CANDY COATED GUM
Beech-Nut SPEARMINT BEECHIES CANDY COATED GUM
Beech-Nut ORALGENE Chewing Gum WITH DEHYDRATED MILK OF MAGNESIA FOR THE TEETH
Beech-Nut ORANGE DROPS
Beech-Nut SPICE DROPS

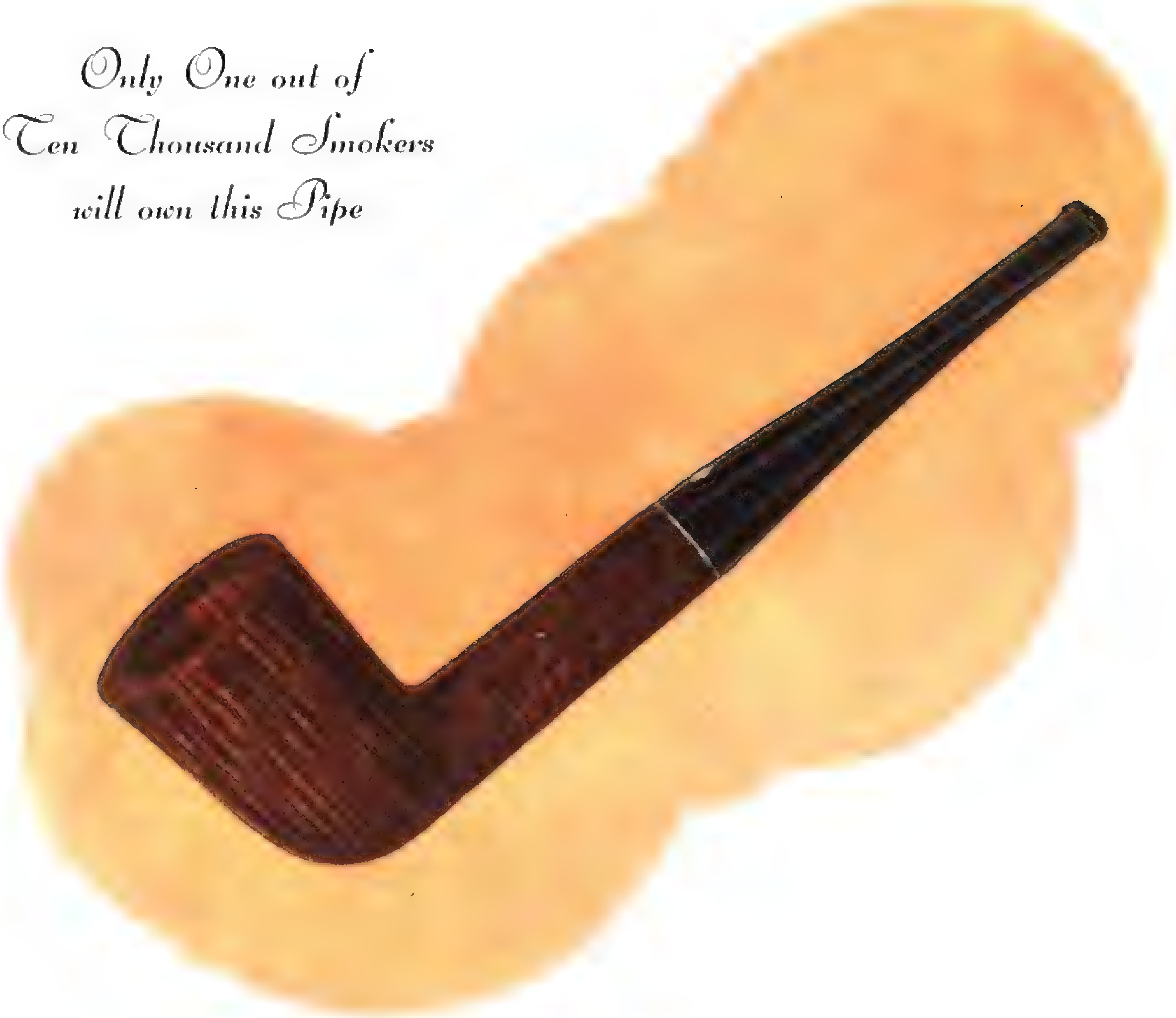
Peppermint Beechies ... another fine peppermint gum...sealed in a candy coating. Like gum and candy in one.

Spearmint Beechies ... the newest member of the family... Candy coating plus Beech-Nut Spearmint brings a new excellence to this popular flavor

Oralgene ... its firmer texture gives much needed mouth exercise ... and its dehydrated milk of magnesia helps neutralize mouth acidity. Each piece individually wrapped.

Mints and *Fruit Flavors* .. in delicious variety! You will be delighted with their refreshing flavors. NEW!! ... *Beech-Nut Assorted* and *Beech-Nut Spice Drops.*

Only One out of
Ten Thousand Smokers
will own this Pipe



STRAIGHT GRAIN KAYWOODIE

The Last Word in Pipes

Here is the King of Pipes — chosen from *11 million* pieces of briar wood which passed through our factories last year! Just think of it — the greatest collection of pipe-briar ever assembled. And every piece must be cut into a complete pipe, before you know whether you've got a Straight-Grain or not. Just as you must cut thousands of precious stones before you find one perfect gem, so must thousands of briar blocks be cut before you find the perfect Straight-Grain bowl — because the graining cannot be seen from the outside. We found one in 3,000 — selected with the unerring judgment, and expert knowledge of the wood, that comes from years of living with briar and making the world's finest pipes.

Straight-Grain Kaywoodies come from the choicest part of the root, where the grain normally twists and curls and swirls. We are the world's largest pipe-manufacturer and briar-user, and get the choice of the supply.

So we have a few of these beautiful Straight-Grain Kaywoodies, for a few lucky pipe-smokers who want for their own, or to give away — a pipe that will always be the envy of everybody, a pipe that is really different from the rest, and can never be duplicated — the finest and most beautiful pipe ever produced, Mother Nature's gift to a discriminating smoker. If you love pipes (and who doesn't?) by all means go and see these pipes at your dealer's. And if you know a man who smokes pipes, this is your opportunity to get him the choicest gift he'll ever get. We will be glad to supply you with names of dealers near you who have these pipes for your inspection. Kaufmann Bros. & Bondy, Inc., New York and London. Estab. 1851.

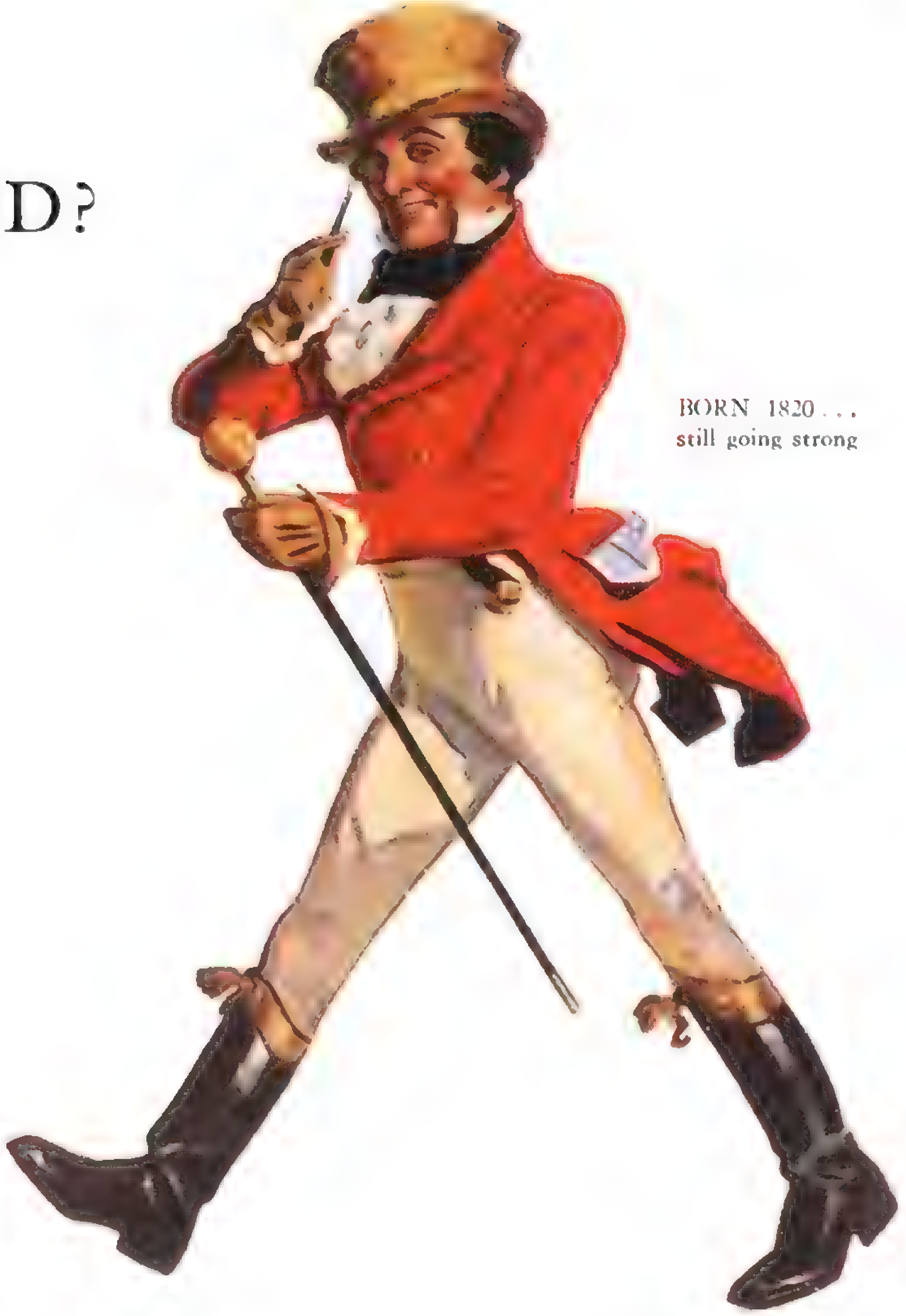
$10

DON'T BE DECEIVED!

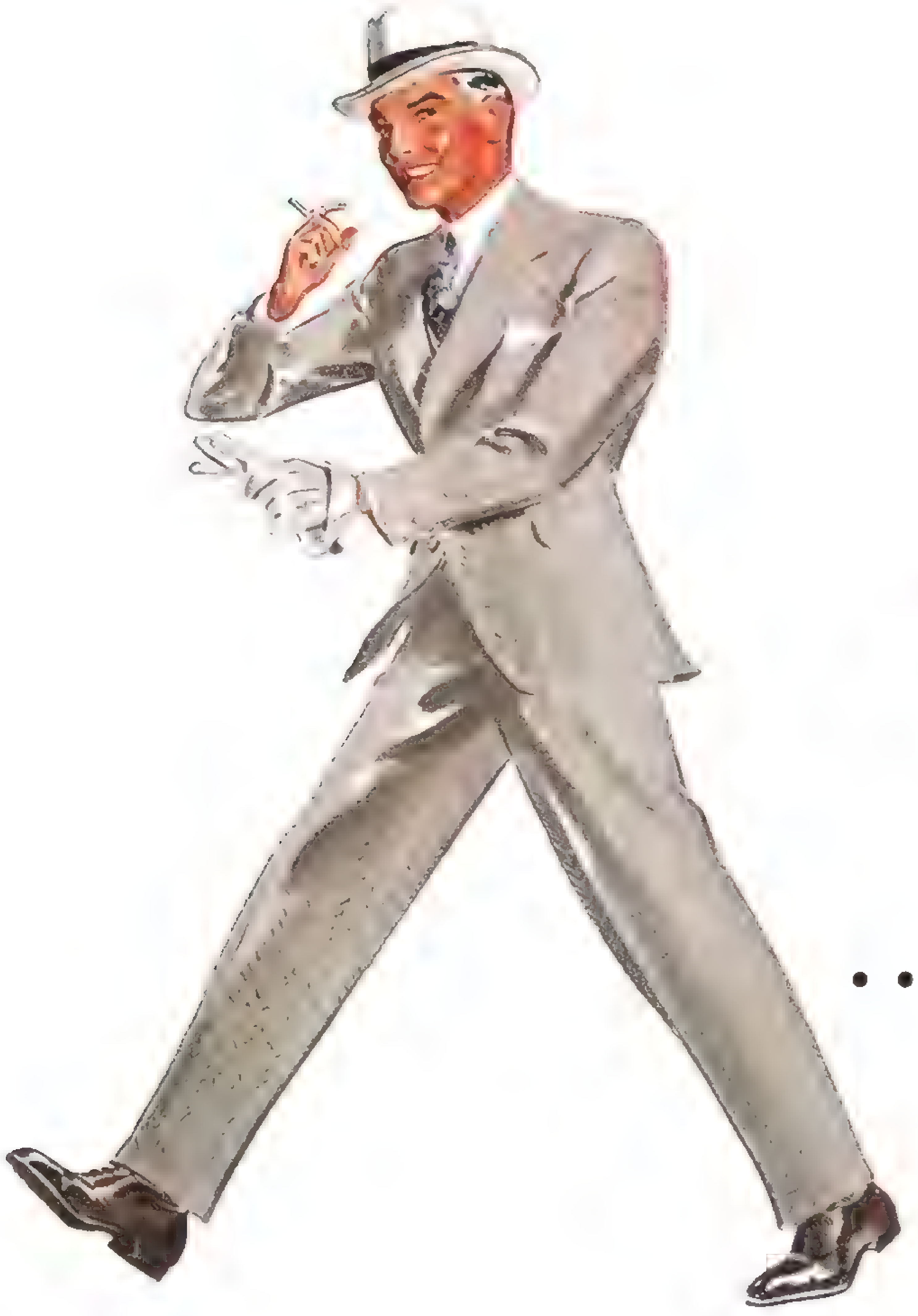
No pipe is a genuine Straight Grain, nor can it be called "straight grain," unless the graining runs *vertically* from bottom to top of bowl. Every experienced pipe-smoker knows this.

HAVE YOU NOTICED?

how those who "stick with Johnnie Walker"......



BORN 1820...
still going strong



...have a familiar brisk stride in the morning!

THE FINE friendliness of Johnnie Walker Scotch Whisky is not mere chance, but the result of four generations of Scottish care and skill. Since 1820 John Walker and Sons have collaborated with time to produce sound, honest whisky. Choice and ample stocks of fine old Scotch are stored away in the Walker warehouses to assure Scotch whisky at its best... this year and through the years to come. Not a drop ever goes into the famous square bottle until time has gently smoothed it into the mellow, delightful whisky that all the world knows as Johnnie Walker.

That's why... before dinner and after... at bars or at home... it's a sensible idea, to "stick with Johnnie Walker." An evening with this genial gentleman means a fresh and pleasant tomorrow.

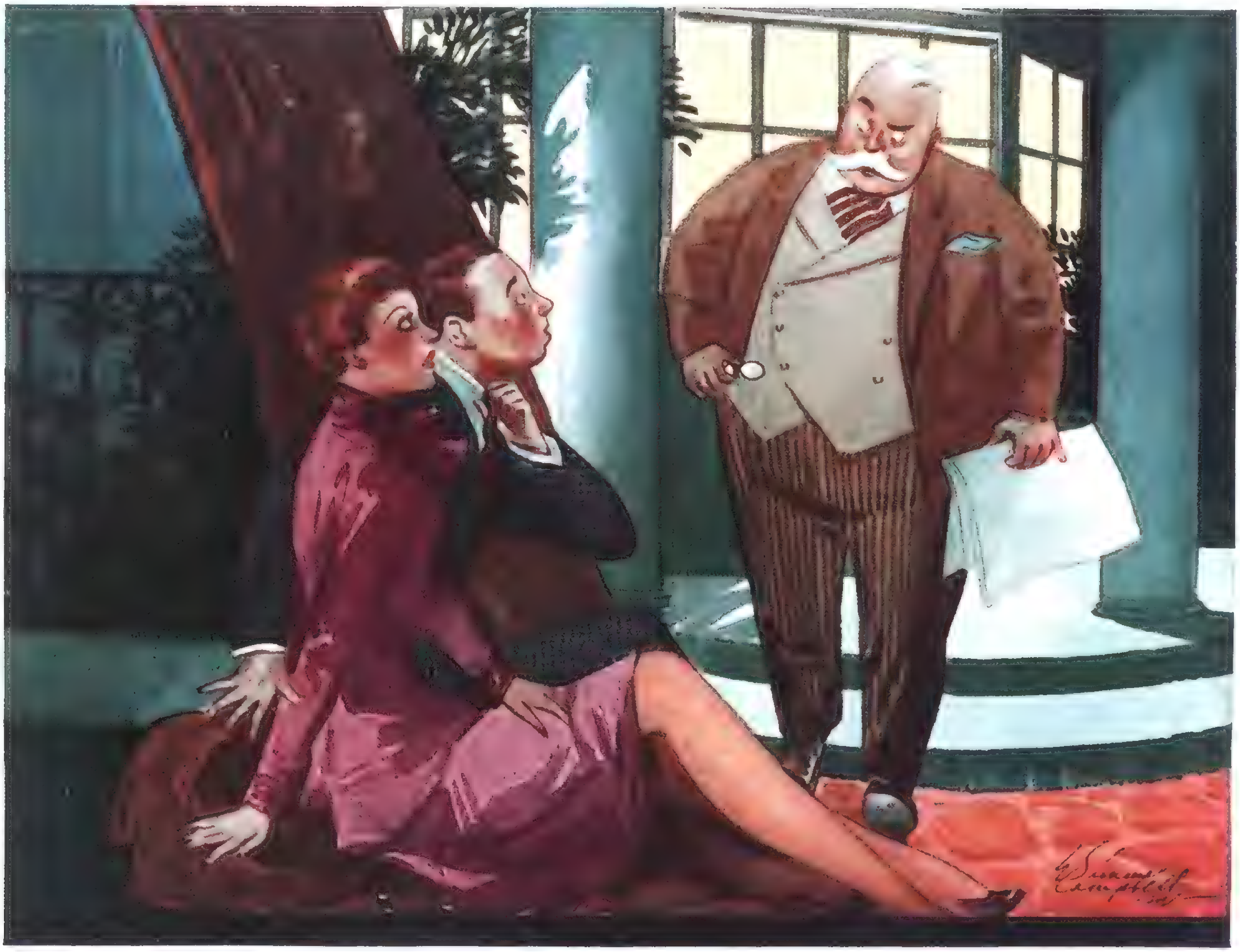
86.8 proof.

JOHNNIE WALKER

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

DISTILLED, BLENDED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. All Red Label 8 years old; Black Label, 12.

CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC., N. Y.; SOLE DISTRIBUTOR



"By Jove, Bixby—don't tell me you and my wife are sitting on my new Hart Schaffner & Marx topcoat!"

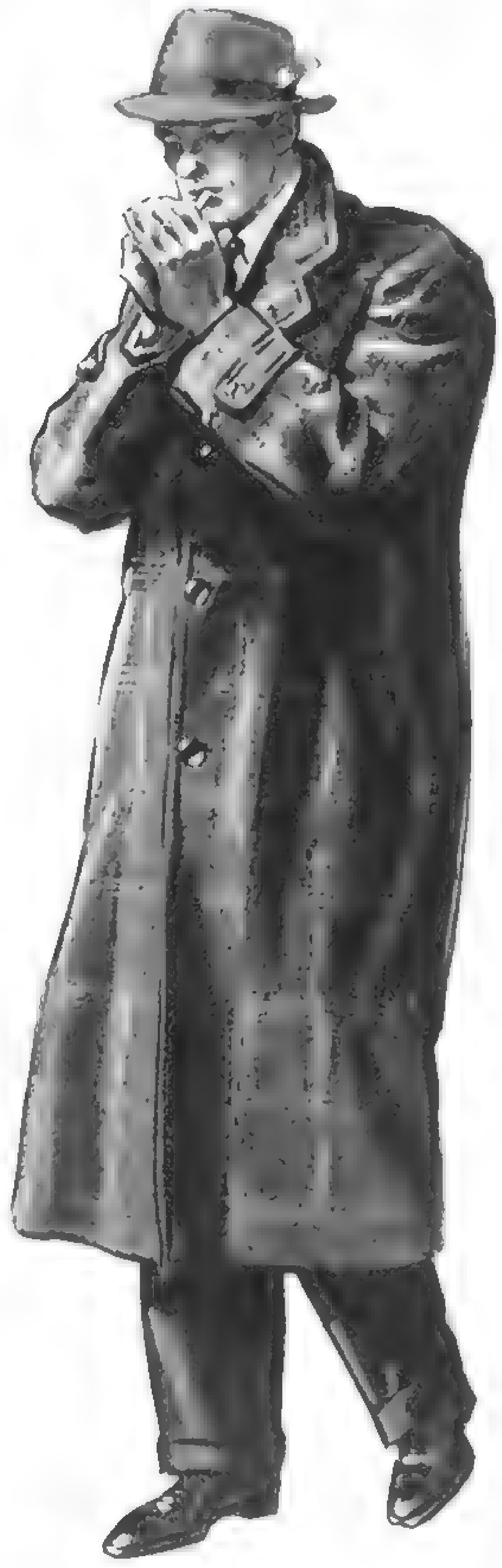
PERHAPS the Colonel is unduly alarmed. For Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes are built to take all kinds of punishment—and no matter what treatment they get they always look well, on or off, in any company!

As for Mr. Bixby, there's no doubt about the fact that he recognizes quality—wherever he sees it!

And thousands of other smart young men all over the United States are rapidly coming to the realization that it's not expensive to be well-dressed in *quality* clothes—Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes! Stop in today and see the marvelous collection of new suits and topcoats your local Hart Schaffner & Marx dealer has ready to show you.

West End Covert

—is the smart, new, smooth-finished topcoating material that heralds an entirely new trend for fall. You'll find in this exclusive cloth all of the rich, subtle shadings typical of the finest coverts from across the water. Available in smart, solid tones or in subdued overplaids; and tailored in this swagger, raglan model—The Roslyn. See this marvelous coat at your local Hart Schaffner & Marx dealer today!



Hart Schaffner & Marx

THE TRUMPETER LABEL

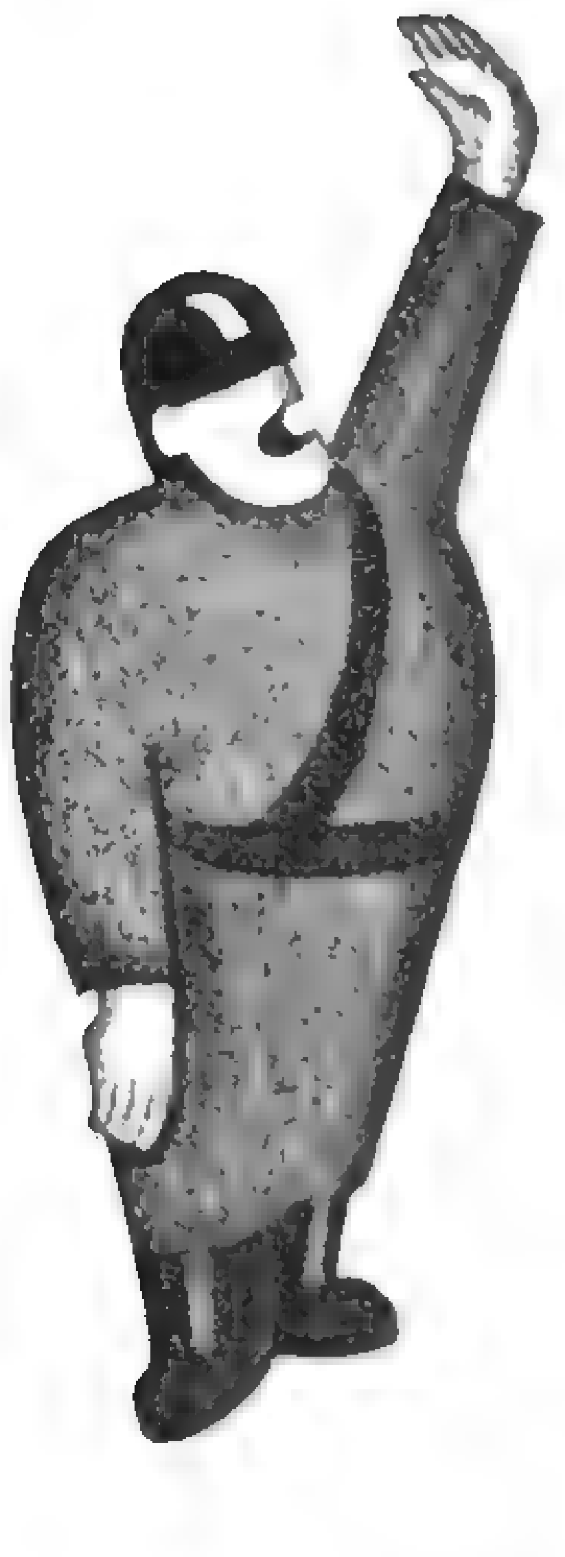
A SMALL THING TO LOOK FOR . . . A BIG THING TO FIND

One Sure Cure

For the political and social hypochondriacs who have to try a new medicine every day

by GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

▪ ARTICLE ▪



We've been talking politics now for twenty years. It all started, for better or for worse, with the War. Suddenly politics crowded baseball off the front pages of the newspapers. Even a juicy divorce bit had to vie with Vimy Ridge and the Kaiser.

For twenty years now we have been listening to diatribes for and against the League of Nations, for and against internationalism, for and against Communism and Fascism. We are full of big words and great ideas and every country, every government, every society and association has hired vast armies of propagandists to make the world conscious of the fact that there is one sure cure for everything good and evil on the face of the earth.

It is true that when you count up all the only and sure cures, there are thousands, maybe millions of them. Every mail brings them in variously colored envelopes of all sizes. Every radio program carries a few. Every magazine runs them. All the speechmakers and lecturers pronounce them. Dr. Munyon of another generation has multiplied himself even as the stars in the sky and the sands on the desert.

Now, I am not going to argue about any particular one sure cure. Nor will I quarrel with all the other sure cures. My point is that our systems need a rest. We have taken too much medicine. We have read too many prescriptions. We are becoming political and social hypochondriacs.

It is so easy to be frightened by symptoms. I remember once in Shanghai a party of us had been drinking beer (God save the mark!) in a dance hall in the Bubbling Well District. This particular dance hall was very small and stuffy and crowded. Sailors of some half a dozen nationalities danced with Chinese, Japanese, Korean and Russian hostesses—they were called "dancing girls" in Shanghai. Smoke was in everyone's eyes and a rich perfume of humanity heavily at work pervaded the atmosphere. Also the beer, in time, kept getting hotter and hotter.

In our party was a gentleman who is now a famous Far Eastern medico. He also was drinking beer. At three o'clock in the morning my tongue felt like the blade of a saw that cuts nails (I can't remember technical slang in any language). Little white blotches appeared on the sides of it.

I turned to my medical friend and stuck out my tongue.

"Pre-cancer lesions," said he.

I got as pale as some of the dancing girls.

"You should immediately leave for America," said he, "Go to Johns Hopkins and see Dr. B. He'll cut your tongue off."

Cut my tongue off! Goodness! How would I earn a living? I have always earned it by talking a lot. You can't talk without a tongue. Besides, who wants to talk without a tongue. It's unreasonable. I argued with the medico but he was sure. He could tell at a glance. He had studied at Johns Hopkins and knew all about it. What did I know about it, anyhow?

"But it's my tongue," I said. "I've used this tongue a long time and arduously. It never acted like this before."

"Well, it's got to start sometime or other. You're lucky I'm here to catch it the minute it shows up. When they've cut off your tongue, you'll have nothing to worry about."

So I rushed out of the dance-hall, got into a rickshaw, gave the coolie a shove, shouted "*Kuai-ti*" and found myself in the French Concession before the house of an American medico who was famous as a surgeon. If my tongue was to be cut, let it be done by somebody I knew. Besides, it would cost less in Shanghai than in Baltimore. Something might be left for the funeral.

It was 4:00 a. m. But doctors must serve humanity whenever it needs service. And I was surely humanity—I, who stood on the verge of losing my tongue. So I rang the bell long and lustily. My rickshaw coolie settled down to a long smoke. He did not know this particular house but he had seen foreigners in the French Concession of Shanghai at 4:00 a. m. before.

Finally, the doctor himself came down to open the door. He was something of a missionary, so he opened the door himself, not waking the boy paid for this purpose as he should have done.

"What the devil do you want?" said he in a friendly manner.

"I am dying of a pre-cancer lesion of the tongue. I have just seen Dr. So-and-So and he wants it cut out. He said it's the one sure cure. What about it?"

"What about what?" he demanded.

"Is it the one sure cure?" I asked.

"It might be if that is what ails you But I'll give you an intermediary cure. Go home. Go to bed. Stay in bed until three o'clock in the afternoon. Then wake up and come here. It would be well when you get home to take some salts or milk of magnesia or anything you have handy. Maybe the lesions will disappear."

With that he banged the door shut and left me standing with my tongue hanging out. My rickshaw coolie asked:

"Missi no have got? My savvy plenty place. My savvy everything."

"You no savvy what thing foreign man can do when tongue sick?"

"Sure! When the tongue have got sick, Chinaman he wanchee chow medicine for makee cold inside. Suppose tongue hot, wanchee cold medicine; suppose tongue cold, sure must can die. More better buy coffin."

I went to bed.

I often think of that story when I read lengthy accounts of how to cure all evils in the world. Some one has seen something in the dark most of the time. One of the greatest bogeys of the past six years has been the impending revolution in the United States and it's always around the corner like the next European war.

For years now I have listened to conversations on the best way to prevent revolutions in the United States. I am told by a lawyer that the only way is to shoot them down. I am told by a politician that you have to keep giving them money—a sort of mass blackmail. I hear that a padre's object is to lead the mass to still waters. A rich woman once told me that only Father Divine could keep fourteen million potential revolutionaries in check. Some want to go back to Thomas Jefferson and Andrew Jackson; others to Adam Smith. Some say Communism; some, Fascism. There is no end to the advocated cures for revolution.

But where is the revolution? Who wants to revolute? Who is seriously thinking about it? The farmer? The worker? The schoolteacher? The boys in the C. C. C. camps? Where is the nucleus for the revolution?

So far as I can see, by rather careful inspection, the only revolutionary agitation is among the learned gentlemen in the universities and the

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So Smells Defeat

A picture, from sadly authentic sources, of what might happen to America if we fight another war

by GEORGE ANTHEIL

HISTORY

THE metropolis itself will remain practically untouched. That famous super-super Big Bertha saddled upon that equally famous super-super dreadnought (designed especially to float it) will hit New York just once, thereby hardly justifying its great cost. The several nondescript hits of the third visit of the enemy bombing squadron will do even less damage. It will almost seem as if the enemy had been more than especially desirous of keeping the great prize of New York City intact and had confined itself instead to attacks designed rather to demoralize than to destroy. There will remain, of course, a few awe-inspiring reminders of the recent war as, for instance, that enormous big hole large enough to enfold a whole ocean liner; this hole will remain in the middle of Broadway and 116th Street for five years and disclose deep down the torn entrails of abandoned subways, gas and water mains and dead electric cables. That part of Broadway, however, will now have been closed to traffic for quite a number of years. There will be a shattered skyscraper near the Public Library; some will claim that this was the work of the sea-going Big Bertha; they will prove that the shell had barely missed the Empire State Building which still stands majestically but minus its coat of gold and silver, but the posthumous memoirs of a foreign air-commander will show that it was the work of a single bombing plane. There is another whopping big hole (although not as large as the one up on Broadway) at 59th and Madison. The American Flag will still be flying at the top of the Empire State and the Chrysler buildings.

BUT we shall *now* be paying heavy indemnities to foreign nations. It is almost two years since our defeated armies disbanded. Our money shall just have begun to tremble and flutter into paper, and there will be much talk of moratoriums and the betrayal of our great war-dead by wicked and unpatriotic statesmen. It will be claimed that we signed peace treaties before there was actually any need to do so.

After three years everybody will still be wearing overcoats bought long before the war, most of them threadbare and fashioned in the style of ten years ago. The greatest and most sumptuous of our hotels will soon be forced to economize in ways that would once have seemed grotesque; for instance, they will unscrew at least half of their electric light bulbs and so leave their great corridors in semi-darkness. They will also take up their rich red carpets and remove the expensive brass handles from the doors of their rooms. If they neglect to do this thousands of hobnail boots will destroy the carpets and the expensive brass doorknobs will disappear in the departing pockets of starving guests.

Vast hordes of returning soldiery will swell beyond any comparison available today the already tremendous ranks of the unemployed and there will be petty looting and stealing everywhere although the city police will have already long ago doubled its strength. Policemen, moreover, will walk in twos.

To add to the general fever of speculation the Dollar will drop in value, and an English Pound will soon be able to buy ten instead of five American Dollars. Everyone will say that the worst has happened and that the Dollar can drop no lower. But the following week it will be twenty Dollars to the Pound. One will witness the wildest days of market speculation this country has ever seen. Foreigners will flock to New York City. Our Dollar will drop steadily day after day until it reaches 50, then 100, then 1000 to the English Pound. Prices will be as unstable as quicksilver; to illustrate: one may be seated in a great restaurant, a proud restaurant that has fed generation upon generation of our very greatest families. Perhaps you yourself are now studying the menu. The waiter will snatch it out of your hands. When he hands it back each item will be marked with a new price according to the latest stock-market returns. Newspapers will be printed upon the cheapest possible paper and will only carry news about the falling Dollar, possible moratoriums, and loans to be attempted of foreign and richer powers.

Then after a few weeks the Dollar will *really* begin to slip. Newspaper headlines will scream "POUND $136,900." Day after day newspapers will carry only these large screaming number headlines. Newspapers will be sold only by ghastly war-wounded for there will be no jobs left for the little enterprising newspaper boys of other days. College students will sell gum, pencils, and shoestrings in the restaurants, otherwise they will not eat. The mistresses and daughters of the former rich will likewise be unable to eat unless they find for themselves a rich foreigner, of which, fortunately for them, there will now be many in New York. Thousands of women, never accustomed to work, will haunt the streets, giving themselves for a single square meal. The Pound will reach the million mark, one million Dollars for one Pound! Householders will secure their vegetables through barter or buy them with suitcases filled full of the new Dollars the presses in Washington are now printing in carload lots. School children will be ad-

DRAWINGS BY GEORGE GROSZ

mitted to school only if they bring coal or food to every lesson.

The city will be swamped with a deluge of magazines so astonishingly and forthrightly filthy that the old *Brevities* of 1933 will seem in comparison like a Sunday school weekly.

A thousand insignificant restaurant-cafés will enjoy the most temporary of existences, all of them with nothing to eat, but with plenty to drink. They will all be designed to accommodate the new and vicious camaraderie of the times.

This camaraderie will be very *peculiar*, decidedly *queer*. Five million soldiers have been fighting in the field for five years without women, and twenty million women have been sitting at home with no companionship but that of very young boys and very old men.

Quite of its own accord new friendships have solidified, friendships cemented under dangerous conditions, dangerous pressures, and in devil-take-care times.

"Tomorrow everyone may be dead." New sexual habits will have been formed and firmly established. The two long separated sexes will at last come together almost as strangers.

These new frightening loves and perversions, habits too long continued to be broken, will then only too often end in suicide. Certain cafes will be full of elegant and beautiful women who are not women but men. There will also be cabarets full of handsome young men who beneath their faultlessly trim dinner jackets and tuxedos will be women.

Many, many churches will be closed. The small towns will be drained of their youth who will go on the march in numbers away beyond anything ever dreamed of after the famous 1929 depression. Millions upon millions of boys will grow up never even having known what the word "work" means. Curious, mad, dadaist-futuristic art movements will spring up and many "intellectuals" having nothing better to do, will take enthusiastic part in them. Curious as these strange art movements may be, they will, nevertheless, be true mirrors of the mad times they reflect. There will be in addition many insane, pathological crimes, all of a shockingly macabre tendency. Meanwhile the Dollar will reach 1,000,000,000 to the Pound.

Purely Republican and Democratic political parties will have disappeared. Replacing them will be neither one extreme right nor one extreme left party but ten separate parties of every political shade of the rainbow. Shattered into small fragments, the nation's political strength will now be ever weak and faltering, the Constitution will be changed, and our new Congresses will go into a frenzy of ineffectual lawmaking. Among the new political parties will be the Republican-Socialist Party, the Republican-Democratic Party, the National-Socialist Party, the Communist-Democratic Party, and the All-American Blueshirts.

A mass murderer will appear in Reading, Pa., and to the horror of everyone it will be discovered that he has sold human flesh at his meat shop for over one whole year. Meat however will have been tremendously scarce and one will hardly be too astonished with the little-too-inventive Reading butcher. Butter and eggs will be at a premium. Substitute food will appear; synthetic sugar (with a bitter taste!), synthetic bread (that will crumble in the mouth like chalk) and synthetic coffee (the less said the better!). The Pound will now bring 100 billion Dollars at the banks, and one million American Dollars will hardly buy a single match to light a cigarette. Everyone will now say that the Dollar cannot possibly depreciate any lower. Foreigners of every description will flood New York; they will bring with them Pounds, Marks, Francs or Liras. A thousand transient shops will open and close; they will sell valuables obtained apparently from nowhere; in reality they will be but the go-betweens of the richest homes of Fifth and Park Avenues; the situation will eventually grow so corrupt that the state will take over the pawnbroking of the nation and a tremendous government pawnshop will eventually be set up in Madison Square Garden. In this enormous place, seething with booths, departments, and officials, almost every last householder will bring his last remaining valuables; he will have to do this in order to eat, for his fat little bank account of other days will be now so valueless that it no longer will buy him even a crust of bread. Country estates originally worth $160,000 will be sold for 100 Pounds Sterling.

Over the entire breadth of the country one will never see a newly painted house and in New York City many of the older frame buildings in the poorer section of the city will, through lack of repairs, literally fall apart. These abandoned properties will then be gradually taken over by the homeless of whom there are by this time millions. They will from the remaining tin, board, and beams construct fantastic and dadaistic structures. The homeless will now be so numerous that it will now be dangerous to try to drive them out. For all these many years everyone has refused to pay any but the most minimum of rents and many middle-strata homes have declined point-blank to pay any rent at all, but they have not been evicted; there are already too many of them and one cannot very well evict the ragged, the poor and the sick. Of the latter there will be, of course, a great many and rich foreign governments will send us their relief organizations with many welcome boat-loads of canned milk, potatoes, meat and medicines. And we will need to take alms from everybody who will give. Meanwhile our politicians and bankers will sail for abroad in order to try to negotiate loans . . . loans that will be negotiated at tremendous premiums, loans that neither they, nor we, whom they represent, ever really intend to pay. There will be, in particular, some great foreign power who will have profited more than the other powers through this last of great wars to end wars, and this power, in consequence, will be puffed up beyond all endurance by its new importance and will, accordingly, simply beam with goodwill upon all mankind. We will nick this country for a loan every time we get the chance, putting this cash quickly into buildings, concrete, factories, and homes for the homeless . . . unmovable property that can never be taken away from us.

Our hotel lobbies will now be so full to brimming with panhandlers and get-rich-quick little shots, ready to sell us anything from a sack of potatoes to a scrapped battleship, that we will be utterly sick of them.

Fat little profiteers speculating successfully

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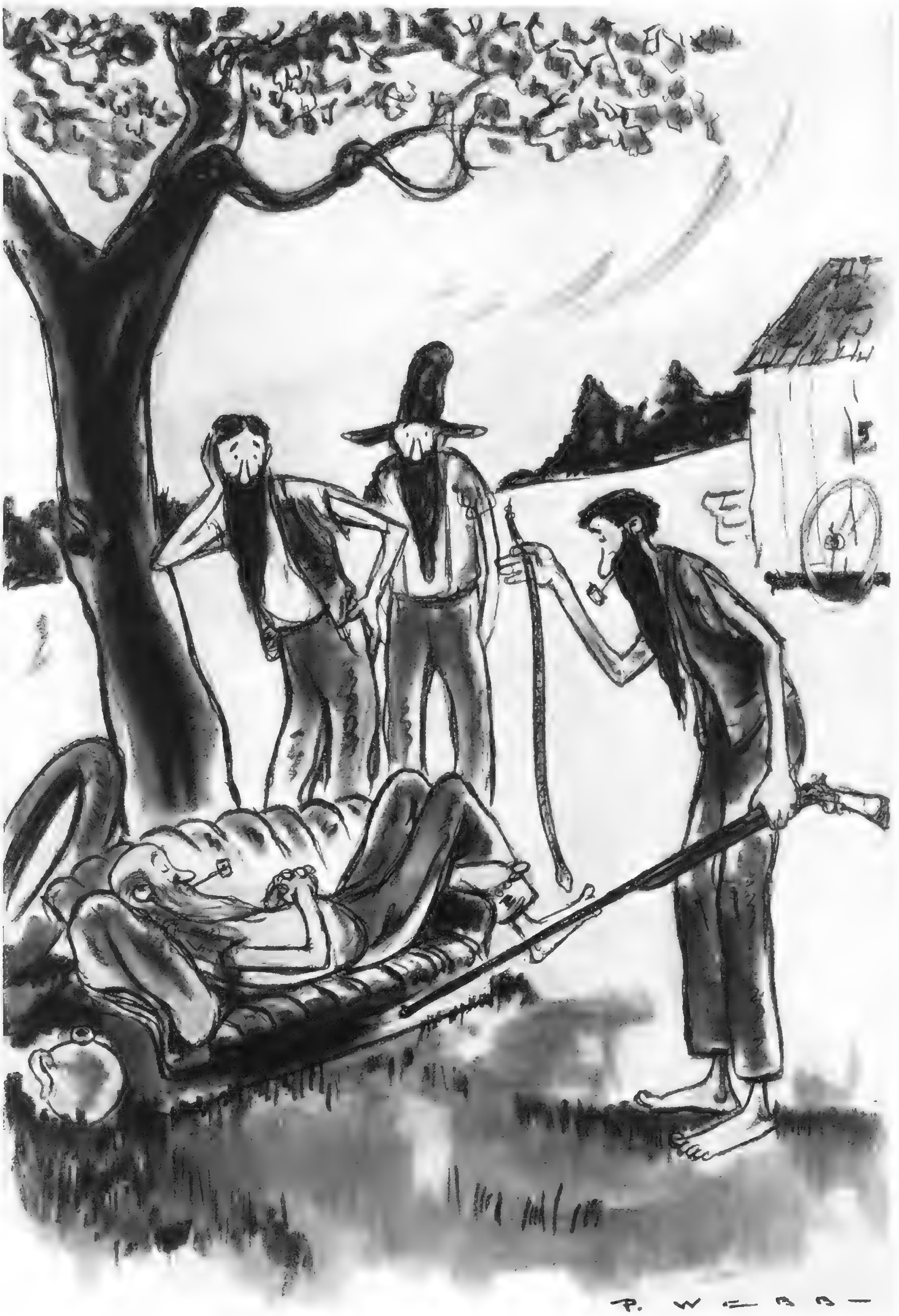

"Gawdamighty—I hope Paw aint got bit ag'in—makes him awful cranky fer a coupla days"

"Send Me In, Coach"

Little boys must learn how to play fair because all life, they say, is a game

by F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

• FICTION •

The scene is a recreation cottage of a summer camp, crossed paddles over the fireplace, shelf of cups, large plain table and several plain chairs and a blackboard. On the board is being written a word in large sprawling letters by a small, undersized boy in a bathing suit. The word is "Wedoodle."

As the curtain rises a rather stout, overgrown boy of thirteen, also in a bathing suit, comes into the room and says "Hey," causing the other boy to seize the eraser hastily and obliterate his mysterious polysyllable.

Cassius: (*the stout boy*) What does "Wedoodle" mean?

Bugs: (*visibly embarrassed*) Wedoodle? That's just a camp my sister goes to.

Cassius: Must be a swell camp. Where's the Old Man?

Bugs: I was just writing Wedoodle because there was some chalk here and I'm supposed to write her a letter because I got a letter this morning which said if I don't write her a letter I wouldn't get my quarter's allowance.

Cassius: The Old Man not showed up?

Bugs: I don't know. Say, I know my part—do you know yours?

Cassius: I know some of it but I'll bet we don't have any play.

Bugs: Why?

Cassius: Because Bill's father was just tried in court and the guys in my tent say that Bill will probably be fired from camp.

Bugs: What do you mean?

Cassius: I got half of it; somebody else got the other half. (*He finds a piece of newspaper from his pocket and reads.*) "The acquittal of Cyrus K. Watchman"—that's Bill's father's name—"had had—had had—had had, had had—"

Bugs: What did he have?

Cassius (*a stupid boy, slow on the uptake*) Well, he had this thing, see?

Bugs: Well, if his father had this thing happen to him he'll get fired because the Old Man isn't in any good humor now and I guess if any of us did anything that wasn't all right he'd fire us right away. I tell you I'm glad I made up my tent right this morning.

Henry Grady comes in.

Henry: Where's the Old Man?

Cassius: He hasn't showed up. I came in here and I found Bugs writing Skedaddle on the board. It's some camp his sister goes to. Some name, hey?

Bugs: (*Indignantly*) It wasn't Skedaddle; it was Wedoodle.

Cassius: What's the difference? Skedaddle, Wedoodle, Skedaddle, Wedoodle—

Bugs: Skedaddle doesn't make any sense.

Cassius: I suppose Wedoodle makes a lot of sense.

Bugs: Sure it does. It's the name of a camp. What's the sense of the name of our camp, Rahewawa?

Cassius: But shucks, Rahewawa is a regular camp.

Bugs: So's Skedaddle—I mean Wedoodle.

Bill Watchman comes in. He is a cheerful boy, full of energy and apparently quite unaware that his family has been featured in the public prints.

Bill: All right, fellows, let's get together. I met the Old Man on the way over and he said to go ahead. Does everybody know their parts?

Bugs: I only got two lines. The best one is when I say (*quoting*), "Mr. Jenkins says the team's ready to go to bat down there, Doctor."

Bill: Well, he wants us to run through it once before he gets over here.

The face of a handsome young man of twenty appears momentarily at the door.

Rickey: (*the young man*) You guys ought to be able to go on under your own steam; you ought to be old enough so you don't have to be watched over. How about rehearsing this thing, so we can give your play decent?

The boys are instantly on their feet.

Boys: All right, Mr. Rickey.

When he goes the excitement subsides gradually.

Henry: When my father brought me up here he said, "I don't know about the head man but if they are all like that counselor I know you're going to be happy up here."

Cassius: He certainly is a swell guy. Boy!

Bugs: (*at the blackboard*) Guess the Old Man's wife thinks so.

Bugs draws a large heart on the board and erases it just as Cassius produces from his pocket a much mangled part or rather two parts for it has been torn in half and he can read it only by a process of heavy concentration.

Henry: Let's begin.

They move the table so that Cassius is sitting behind it in a judicial attitude.

Henry: (*feeling his pockets*) Shucks, I forgot my part.

Bill: You ought to know it by this time.

Bugs: I don't really have to have any part because I only got two lines. One of them is, "Mr. Jenkins says the team's ready "

Henry: Shut up, Bugs. Come on, let's get going, Cassius.

He stands tentatively at one corner of the table, dashes to another corner and then goes back to the first corner.

Cassius: Well, I'm ready.

Henry: Well go on then; you got the first line.

Cassius: (*reading from his notes*) "So then, Playfair, you are your own worst enemy."

Henry: No, that comes later. It's the upper half of the sheet.

Cassius: Oh yeah, I started to write home on this the other night. (*coughs*) "So, coach, you think we cannot win without Playfair?"

Henry: "It all depends on him, Doctor McDougall. He is our best pitcher and speed ball delivery artist and say, brother, is he good at the bat. If we are to beat St. Berries we need his services badly."

Bugs: Now do I—

Bill: Shut up, Bugs. Go on, Cassius.

Cassius: (*fumbling with his notes*) "So then, Playfair, you are your own—" No, I see what you mean you want to start from the beginning. "So, coach, you think we cannot win without Playfair." Oh you know all that stuff anyhow.

Henry: What's my cue? Oh yes. "Doctor McDougall, I happened to stop by the school post office and while asking for my mail they gave me this for you."

Cassius goes through business of adjusting glasses and opening a letter. He bends over as if reading the letter.

Cassius: (*reading*) "So, Playfair you are your own worst enemy—" Say, I can't read without some kind of letter. I keep reading my part all the time.

Bill: Here's a letter. Pretend that's it. Say, I'm very glad we can go on without any supervision and do the thing because we feel we ought to. Don't you feel that way?

He hands a letter to Cassius.

The Old Man, an ex-athlete of sixty or thereabouts, comes in with young Rickey, a bland, suave, blond young man who looks like

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Uncle Joe's Boys

Damn funny kinfolks when a fellow has to sleep with his pistol there under his pillow

by JESSE STUART

FICTION

"It's a rainy day boys and we can't work," says Pa, "so you boys get ready and we'll go up and see Joe and the boys. You fellows hardly know Joe's boys. First cousins and live in forty miles of one another and yet you've never seen one of Joe's boys." Pa means what he says. There he stands by the dresser. He is getting the mug and razor and a pan of hot water to shave. You know how Pa is—small and crickety and always in a hurry. Makes up his mind in a minute to do a thing and he does it. Pa is shaving his brown face. He is getting ready.

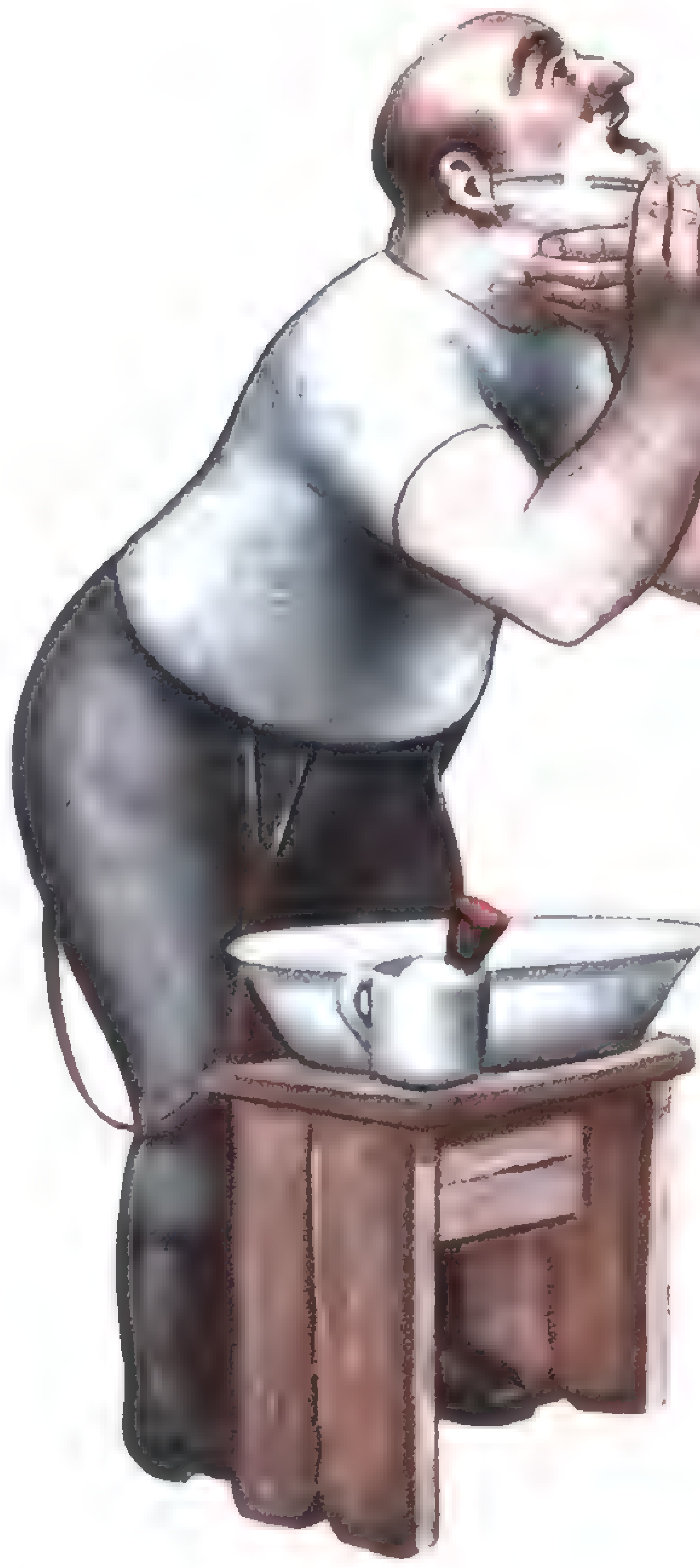
"Guess we'll have a fight with them boys," says Finn as we go up the stairs to dress. "Uncle Joe's got a bunch of bad boys. Might be my first cousins but I'm not taking any chances on 'em. I'm taking old hulda along with me. I'm taking the difference. Can't tell what them fool boys will try to do with us." Finn is right. It is hard to tell what they will try to do. They have never seen me. Finn has been there once in his life. They asked about me. Jay said to brother Finn: "Say aint that brother of yourn a little big-headed since he went to college? Just bring him up and we'll take it out of him—your Uncle Joe's boys will."

I do not want any trouble with my first cousins. It is the worst kind of trouble to have. Get into it with your relatives and see—especially your first cousins. "Just about ready," says Pa, "you boys ready to go. Got to hustle to get Number 8. It makes connections with the Big Sandy at Gate City."

Finn jerks his pants down off the hickory-line pole upstairs and I get my pants. I pull off my overalls and get on my clean white pants. Finn wears a pair of blue-serge pants. I take one of Finn's white shirts out of the press for him and one of mine for me—I put them and some extra socks and handkerchiefs in the old paste-board suit-case. We are ready but tieing our neckties and putting on our shoes. "Good thing," says Finn, "you and I can't wear each other's clothes. We'd have war right here in the house all the time. A good thing Pa is so little neither of us can wear Pa's clothes for he always keeps a lot of clean clothes on hand. He doesn't wear his clothes like we do."

"It is a good thing," I say to Finn. And it is a good thing. Pa would clean us for wearing out his clothes to square-dances and rooster fights. "I don't believe in them square-dances," says Pa, "where men get knifed. But a good rooster fight is the thing any old time."

"Are you boys ready," says Pa, "I've been ready thirty minutes and done made arrangements about the wood and water and feeding while we are gone. We'll just be gone tonight, tomorrow and come home on Sunday. Now you boys hurry it up and let's get going."



"Let me get old hulda in the suitcase," says Finn. Finn throws his pistol among our extra clothes. And he says: "We are coming Pa. On our way." Well, you'd a laughed to have seen Finn. He walked in the middle. Pa was in front—Pa just a hopping like a grasshopper along the patch

Finn walked along next—Finn, too tall for the doors at the house and too long for the bed—and I walked along the path the last one and carried the suitcase. It was light as a feather but we needed it. Pa walks fast when he is going up on Big Sandy.

"Well boys," says Pa, about out of breath, "we live in a bad place here but it's not anything like Joe's place. I guess you know that. He lives in an awful bad holler. The road up to the house is just a path. It's right close boys to where I was raised—old yellow hills and saw-briar thickets but thank God they's not any Van Meters up there any more. Got rid of them snakes. Pap helped do that before he died." And Pa walks fast and lays it off with his hands. Now he stops. "Boys this is hard on the old ticker," says Pa, "come and feel of mine. Racing like a sawmill. Here put your hand over it." I walk up and put my hand over Pa's heart. It is fluttering like a bird in the brush.

"Let's slow down awhile," I say to Pa, "you're in bad shape. Heart a fluttering like a bird. Let's slow down for Pa, Finn. Let Pa take it easy. He's worked a lot harder than either one of us."

"Yes take it easy," says Finn, "if these hills speed your ticker. You'll never get another one better than the one you got. Take it easy since we're not going to a chicken fight."

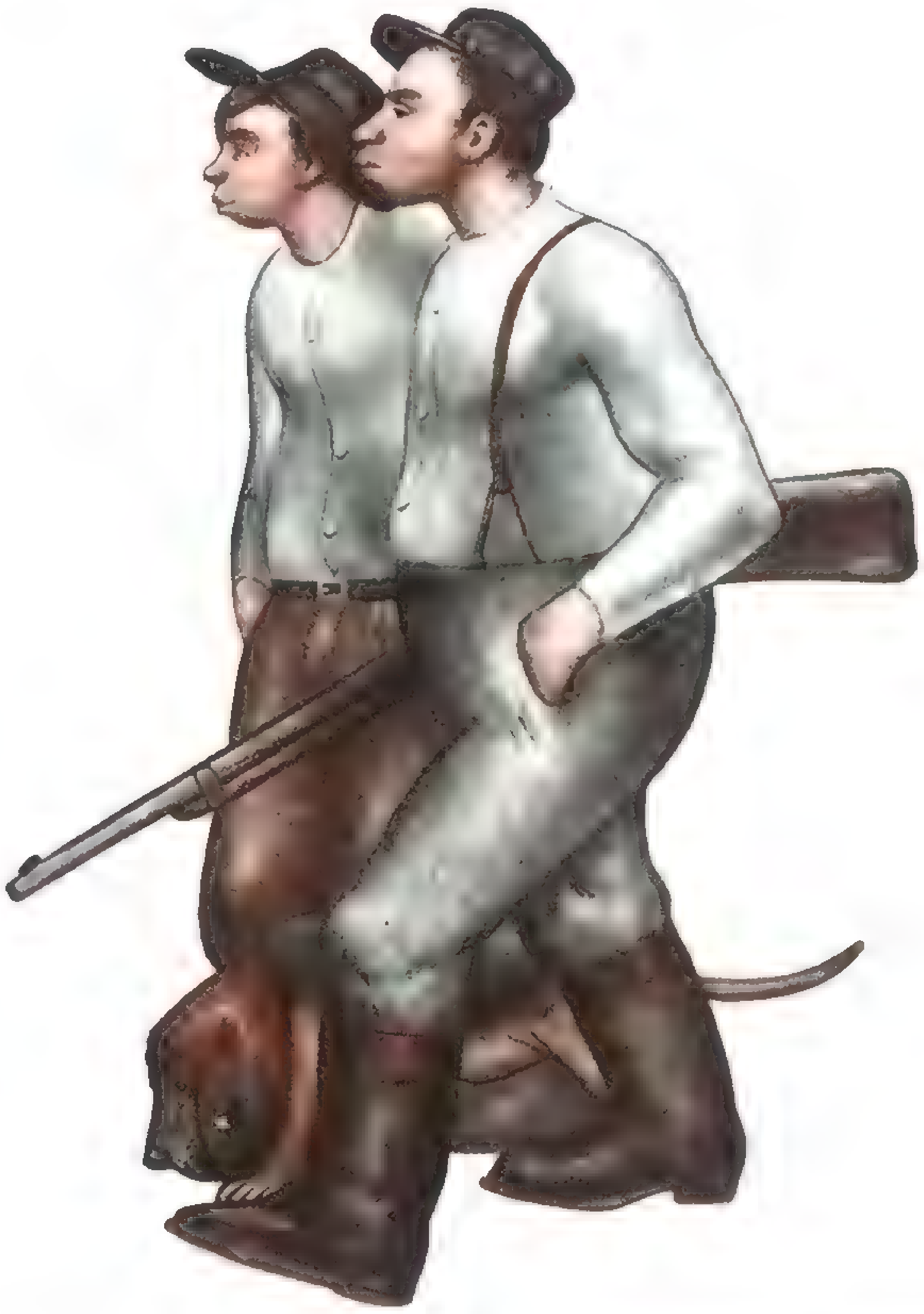
We slow down for Pa to catch his wind and get on his feet. Pa says: "These hills aint nothing like as bad as them hills up there by Joe's. I dread 'em boys. I'd be all right if I had a new set of legs and a new ticker." We walk out the hill—the butterflies are lighting on the silkweed tops—big yellow butterflies. We walk out the ridge—a bird flies over head. A crow flies over and calls to us. The weeds are in the corn. But it is too wet to cut them out or we wouldn't be going to Uncle Joe's. The June redrose is blooming on the rock-cliffs. The devil-shoe-string is in bloom. It grows along the old fence rows. We walk out the ridge—down the hill and down Academy Branch to the depot. "I'll get the tickets boys," says Pa as he steps up and asks for three tickets. Pa walks out in front of the depot. Down the tracks I see the big monster coming—just a huffing and a puffing and a blowing like a tired horse. We stand and wait till it stops. "Ready for Big Sandy boys," says Pa. "Come along and let's get together on the train."

We get on the train and Pa says: "Now down't you boys start anything with Joe's boys. I'll take this thing up with Joe about you fellows all the time fighting. You got to act like cousins. W'y you are young men now and that's child stuff—fighting around when you get together." And I say to Pa:

"W'y I don't even know Uncle Joe's boys. I wouldn't know one of his boys if I'd meet him in the big road. Maybe we'd get along if we knew each other a little better."

"They got it in for us," says Finn, "because we've gone to school. They've never gone anywhere but stay in the hollow. Now I'm not backing away from a one of them. I'll feed him the lead if he fools with me. I don't care if it is on Uncle Joe's premises." The train huffs along like a prissy mule—weaving in and out—taking in all sides of the track. We ride and look out at the window. "Corn awful weedy over there," says Pa, "I just want you to look at it." The train blows the whistle for Gate City.

"Here is where we get the Big Sandy," says Pa, "Rid this old train a many a time when they's fighting and shooting and everybody drunk. I'm just a getting back home when I get on Big Sandy. We think we have a lot of trouble back home. Don't know anything about trouble. We have had a lot of trouble up here. W'y I come with Pap down to Gate City to get his whiskey. We'd go down and get all tanked up and come back with our grips loaded. A fight would start and before the thing was over all on the train would be fighting and they'd have to stop the train and put 'em off. I've seen the conductor with his coattail split with a knife and I've seen 'em make the engineer back-back the train four miles and put them off the station where they wanted off. Everybody up here used to pack a pistol. That made 'em all equal."



TEMPERA PAINTINGS BY ERIC LUNDGREN

The Big Sandy rolls along the foot of the mountains. I can see the wine-glass green waters swirl over the rapids—eddy under the fingers of the willows as the Big Sandy train rolls around the flanks of Kentucky hills—huffing and puffing up the grade—corn fields in the bottoms stretching back to to the foot of the hills—corn waving in the wind and sun—the black smoke from the train sucking low to the earth—and spreading like thin water over the fields—I can hear the moan of the engine for the stops—feel the huff and puff of the engine when we leave the small stations—see the men carrying flour and meal from the train into the stores. "We'll soon be there," says Pa, "for there's the old Gullet Store. Pap used to come over here and buy his licker when I was a boy. Gullets all dead now and buried up there on the pint. Pa is dead and all the old timers I used to know."

"I like to ride a train," says Brother Finn, "just to rare back and puff a cigar with my brother and my Pa—just watching the waters of the Big Sandy swirl—the waters where my ancestors used to play squirrel and jump from log-raft to log-raft with pistols in their belts and spikes in their heels. I like to come back to it. Hell, I'm as good a man as anyone who ever bore my name." Finn puffs the end of a cigar and blows the thin cloud of smoke out onto the blue air. "And I just love a train," says Brother Finn, "because we are going somewhere. Back to the land of my people—back to the river that holds their dreams. Back to the graveyards that hold only our dead by the looks of the tombstones and the Van Meter dead." Pa's eyes get big but he doesn't say anything when Finn talks about the Van Meters. "Well you're not going any further," says Pa, "We are right here. We take that road up the hill here from Applegate and go to Joe's."

We get off at the station—a few people look at us. One fellow knows Pa. "W'y little Mick Powderjay if it aint I'm a suck-egg mule." And he slaps Pa on the back. "W'y old Lum Agers," says Pa, "remember when we slipped the rotten eggs in Owl's pocket and he set down on 'em at the pie supper." "Shore do," says Lum showing his big yellow teeth. He and Pa get each other by the hand and go around and around. "Go home with me and stay tonight," says Lum. "Can't," says Pa, "got to get over the hill to Joe's, Lum, or I would go down and eat you out 'n house and home."

"I'm glad we got Pa started," I says to Finn, "looks like we was in for all night before we got away." We walk up the hill and around through a field. The sun has gone down across the mountain—the sheep baa-baa on the hill and the cowbells tingle. The wind blows through the tree-tops and the whippoorwills keep calling from one hill to another. "Awful country for whippoorwills," says Pa, "they used to sing me to sleep at night up here when I was a boy. Lord I've missed them so down in Greenup county. This is my country here. I was born here and I followed the way the Big Sandy flowed when I left. I followed the river that I'd lived on all my life—say, I believe I'm on the wrong road. Now, let me see—no here is that old rock—right here it is. But it's a bad road to what it used to be."

"How much further," says Finn.

"Two wiggles of a dead sheep's tail," says Pa "and we'll be over at Joe's place. We'll give 'em a little surprise. They don't know we are coming. We'll just pop right in on 'em. Joe'll be so glad to see us. I believe your Uncle Joe will like you boys. Don't know about Joe's boys."

"We wonder about them," says Finn. Lord, I wonder about them. Not that I care so much. But I just don't like trouble if I can get around it. I never go around with a chip on my shoulder hunting for somebody to knock it off but if one of Uncle Joe's boys chooses to put it there and then knock it off—I do know we are going to tangle. We keep on walking. The moon is in the blue sky. Dew is on the leaves of the trees. We see a loghouse upon the bank. "There's Joe's place boys. Now just wait and I'll go up and kick on the door. I'll knock it in and about half scare 'em to death." Pa goes up to the door. He knocks with the toe of his shoe fast and hard. One comes to the door—throws it open with a big pistol in his hand. "God, if it ain't Uncle Mick," says one of the boys. And he grabs Pa and the whole family starts rolling out of the bed.

"He's a big brute," says Finn, "did you see him betwixt us and the light. He's a big man. He looks as old as Pa—" "W'y that's the one that was in the World's War. He's forty years old or older." "Come on to the house, boys," says Pa, "Joe I want you to see my boys. Come on up here you boys and meet your first cousins and your Uncle Joe." Finn and I walk up through the flags blooming in the yard—past a wisp of hollyhocks and into the door. Pa says: "Joe this is my oldest boy, Quinn." I reach out and shake Uncle Joe's hand. He is a little man but bigger than Pa. He has one eye squinted before the light. "Here," says Pa, "is my other boy Finn." Finn reaches his hand out to Uncle Joe. "My God Almighty, Mick but I never thought you'd get boys big as them. Don't take it after you and me. About as big as Pap don't you reckon. Look at my boy here. This is Jay—my oldest boy. Don't guess you ever saw him." We shake

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Marriages Not Made in Heaven

An earthy agreement in the sexual, social, and intellectual lives of the partners is a better guarantee

by HAVELOCK ELLIS

• ARTICLE •

MARRIAGE, it used to be said, was made in Heaven. Nowadays we usually expect to see the heavenly bloom rubbed off in a year or two, to reveal a commonplace friendly partnership. One marriage in four, it is sometimes estimated, is about the proportion of really happy marriages. In ancient days, it is commonly argued, happy marriages were surely more frequent.

I much doubt it. The marriage of romance was outside real life. One may even doubt if the happiness today demanded in marriage—whether or not often found—had any existence in ancient days. Marriage then was a duty for the partners who were bound together in wedlock, and a convenience, socially or financially, for the families who usually had the chief part in so binding them. Many love letters have come down to us from the days of old—beautiful and romantic many of them—but they were written by unmarried lovers. I know that I might search long to find among the old letters of married women what I see in a letter I chanced to receive this morning from an American woman, married and a mother: "We are happy, our love is beautiful; our lives, our interests grow ever closer and dearer."

The established permanence of marriage in old days offered no practicable alternative to acceptance. If the germs of discontent were generated, they may have led to a slow spiritual death below the surface, but to no open conflict between the forces of happiness and unhappiness. If marriages often appear less happy today it is because we are less willing to submit to unhappiness or to the make-believes of convention. When the burdens seem intolerable new ways of meeting the difficulties are now at hand, and they can be met in the open, no longer concealed to gnaw slowly at the vitals. A degree of sexual equality, also, even though not always legally and economically achieved by women, has tended to become marked in social and spiritual respects. Business and religion alike no longer offer so many barriers to the independently minded woman.

So that today the difficulties of marriage may be openly and fairly met. What are we doing to meet them? It is obvious that in this matter, as is recognized in the science of warfare, defense must be concurrently developed with offense. The increased attacks on marriage happiness must be met by increased methods of protection.

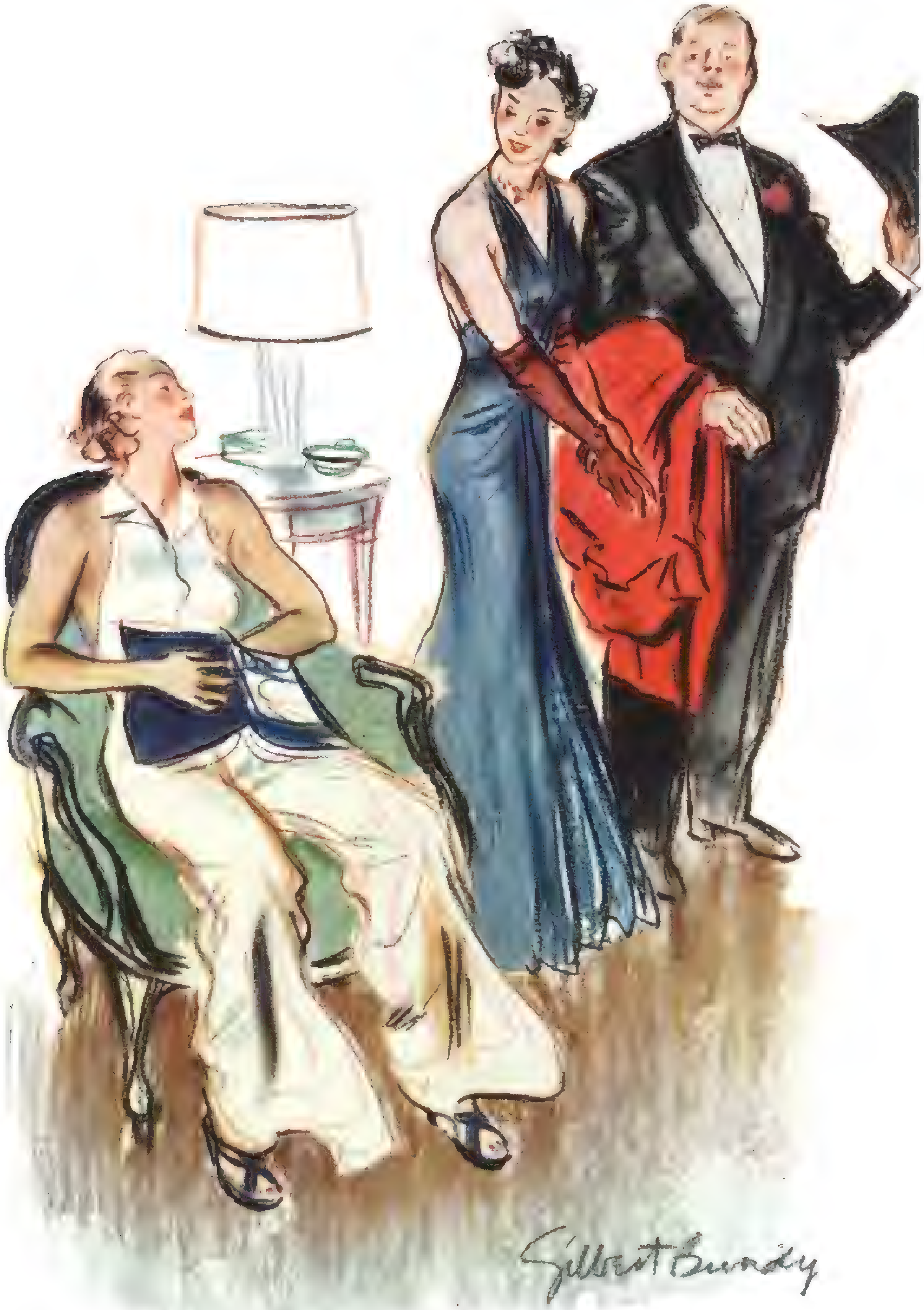
There is one initial method of protection to which attention is often called. It is indeed important and I would not overlook it. I refer to the fitting choice of a mate. All attempts at adjustment after marriage may be in vain if the two parties—by their traditions, or their temperaments, or their mental and emotional outlooks—are not fitted for adjustment. "I broke it off," said a girl, "because our opinions on religion and art were too far apart," and I am not sure that she was wrong. A difference in religious faith may easily be fatal to the deepest kind of union, though we may not be accustomed to think so of art. Yet differences about art may lead to fierce quarrels, and certainly a man who is a sedentary worker and hates all forms of noise may be tempted to cherish thoughts of divorce when his wife becomes an enthusiastic musician. We may, again, democratically despise the distinctions of "class." But when one's partner is constantly shocking one's life-long habits of living, marriage becomes difficult; if a cultured girl desires to marry some splendid "man of the people" she seldom fails soon and thankfully to outgrow her infatuation, although, needless to say, in our days of education for all, social equality becomes ever more easy. But even American experience has shown that the happiest marriages tend to be those in which the two partners spring from a similar social background. Subtle differences of temperament, also, are highly important; two introverts, or two extraverts, may find life together extremely tedious or irritating, while an introvert may harmonize beautifully with an extravert, and such temperamental differences can never be changed. Differences in race and nationality are also of the unchangeable kind which can only be considered before marriage; if slight they often constitute an attraction (and remarkably often have an advantageous influence on the offspring) but if extreme they may prove a growing source of alienation.

How important this psychological side of the preparation is, those acquainted with the intimate aspects of marriage well know. A marriage may be wrecked on its intimate side, or burdened with a perpetual handicap, because of ignorance, or misinformation, or falsely puritanic superstitions in early life. Or an unfortunate early experience, a virtual rape, may cause a nervous shock which long after, if not for ever, impairs a woman's satisfaction with even the most fitting mate. Dr. Katharine Davis in her instructive *Factors in the Sex Life of Twenty-Two Hundred Women*, made a point of asking the women what was their first reaction to marriage. Far too often we find such answers as "stunned," "frightened," "disgusted," "bewildered," "indignant," "astonished," "shocked." It is scarcely more satisfactory to find that some were "resigned" or "amused," and that a large number merely "took it as a matter of fact." Such failures of adequate response to marriage relationship do not proceed from natural sex differences. But they bear witness to defective preparation for marriage.

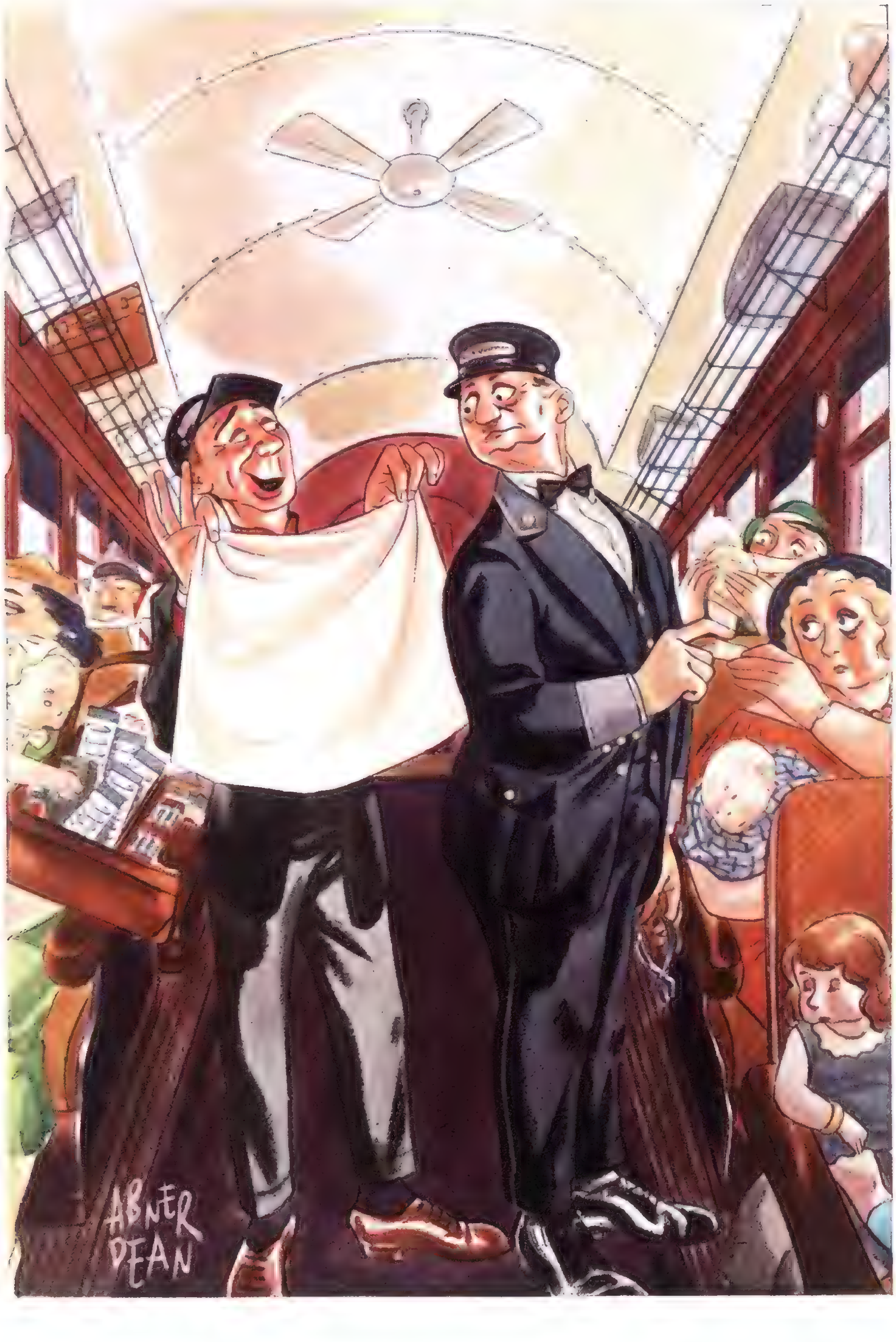
"Education for marriage is needed by all normal young persons, and the educational attack is needed along a wide front:" that was the justifiable conclusion of the New York Conference on Education for Marriage and Family Social Relations as set forth in the *Journal of Social Hygiene* last January. The preparation needs to begin before any final choice is made, since the haphazard attack of romance is apt to cloud for a time the real qualities of its object when no definite standard has been set up.

It is foolish to overlook the importance of selection in sexual union for the production of offspring; even animals recognize it, whether or not we accept the full Darwinian doctrine of sexual selection. There should be nothing but praise for such an initiative as that now being taken by the British

Continued in center of page 207


Gilbert Bundy

"Mr. Scranton and I are going out and celebrate—it's his wife's birthday"



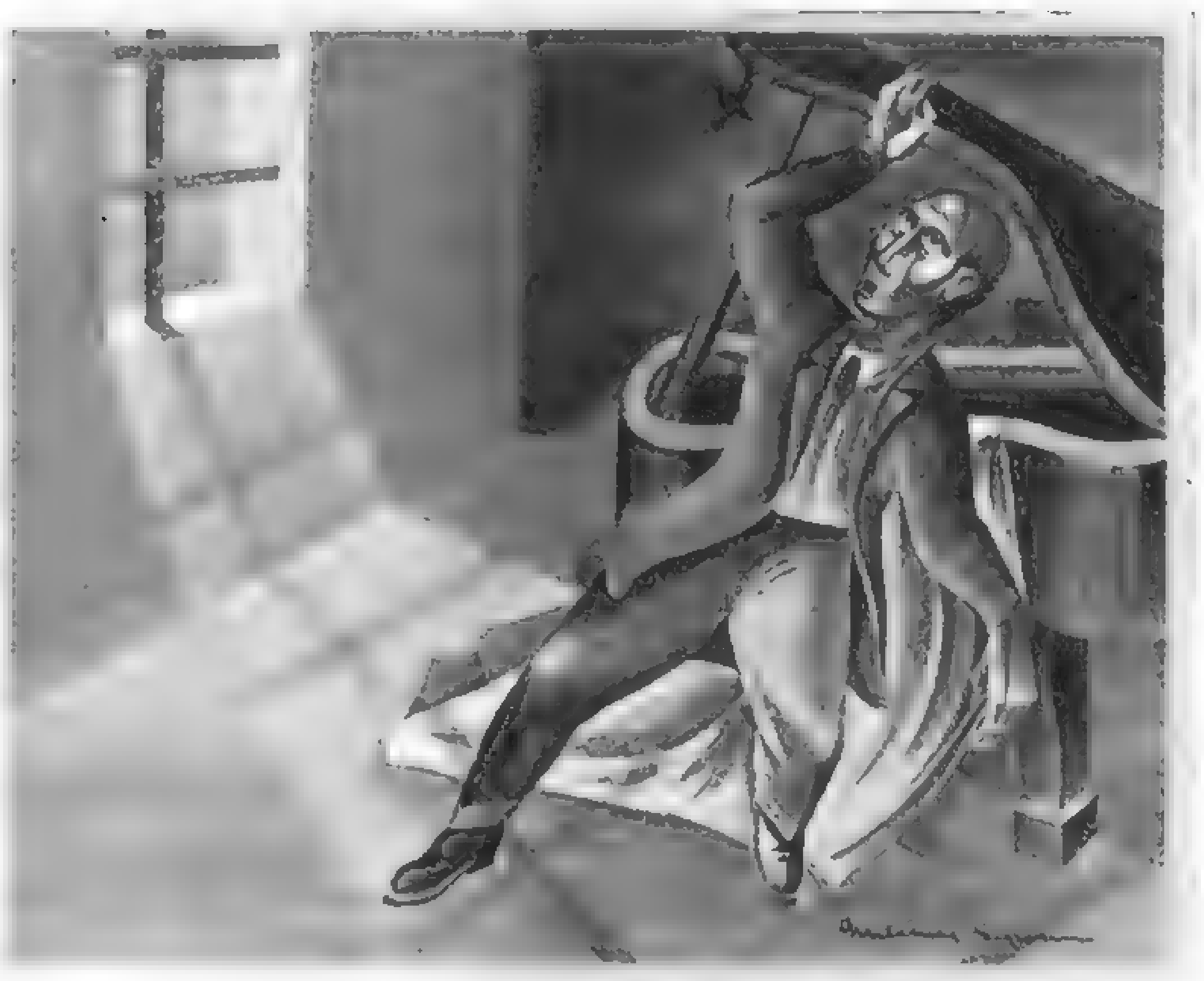
"It's a new line I just added—goin' swell too"

A Little Birdie in His Head

There was a young doctor who thought there could never be any harm in telling the truth

by MANUEL KOMROFF

• FICTION •



When he was nineteen and now he is twenty-three. Now it is all over. There is nothing more that can be done. He was saved by the knife of a surgeon and now he was lost by a slip of a tongue.

On a nice spring morning four years ago he ran to the doctor.

"I want to consult you about a very strange happening. It happened to me yesterday and I need your advice. I never knew such a thing was possible. Really I never heard of such a thing. And perhaps it never happened before and I am the first human being to which this thing. . . Oh, I know it is true. I can feel it in my head."

He held his head with his hands. It was clear to see that the youth was in a terrible state. He was pale, trembling and excited. His voice was high in pitch and every now and again his eyes rolled up and showed the whites.

The doctor tried to calm him. He invited him to sit down in the easy chair of his office and tell him what was wrong.

"I should begin from the beginning. I think it must have been about six o'clock in the evening . . . Yesterday. I did not notice the time exactly for I was working, and I just got to the place where I was sketching in the slow movement, laying it out in blocks of four bars each. I am a composer. A tone-poem of mine was played last season by the Little Orchestra. But all this has nothing to do with what happened. And so I was composing and the weather was nice. I have a large room in a private house on 52nd Street and the window faces toward the yard. I choose this place because in the rear of the building you do not hear the street traffic which is sometimes so terrible that it gets on your nerves. And then too there is a little garden. You know what a New York garden is like. There is a tree which has managed to grow with very little sun. And then on the ground floor there is a little grass and some tubs with an odd assortment of green things. They freeze in the winter and every spring the landlord sets out some fresh plants. The days are growing longer and it was still light, and as I was saying I was blocking in, just roughly and trying some chords on the piano, when I heard a little flutter behind me. There was a little chirp and flap-flap a little bird had come in my window and brushed against the curtain. It all happened so quickly that, for a moment, I wasn't really sure that the bird was inside the room. But there it was swooping from wall to wall in low dives. I noticed as I put down my pencil that the room was already in twilight and the color of the bird was brown and because of this. . . Now you would see it and now it was lost. Well, I thought the best thing to do was to open the window as wide as possible and push back the curtains so that even a blind bat. . . . I wonder why I said that? It was a bird. Brown feathers and white on the breast. Same color as a sparrow only smaller, about half the size. It flew about desperately and made sudden swoops and knocked against several of the pictures that hang on the walls. Poor little fool. The window was as wide open as it could be and it could not find it. It's a big window too. The grand-piano was moved in through it. I felt very sorry for the little creature. What can a bird know about the inside of a room? Take the sky and the ground away both at one time and what is there left? You can understand how a little creature like that must feel to be lost so suddenly, so hopelessly. Poor little fool. . . . Lost. Just a second Doctor. I am running short of breath."

He put his hands again to his head and breathed deeply.

"Well, there was nothing else to be done. The bird could not find its way out alone. I tried to help it. I took a sheet of music from the piano and I went to the back of the room, the part farthest from the window. Then I began shaking the paper high up to force the bird toward the window. There was a moment when I thought it had flown out but it was only caught in a fold of the curtain and was again back in the room flying desperately with long blind swoops and knocking against the walls and the book-case and everything. I thought I would again try going to the other end of the room and my presence there would naturally force it to fly near the window and then it must surely hit the opening. It was moving so swiftly in the twilight that it was quite impossible to see it. Suddenly without any warning it dashed against my head. Here on the right side. But it was a glancing blow. It was not hurt, for a second later it knocked against a picture frame and I could see the picture move slightly. I held my arms up slightly as I stepped back and suddenly with a heavy bang it hit me a stunning blow on the ear. Again on this side, the right. For a second or two I did not know where I was. I closed my eyes. Then a moment later I opened them. I realized that I was all right and that surely the little thing was now dead. I did not hear it bang against the walls or swish in the air. Yes, it must be dead. This is what I thought.

Well, I lit the lights and looked for the creature on the rug and under the piano and all over. It was nowhere. I might have guessed it. I searched for several hours and during this time a severe headache developed right over my ear on the right side. I took aspirin but it would not go away. No, I did not find it anywhere. I was hungry for I had eaten little all day but my head was so bad that I had to go to bed. This I did thinking that in an hour or so I would feel better and be able to go out to eat. But instead of getting better I only got worse. I could feel the swirls, the throbs, the banging . . . blind banging, and banging, and banging."

He pressed his temples with the palms of his hands and stared before him. The doctor knitted his brows and his lips parted as though he were about to speak but he was silent.

"Banging, banging, banging. All right go ahead! Dash yourself to pieces! Who the devil cares. I could hear the swish of the feathers and the blind bang. My God! At last I realized what had happened. The impact of the bird had pierced my head. Look Doctor, look for yourself. Here on this side. The force with which it struck drove it right through the ear. It is inside of me. In my head. I can feel it."

The doctor shook his head. "No. No." he said. "That is not quite possible, but here, take a glass of water and calm yourself."

He drank the water and was silent. Then he pressed his hands to the sides of his head and whispered: "But I feel it. I know what I feel."

"May I ask you some questions? First of all I would like to know is the pain you complain of, a throbbing one like a beating pulse or is it steady?"

"It is neither. It's a long swoop and then a bang. First on one side and then on the other."

Continued in center of page 204

Clowns on High Olympus

How the A. A. U. in Berlin took every opportunity for personal, political, and tactical error

by HERB GRAFFIS

• ARTICLE •

"ALL I don't know is what I read in the papers," resolved the puzzled Citizen as he meditated upon the log of the Olympic safari. He came to the conclusion after reading that the Amateur Athletic Union "managed" the American Olympic team this year.

Mr. Citizen is quite an athlete himself, but only in that minor pastime of briskly turning the pages of newspapers to the sports section and then energetically racing his vocal organs in comment as a self-appointed sports expert. In the case of the recent Olympic games Mr. Citizen made many false starts in trying to get headed toward a decision whether the American Olympic management by the Amateur Athletic Union is right or wrong, and felt so dizzy he would have liked to be able to retire and relax. However, now that the disorder of the 1936 Olympics has abated, the Citizen concludes accurately and to his relief that he wasn't dizzy at all; it was the Olympic management that really was dizzy.

For some reason that cannot be discovered, but which was quickly offset, the Olympic management did not take advantage of a chance to go into its vertigo afforded soon after the entourage reached foreign territory. Two of the lads on the American team were sent home with the official explanation being that the boys were "homesick."

Mr. Citizen accepted the ingenuous explanation as probably a very charitable one and assuredly most becoming to United States Olympic officials as gentlemen and sportsmen. But later the team's chronic cutie, Eleanor Holm Jarrett, defied the Holies in defending her right to employ some of the free-style training technique of Messrs. Babe Ruth, Walter Hagen and the late Harry Greb. Whereupon she was told with formal towits and whereases to amscray. This aroused Mr. Citizen and he became critical and belligerent. He grabbed a stein in one mitt, reached down for the big brass goboon with the other, and glowering at Mr. Avery Brundage, snarled in defense of womanhood:

"So you are the guy who kicked that doll in the fanny when she fell off her stool?"

It was thence and thus that the American Olympic association and its doting parent, the A. A. U., inaugurated a series of boneheaderies so inept and unremitting that public reaction plainly forecasts a radical revision of Olympic preliminaries and management far prior to the 1940 Olympics in Japan. With fair Eleanor, like fair Helen of Troy, due to be forgotten long before the combatants have untangled, the war is on and the A. A. U. command of the Olympics is as doomed as was old Troy. Eleanor's, maybe, is the face that launched a thousand more slips by the A. A. U., but the Amateur Athletic Union was slipping before Eleanor's comely face threw action into high.

In the Jarrett case, the jury of Mr. Citizen and his neighbors, after being out for many weeks in air-cooled saloons, has turned in the verdict pronouncing Mr. Brundage guilty, but in self-defense.

According to the newspapermen's evidence, Brundage had a tough enough job trying to sober up a quorum of his own officials to a degree allowing them to vote on the offense of La Jarrett. After the prosecutors and jury had taken two Alka Seltzers and the oath, the weight of the testimony was: "Shay, all three of Eleanor wazh blotto." Brundage, it must be said, has been compelled to suffer sufficiently in this cause célèbre, without having to take the rap for the entire official body.

In fairness Mr. Citizen concedes that Mrs. Jarrett was entitled to a strictly legitimate souse with adequate extenuating circumstances. After having been Miss Cutie of the night clubs, rotogravure sections and athletic events, in the order named, for a fully adequate period Mrs. Jarrett ran behind a Detroit matron on the fencing team in the Olympic Squad's election of the loveliest member of the whole aggregation. That, and not the toss from the team, must have been the unkindest cut of all to Mrs. Jarrett.

Mrs. Jarrett will do all right with her husband and his band. Her actions and those of her husband have guaranteed that. You couldn't rate yourself as a patron of the arts if you failed to see the dame who fired the hiccough heard 'round the world. You will have the chance, and it will cost you something, just as it cost you to see Mrs. Jarrett swim under A. A. U. auspices.

Night-club-smart Mrs. Jarrett must know full well that despite a D & DO line against her on the Olympic committee blotter, her Dear Public knows she is a Good girl. If every female who got bubbles of carbonated alcoholic beverage up into a sinus and antrum were sentenced as a fallen sister millions of husbands would be sending socks for darning to their spouses in care of the community bastile.

Brundage as Boss Man led with his chin plenty of times when discretion was 3000 to one over valor, but in the Jarrett affair he had no chance to avoid some unpleasantness, unless he were going to turn over the management of the Olympic athletes to Mrs. Jarrett. (Which some cynics may say might not have been a bad idea.) A guy, right or wrong, involved with a pretty lady in public is out of luck. For further evidence ask George S. Kaufman or the priest who firmly ejected from the temple a soulful and shy cutie who came to prayer attired in a halter for her lungs, a set of comic supplement slacks, and an area of bare hide. In doll jams, like crime, you can't win.

But enough of the Jarrett-Olympic business. Its main purpose in the athletic scheme of things entire has been to show that if an organization can't quietly and politely bounce one obstreperous female, that organization is plainly incompetent to handle the liveliest of its 50,000 lively registered athletes when these active persons are not under the restraint of home ties.

Our friend, Mr. Citizen, had read that the Olympic authorities turned down $100,000 when in poverty-stricken peril of having to make the first thumb hike of trans-Atlantic history for approximately 350 officials, coaches and the accompanying athletes. This money was to be given them as a bribe for a testimonial in behalf of some cereal with vitamins A to &, beneficial to the brain, brawn and bowels of kids who cry all night with yearning to be in the Olympic games of 1956. When he read about that, Mr. Citizen considered the Olympic refusal sort of noble and sporting, though sappy after all the begging the Olympic promoters had been doing.

It can't be said that the A. A. U. is money-hungry when the charge for registration of athletes is considered. For twenty-five cents, the quarter part of a dollar, boys and

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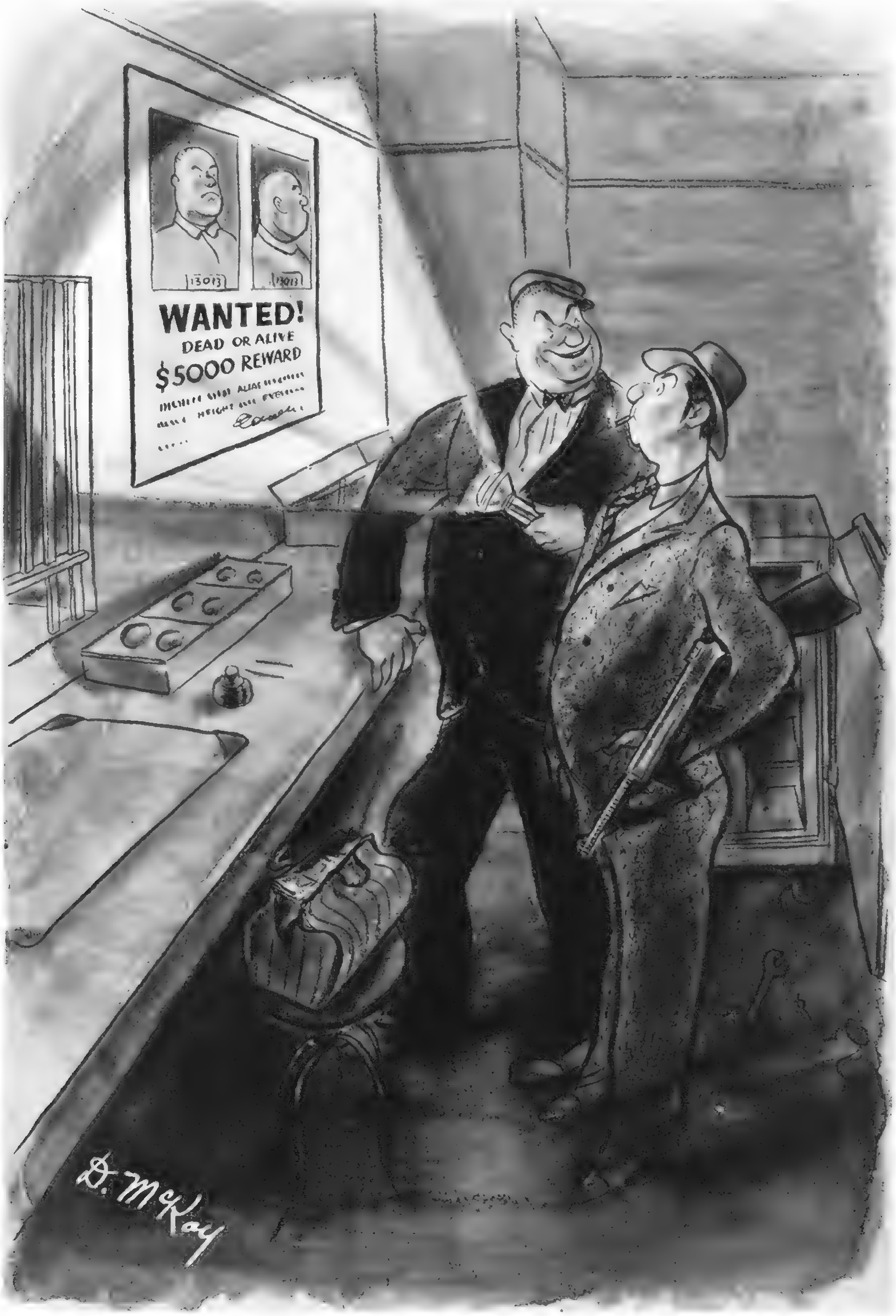
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13013
WANTED!
DEAD OR ALIVE
$5000 REWARD
D. McKay

"Do you really like 'em?—I think they're terrible of me"

Cooking the Kill

No furred animal or feathered fowl should ever be fried, so here's how to broil and bake

by BOB BROWN

ARTICLE

Bye-oh Baby Bunting, daddy's gone a-hunting, to get a little rabbit skin to wrap his—But more than likely his thoughts are on potting a flock of jugged hares. His lips work, his trigger finger twitches; he's as rabbit-minded as the mutt at his heels and if he had a tail he'd wag it too. He's got game on the brain—he's spent the whole summer, when he wasn't fishing, dreaming about it in the office and now that he's actually out stalking you can be sure no snow-shoe or cotton tail is going to escape him, unless he's one of those bally amateurs correctly pictured with the bunny hiding between his knocking knees, a wild pigeon perched on one shoulder, a chipmunk on the other and a broadbill just come to rest on his gun barrel. So keep your powder dry, boys, and don't shoot till you see the white of their tails.

Out in tangy rice marshes they're paddling their own canoes, anchoring decoys, limbering up the old duck caller, oiling the gun, blowing on frosty fingers as they lie in wait behind blinds or sit it out in meadow shooting boxes. Duck season's on. The green goose hangs high. You feel again the soft yielding body of a freshly killed duck, your hunting pockets begin to sag. But before you've bagged the limit you're hungry enough to gnaw the decoys. When night at last blots out the gun sight and the best flocks take advantage of your helplessness to drop down among the decoys and stuff noisily on wild celery and rice, back to kyak and kitchen the shooters go—and it's duck soup all around.

It doesn't matter a beanshooter whether they're after horned game or speckled grouse, larks or snarks, caribou or Harz canaries, yak or plain possum, all hunters act exactly the same when hunger honks. They drag the kill to the nearest shack where a roaring fireplace hushes the growl of any Nor'-wester and there they go caveman—stripped to the undershirt, out comes the skinning knife from its sheath. The roasting spit and iron kettle get hot, for bandit's meat, poacher's stew or gypsy game goulash. But don't call it goulash if there are any Hungarians around—just say *pörkölt*.

Pörkölt simply means "scorched" and it's one of the niftiest ways to dispose of three or four pounds of the kill, be it wild goose, duck, deer, turkey, rabbit or plover. Fry half a dozen onions golden brown in lard sizzling hot, stir in a tablespoonful of paprika and the meat seasoned with salt, cut into mouth-size cubes. The amount of lard depends on the leanness of the meat and it must stew slowly in very little liquid. When half finished pour in a can of tomatoes and a couple of green peppers, sliced. Stew till tender and eat with sour dough biscuits, spuds in their *robes de chambre* and dill pickles.

Game can be cooked in a spick and span tiled kitchen of course and even exceptionally by some women (who usually are good shots as well); but both home kitchen and the average housewife who inhabits it are better suited to domestic fowl and pet Belgian hares. It's a man's job if there ever was one, and a log cabin's the logical place for it, or better still, a grill out in the open, with plenty of hickory on hand. There you can make a whopping wooden platter mixed grill with a will; using your rabbit, quail, venison, squirrels, in fact anything you've got in the bag—except hell-diver and prairie dog. While the cutlets, breasts, filets, tidbits and giblets are grilling or roasting just toss up a panful of bacon and French fried. Saw a hearty round off a handy hardwood stump, heat it, pile up the murphies and bacon in the center, lay the "scorched" meat all around, remember fingers were made before forks, and have some gherkins concealed in the palm of your hand, a head of celery, salt and pepper hard by to pep up the feast. And drink with it whatever you don't get enough of at home.

Between game and tame meats there can never be a choice, for they're as opposite in character as a saltily piquant Dan Boone in a coonskin cap and your insipid sit-by-the-campfire sissy who dresses up in mail-order shooting togs that may be jodpurs for all you care, waits till the real hunter of the party, usually the guide, lugs in a thirty-two point buck, then heaves it over his own shoulder and has his picture took. And when we say hunter we don't mean fox hunter either, those unspeakable "unbeatables in pursuit of the *uneatable*." Going after something you can't eat seems a criminal waste of time to the all-around sportsman who's run around all day like a dog and raised an appetite equal to raw meat by dusk when he limps in on his own legs plastered with mud and burrs in his beard, but partridges instead of cartridges in his kick. The regular guy who knows what it's all about and hence values his paunch and venison haunch as much as he does his large bore .30-06 or deadly .22. He's the lad who can get the wind on furred or feathered game, conceal his own scent without using anything under the armpits, correctly stalk all prey, draw a deadly bead, bag the kill, hang it properly, dress and truss it and then—hold your breath—cook it even better than Oscar could at the Waldorf. He may take home a rare trophy to have it mounted or stuffed, but taxidermy is nothing to him compared to gastronomy.

We mean the nimble Nimrod who can beat any squirrel, black, red, gray or green, around a tree trunk and then make him into an epochal squirrel pie quick as a cat can wink its eye. For any sure-shot who knows the difference between his goose-honker and a crow call can also tell you right off the trigger that Rocky Mountain sheep steak calls for toast as loudly as any quail, but the toast for wild mutton must be soaked in Madeira wine and not merely buttered. He knows, too, that a prairie hen can outcrow a barnyard rooster when she's stewed in claret.

Here's proof, painstakingly penned by a French Canuck guide:

> *Récipé of the Rabbit to the Wine White or the Wine Red*
>
> Some slices of lard (salt pork), some butter, some onions, a little oil, and put to fry the all in a pot. Cut then the rabbit into small pieces and put with the rest. When that is a frying add one or two spoonfuls of flour and well rouse (stir) the whole. Next add one quart of the Wine White or the Wine Red, some parsley and a leaf of bay, some salt and pepper. Make it to cook on a fire very slowly. Empty it on a plate hot and then it eats fine. There you have then a Récipé in the true style of Canada Française.

As for prairie chicken there really is no better way than to yank off the big breasts of dark meat and broil them, with butter for basting. They must be hand-picked of course, wiped clean, never washed, and like all grouse, quail and small birds, dipped in melted butter before they're ready for the fire. A hash can be made of the leftovers, legs, giblets, etc., moistened with claret and lemon and a dozen stoned olives stirred in at the finish. Served with diced *croûtons* fried in butter this specialty of the wheat States is tasty enough to make a prairie pioneer turn on his spit. It's an innocent way, too, to conceal out of season birds that have

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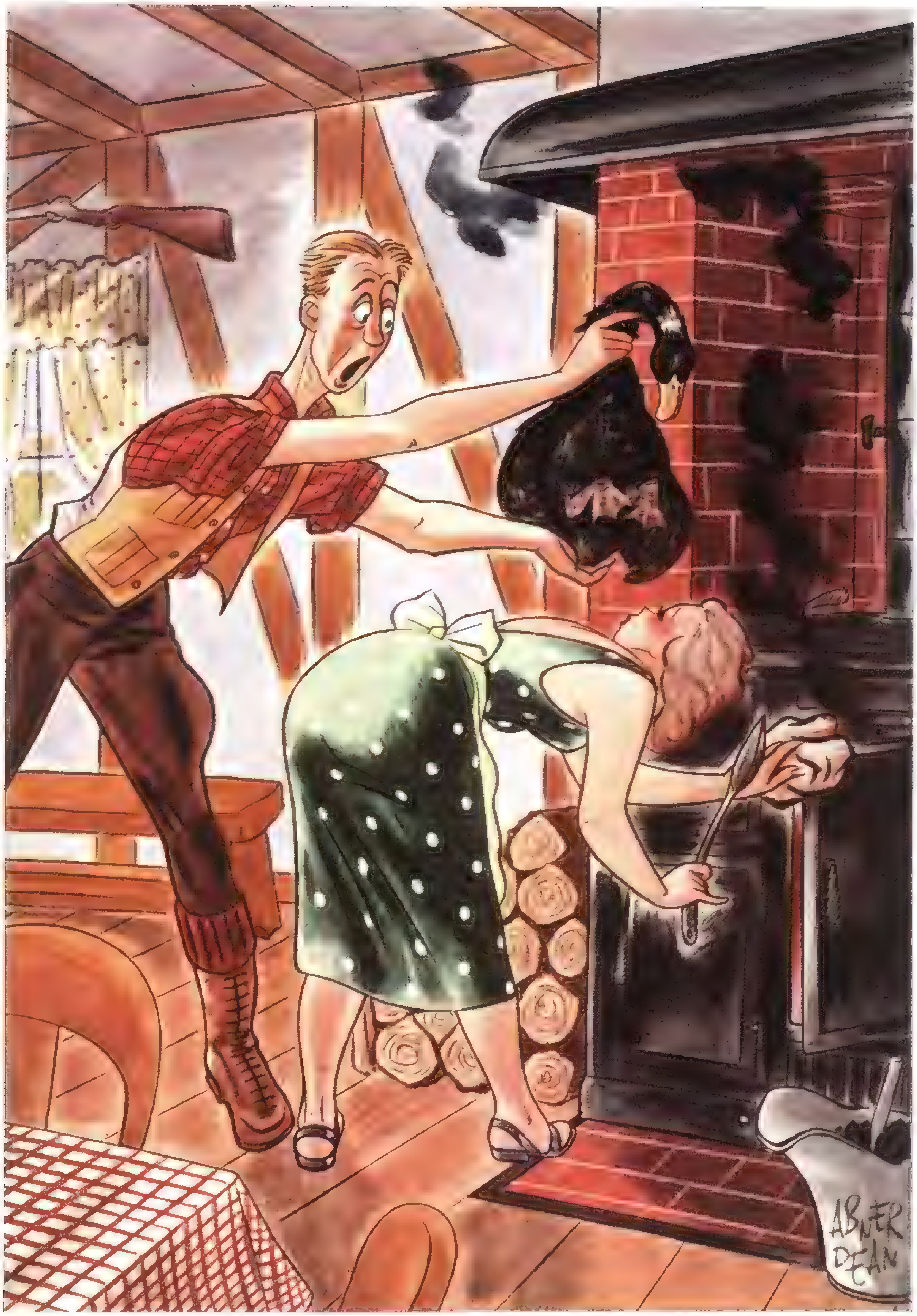
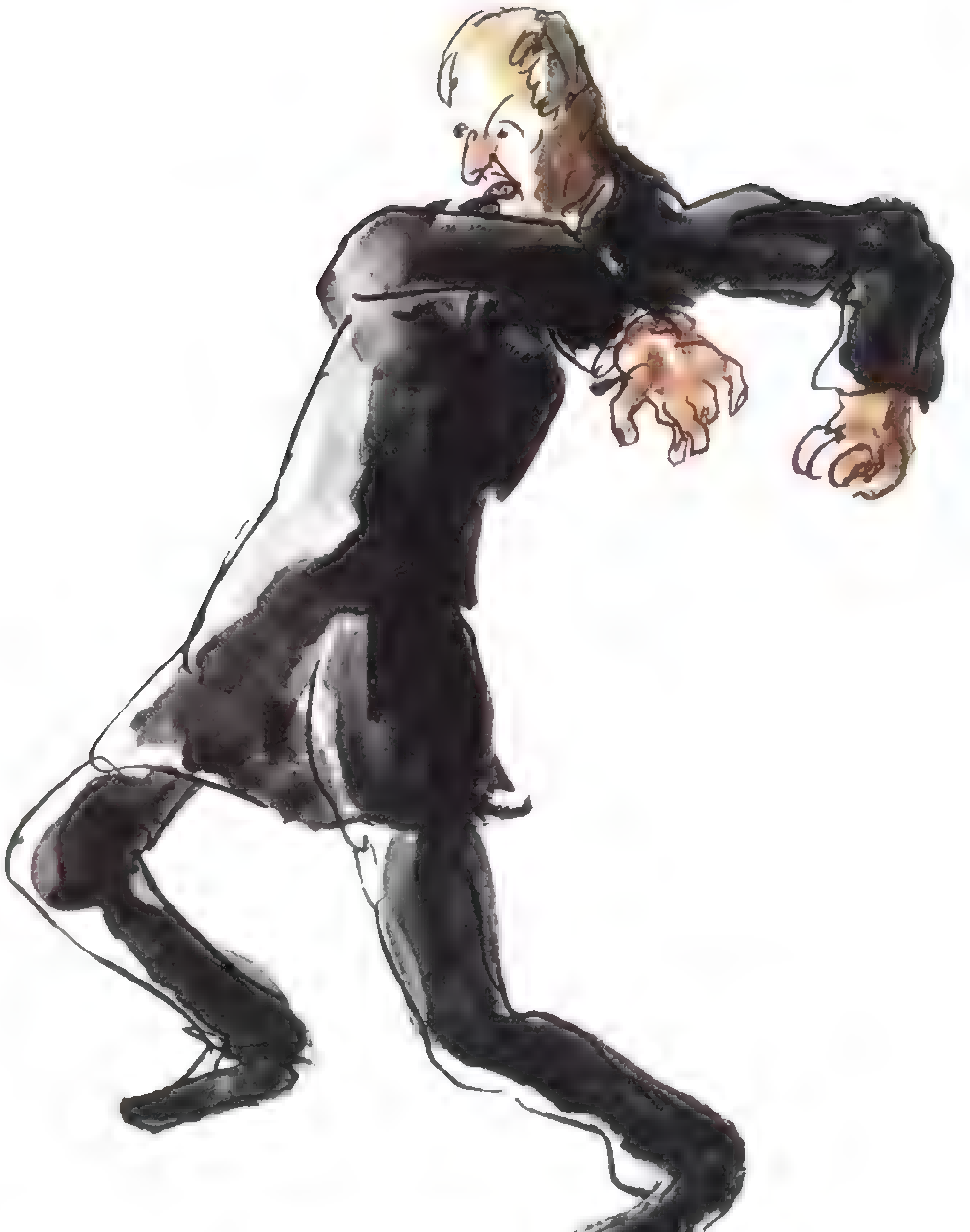
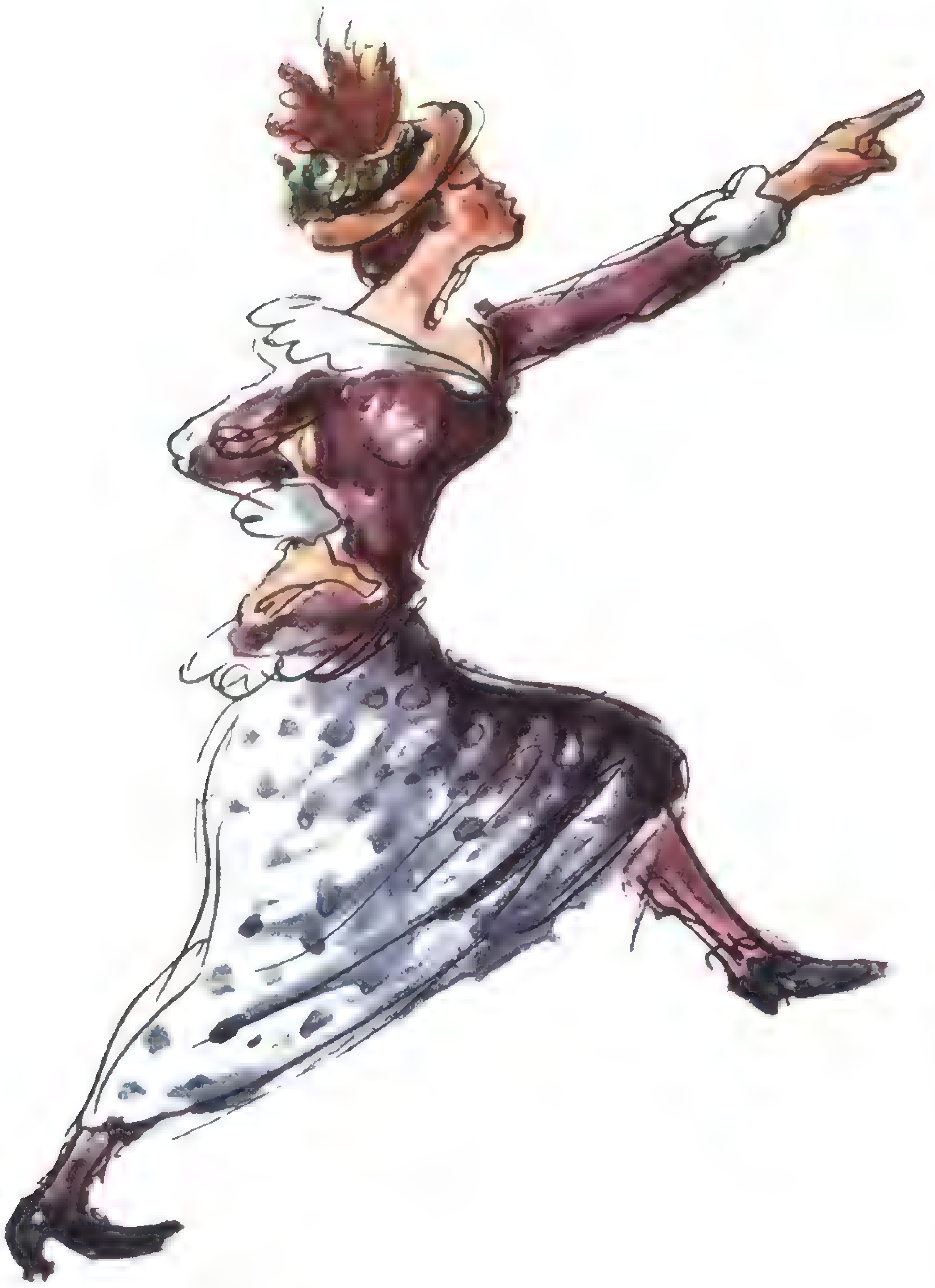


"Good Lord! This is the one I shot—you're cooking the decoy!!"





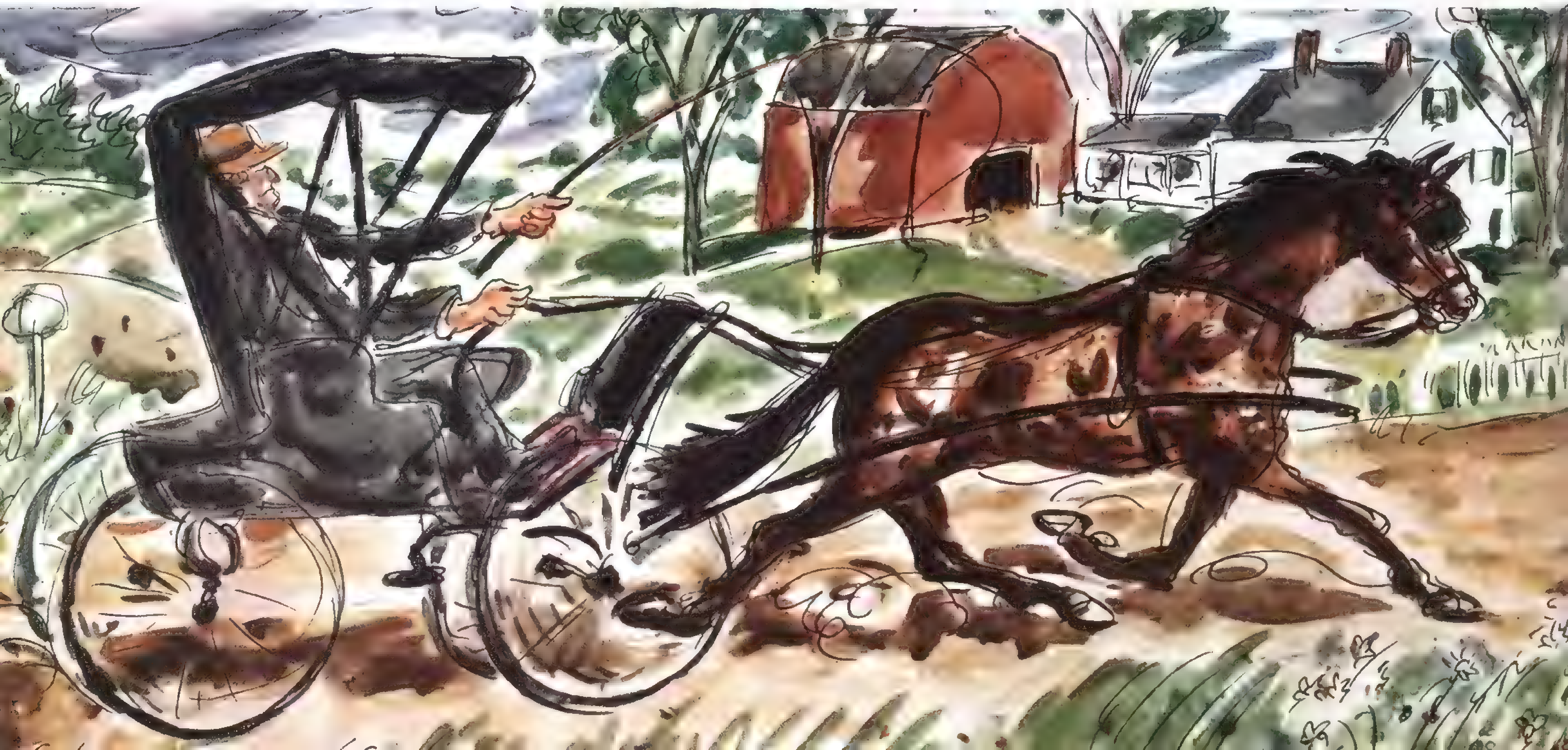
Old Doc Brewster

by WALDO PEIRCE

Doc Brewster and his buggy and his mare
Don't seem to change much as the years go by.
He's over sixty now and jest as spry
As when he won the footrace at the Fair.
His wife Aunt Phoebe has an ailin' air
As if she was about prepared to die
Like all the kids . . . they say Doc's got his eye
On Gerty Bigbee . . . waal they'll make a pair!

I guess the buggy and the mare will go
With Phoebe . . . Gerty'll have to have a car . . .;
And things will change all round, tho he says no!
But Gerty never took to curb so far . . .
Lord how she laid him out for chargin' double
The last time Doc got Gerty outer trouble.

WATER COLORS BY WALDO PEIRCE



Passes Make Trouble

A pass is like a knockout punch leaving the thrower uncovered while it sails through the air

by HERBERT O. (FRITZ) CRISLER

• SPORTS •

"LISTEN, KATZ!" belligerently complained Ken Fairman, Princeton left end. "There isn't any use of your trying to hit me on a pass. Every time I move out, Camp drops with me; and if I shake him, Kenny picks me up. I'm tired of the escort!"

"So you're putting up a grump?" shot back "Katz" Kadlic. They were in the huddle in a tough moment of the Dartmouth game of 1933. "What do you want me to do," bantered Kadlic, "speak to the officials about it? But if that's what's going on, here's what we'll do. The next time a pass is called, you start as though going deep, and then break straight out into the flat—and pull up your anchor, because that thing out in front of you will be the ball!"

Turning to a husky lineman, Kadlic instructed: "Ceppi, you protect me with a check on that defensive tackle, then slide off and trail Ken for a lateral if he gets stuck."

Camp, Dartmouth's right end, and Kenny, their defensive right halfback, had been annoying Fairman all afternoon. They seemed to feel that Fairman's privileges away from the line of scrimmage should be limited to unproductive stretching exercises. Just let him reach for a flying football, and he was immediately overwhelmed by Messrs. Camp and Kenny!

No touchdowns could come of such business. The big Green line from Hanover was playing superbly. The Tigers were going places between the thirty-yard lines, but inside those markers Dartmouth's defense was an impregnable morass.

Technically our plans were sound; at least they looked sound in practice and on paper. But often things do not work out quite the same when you go up against a defense of the caliber of Dartmouth's that day.

One vulnerable spot developed to Kadlic. The actions of Camp and Kenny in chasing Fairman whenever he attempted to go down for a pass offered possibilities. We had a play, a check on Fairman's pass play in which he went out into the flat for a short pass, and then there was an optional lateral on the end of it to a guard coming up behind him.

Kadlic called the play. Ceppi put a block on the tackle, Camp was feinted and Kenny was too far down the field to stop the pass out into Dartmouth's right flat zone. Fairman took one of those passes which Kadlic used to hang on a peg; he never had to toss the lateral, going all the way in.

The point was kicked, and the game ended, 7 to 0. It was the turning point of Princeton's successful season of 1933.

A coach gets quite a vicarious thrill out of seeing his team penetrate a tight pass defense, and the thrill is especially tasty when they get through with a pass that goes all the way. Sometimes a maneuver of this sort will be slapped right back into your own face, and you wake up to find the other side scoring! A passing game brings out these developments—and the aspirin—more frequently than any other gridiron attack.

In the afore-mentioned Kadlic-Fairman pass, an interception would have proved fatal. On the other pass—the unsuccessful one that found Fairman so tenaciously covered it was Kadlic's duty to recover and drift over into the path of any prospective interloper who might catch his throw instead of the man for whom it was intended. The flat pass was so fast and direct that it was virtually impossible to intercept, but heaven help us if Fairman had not been a good enough actor to draw the end out into the flat zone! If Camp had succeeded in getting his hand on that ball, we would have been sunk!

A passing game is somewhat like a knockout blow in fighting. Sometimes it leaves you uncovered for a fatal instant after you have thrown the punch, and when you recover you may be on the rubbing table picking the rosin out of your eyes. After you throw a pass in a football game, you must cover up instantly or else take the consequences if you miss your mark.

When next you see a forward pass play, watch the maneuvers of the passer's protectors immediately after the release of the ball —particularly if the aerial is into either flat zone. It will be noticeable that the ball is somewhat different from Mr. Longfellow's arrow. The shooter and the watchers must know immediately where it lands.

The ensuing swift-moving scene, with its dramatic suspense, is one of the important cornerstones of football's grip on the American public. A pass! The ball is in the air! Your eyes shift, hiding mixed emotions of prayer, hope, apprehension, confidence or appreciation. While you are covering the course of the flight of the ball, the deployment of the men on the field is changing rapidly. A scant few seconds have passed, yet the offensive team alters its attacking stance, and half the team is now taking defensive positions.

Their positive, direct and aggressive assignments have been committed, and the men who were affording the passer a breathing spell during which he sought, and perhaps found, the target for his throw, have changed their alignment. They have diffused into cagey, cunning citizens guarding against retaliation. They have become K.O. punchers covering up a vulnerable spot!

If you have ever seen well coached play, you have seen these actions every time a pass was up. When a ball is thrown into the air, a team does not fancy having that gesture turned into a touchdown for the other side.

No defense is required in the wake of a running play. None is needed for a buck. The worst that can happen, ninety-six times out of a hundred, is a fumble. The team attacking then has as much chance of recov-

Continued on page 159

A Congo Prayer

Miracle of the preacher with the rope around his neck, whose voice could keep on speaking

by ERNEST LYONS

• FICTION •

JUST the other day a New York drummer left a paper at our store with pictures of black humanity in a crowded convention hall, bearing banners proclaiming "Father Beatitude Has The Word" and "He Will Lead Us To The Promised Land."

It all sounded so familiar, like turning back to another day. I was reminded of the Reverend Emanuel Mott, that black fraud, and his mission for the salvation of the Congo, and of how Otis Gilbert, the tongue-tied nigger at the Abbott place, came to talk to the River God. . . . Too, I could not help thinking of old Uncle Grunt, shuffling along the streets of our town today, like a dumb, black scarecrow in his rags. The dogs bark at him, and the boys throw stones as he trudges and sways, mumbles, grunts and begs. No one living, except we few who were there at the lynching, would believe that he was once a power and a presence.

Not now. Not any more.

We were jogging in to the settlement, my Uncle Rannie and I, to hear the circuit rider give President Theodore Roosevelt the devil for having Booker T. Washington to lunch, when he halted the buggy at the crossroads to the quarters, and we listened to the most amazing voice that I have ever heard.

Deep and sonorous, resonant and clear, it came from a little, white-washed nigger church a stone's throw away, like the voice of a giant bullfrog issuing from a packing box. Even the horse seemed rooted still, listening, and I remember noting oddly that, although the church bell was swinging in its rickety steeple, it did not seem to make a sound, overshadowed as it was by that voice. It was a voice that might have belonged to Moses talking to his people, or to Adam speaking to his sons. That was a long time ago, and I was only fourteen then, but I have never forgotten the voice of the Reverend Emanuel Mott. No one who ever heard it ever will.

"Oh, you sons of Ham," it thundered, "will you never break your chains?" and I remember that my uncle's nose began to twitch, and his eyes brightened as they always did when something exciting came along.

"Were you born to sweat," it rolled, "in the fields all your days? Did the mighty Lord bring you forth just to labor and to die?"

Now, they do not make men like my Uncle Rannie any more. As I look back, I realized that he lived just for excitement's sake, and his position in the community was a sort of penance for doing the way he liked. There was never a cock fight or a dog pitting where you would not find him at the pit side; he would bet all he had on the flip of a card, or carry a flirtation to its bitter end. He married three wives, and lost them all through one scandal or another; yet, and this may seem hard to believe, he was like a rock in his integrity. He was our county judge.

Whenever a controversy occurred in our wild section of north Florida, jammed up against Okefenokee Swamp and the Georgia-Florida line, folks always looked to Judge Preston Randolph to settle it, and if they were not quick he was there ahead of them, whether it was a man-hunt or a hog-stealing.

I do not think he loved the law like some judges do, but he certainly loved justice; it was his boast that every man tried in his court had at least a gambler's chance.

"Going anywhere with your Uncle Randolph," my father told me once, "is like taking a stroll through the woods with a good hunting dog. You never get far before you wish you had brought a gun along."

They used to tell some awful tales about him. One was that he held court at a house-raising when a fight broke out, and ended up by owning the new house, basing his decision on the grounds that a new home ought not to be occupied in discord, and he was the only one not fighting on the place. Another time, they used to say, he held court in an open field where he found a farmer beating an old mule. First, he beat the farmer, the story went, then convened court on the spot and sentenced him to three days at hard labor pulling the plow while the mule got a rest.

No matter where you started with him, you could always count on landing somewhere else, and the more peaceful the beginning, the more turbulent the end was apt to be. Not that he bred trouble, but he liked it, and he had a nose for the unusual as some people have a nose for news.

I can see him still, sitting there in the buggy, holding the reins loosely in his big freckled hands, and looking hunched-up like a tall man always seems in something too small for him. His ears were all attention underneath the sort of black felt hat our judges and politicians used to wear, and although his voice was stern when he spoke, I knew that he was pleased.

"We will have to see what ails the sons of Ham," he said, giving the horse a smart slap on the neck with the reins, and we trotted briskly to a halt before the church.

There in the doorway, tolling on the bell rope as if he was doing his utmost to drown the voice of the speaker within, was an old white-headed nigger preacher. Parson Wilkes, folks called him, white and black alike, but I don't suppose he had ever been ordained. He was so angry that he was crying, and the tears were drying as fast as they coursed down the wrinkled black parchment of his face.

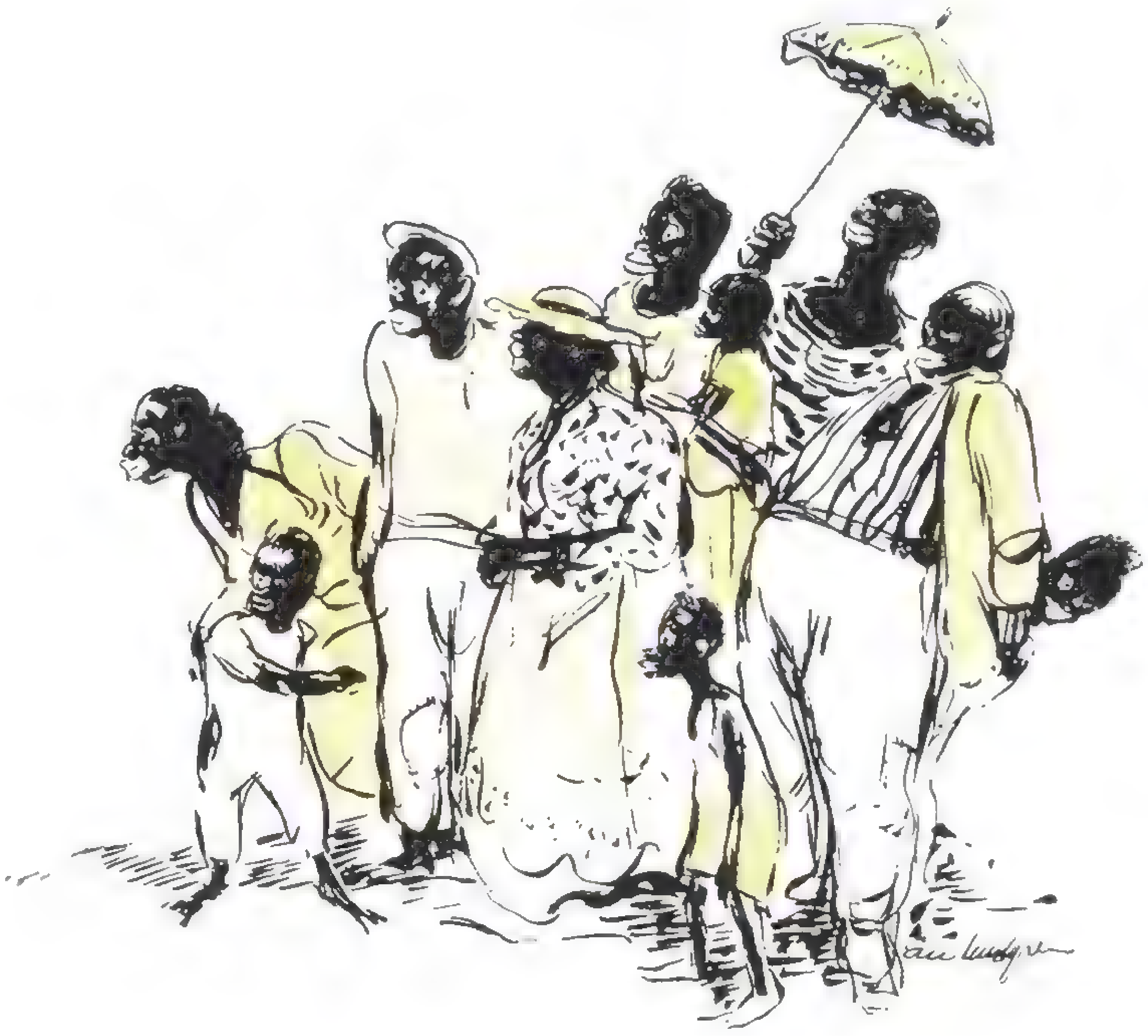
I believe I felt it then, the fact that there was a power and a presence near, that old Parson Wilkes and his bell-ringing were of no more account and consequence than a pot-licking hound barking at a stranger in the house. It seemed to me then, and it does still, that a hundred bells could have been ringing, and I still would have heard that voice. In some uncanny way, I knew that the pulpit was filled, and the congregation was stolen, and nothing so inanimate as a bell would ever stop that sermon from being preached.

"When will you unstop your ears and hear?" it challenged. "When will you unbind your eyes, and see? How long will you put off your heritage?"

Poor old Parson Wilkes. Sometimes strange things enter the lives of the simplest of men, and you can no more stop them than a river when it rolls. He had been hoeing corn and tapping resin all his life, preaching the old-time Gospel in his own versions on the Sabbath, but I do not suppose he ever had such a crowd himself as jammed his shack of a Sanctified Baptist church that morning. You could see from the outside that the building, already crazily awry, was packed. Every field hand and turpentine nigger within twenty miles was jammed in there, I think, young and old. They were huddled at the windows and bunched at the door. He was the only one not listening, and somehow I felt that he was stopping his ears because he dared not hear.

He was ringing faster, in a sort of crazy frenzy of despair, when he saw us, left the rope swinging, and came hopping down the steps like a tow-headed, excited crow to the buggy at my uncle's side. It was seconds before he could speak, and when he did the words came in such a rush that he had to repeat them to make sense.

"Cap'n Judge Randolph," he sputtered and gasped, not forgetting to touch a respectful hand to his head, "de good Lawd send you to drive dat debbil out."



And my Uncle Rannie laughed. Listening to that voice so clear and alien, and looking down at Parson Wilkes, so familiar and so black and close-at-hand, he laughed. It was a laugh of relief, and I know now that he thought some drunken Yankee drummer on a lark, or maybe a Yankee evangelist, for you could still credit a Yankee with doing almost anything then, was preaching in that nigger church. When you live all your life and never hear a black man speak anything but the soft language of the South, like everybody else, it is hard to believe that he can talk in any other way.

"Arise, you children of black Africa," came that compelling voice again, in complete possession of everything now that the church bell was stilled. "Break your bonds, and return to set her free."

"You have to make allowances," my uncle turned to me, but he was talking to himself, "even for a Yankee when he's drunk. That man will have to be got out of there."

I knew exactly when he meant. Although, as I recall, it had been almost two months since President Roosevelt had played host to Booker T. at the White House, the pulpits of the South were still ringing; and since people are most righteous when they are most indignant, the South was very righteous at the time. It all sounds silly now, but then it was like striking a raw bruise, or poking a new wound with a stick. About the least, I judged myself, that the owner of that voice could expect if word ever reached the settlement school where the circuit rider was preaching, was to be tarred and feathered, and ridden on a rail.

"Drunk," repeated my Uncle Rannie, "and a drunk man will do anything," but Parson Wilkes shook his head in angry denial.

"Hit's no mortal man but a black debbil wid de voice ob an angel in my church," he said.

Out we piled, and up the steps to see.

In those times it was an occasion for white folks to visit a colored church, and a lot more fun than going to our own drab meeting place. Your march down the aisle was always preceded by an announcement and a hush, and you sat in reserved pews at the very front like a sort of royalty. You might try to be polite for a while, and overlook the Sunday finery, and mask your amusement at the preacher's shouting, and the shouted "amens" in return, but you could not for long, although you paid for it all in the end by being extra liberal when the collection plate was passed, just as though you had enjoyed a good show.

But not that day. My uncle elbowed his way through the black bodies packed and jammed in the aisle, and there was no announcement, and no hush, and we weren't royalty. I was gripping his hand, and I could feel Parson Wilkes coming along behind. Finally my uncle lost his temper, and the blood pounded in my temples, pushed up against his back, as I heard him curse and then cuff his way ahead. Rumpled and breathing fast at such impudent unconcern, we burst through to a cleared space near the pulpit.

And there was the Reverend Mott, as black as ebony, as big as a bull, and as commanding. I think the greatest shock to me was that he was black. Who could imagine a black man with a voice like that? And the next thing that struck me, like a wave, was that here was a nigger as proud as Lucifer.

"Children of Africa," that giant of a man paid no more attention to our intrusion than if we were not there, "when will you waken from your sleep?" and his voice echoed in that miserable little church, and rumbled, and rolled over our heads out the windows and the door.

Sure, I know about Marcus Garvey and his dream, and what happened to him. . . . But somehow, listening there, I hoped that this brass would turn to gold. It seemed so beautifully like something that should be real, that plan he spun, like a bubble expanding with all the colors of a rainbow. You listened, and you believed, and you forgot that every bubble has to burst.

"How long will you stay here?" he shouted in a stately march of words, and it made you nervous just to listen to that voice. "Sons of slaves, don't you know that you are free?

"Oh, my brothers," he held out his hands, their gold rings glinting, "let them keep their sand and clay. The earth of Africa is black and rich. Are you afraid," he smiled, and I caught another flash of gold, "to leave your mansions here? What do you have?" he thundered, glowering down.

"Are you proud to labor like beasts in the fields of strangers, far from home?" He paused, and the lids came down over his red-cornered eyes as he solemnly intoned: "Oh, could you but see her as I see her, there in darkness and in shackles, your own land."

Who he was, other than his name, or where he came from, other than the North, I have never known. Where he got that voice, that marvelous gift for words, that tongue forged for a leader and placed in the head of a pompous fraud is as great a riddle to me as why the Widow Gilbert's son was born unable to talk at all. He had a gift, a marvelous gift, and he had pride like a prince of evil shining out through his black skin.

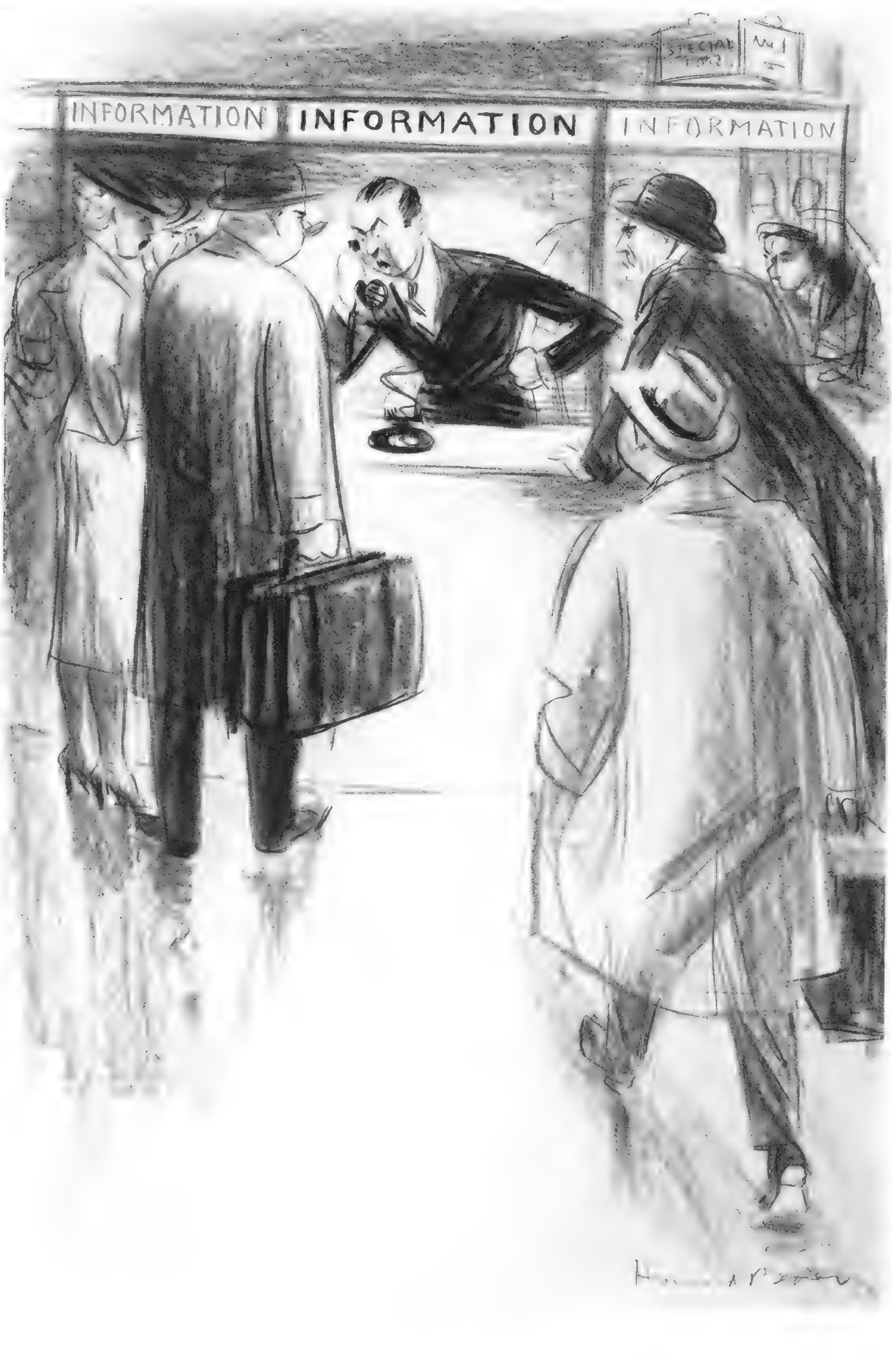
No, we did not stop him, and we didn't take him out. My Uncle Rennie gripped my hand, and I gripped his, and we stood there along with the field hands, not in any private pew, and we listened to that dream unfold. And it was a dream, of course, and a fraud.

"Follow me," he said, standing there behind the pulpit in his black frock coat, with a gold watch chain bulging across his paunch, "and I will lead you all back to the land of your fathers. We will revive that nation and that people. We will carry the word to the Congo where men squat in the mud to this day and pray to the River God . . ."

He was a Moses, and an evangelist, and he had a voice. He painted the black continent as a land of milk and honey where every man who followed him would be a king in his own right, and a missionary, too. He held out his artful double-bait of the bread and the spirit, this Reverend Mott who was to be the leader of an emigration of freed slaves to a new land of liberty, and Africa that thirsted for the word. And then came the serpent into Eden. Money was needed to charter ships, buy farming equipment, build new homes. Every one of them could help by giving everything he had.

"Preacher," my Uncle Rannie broke the spell in a dry, sarcastic tone, "how are you and your disciples going to talk when you get back to Africa?"

Continued on page 188



INFORMATION
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SPECIAL

"Listen, lady!—I ain't got time to guess who"

Interference, Follow Me!

What this game needs is plenty of linesmen, a dozen umpires, field judges, and more referees

by GLEN PERRY

• SATIRE •

The scene is a football stadium on a brisk November Saturday. Two football teams are in their huddles, waiting for the flip of the coin that will start things going. The four officials and the two captains stand watching the coin fall to earth. As the captains lean forward to look at it, the referee pushes them both back and picks up the coin himself.

Referee—Heads it is.

First Captain—We'll kick off.

Second Captain—We'll take the wind.

First Captain—Where's the ball?

Referee—What do you want with a ball?

Second Captain—We want to run with it.

First Captain—After we kick it, you know.

Referee—A ball in football? Most irregular. Most irregular.

Umpire—It isn't necessary, anyway. Princeton is going to be penalized for offside on the kick-off.

Referee—And then Stanford gets fifteen yards for holding.

Field Judge—Do you think that's enough?

Referee—Well, we don't want to shoot our best stuff right at the start. I've got a couple up my sleeve for the first touchdown. My, how I love to take touchdowns away from teams.

Head Linesman—It is fun, isn't it? You hear the roar of the crowd, and then your whistle stops everything and you bring the ball back. What drama!

First Captain—On the level, aren't we going to have a ball?

Referee—I think it's pretty old-fashioned.

Second Captain—But look, Mr. Referee, don't you think we ought to get some breaks? Let us run just one play.

Umpire—Oh, I don't think I could see a play run without having an irresistible desire to blow my horn. That means a penalty, and it's bad for my blood pressure.

Field Judge—Still, we've got to humor these boys. We might as well let them have a football if they want it. And remember, you look much better pacing off penalties if you have the ball under your arm.

Referee—That's so. I hadn't thought of that. Well, let's go.

First Captain—Thanks. (Takes football. It is kicked off and run back. Head linesman runs up to referee.)

Head Linesman—Princeton offside on that play.

Referee—Oh boy, I knew you wouldn't let us down. You'll get a gold whistle for that. Gimme the ball. (He places the ball on Princeton's 30 yard line.)

First Captain—Hey, the ball doesn't belong there.

Referee—I'm just saving time. I have a feeling you're going to be offside on the next play.

First Captain—O.K. (Ten minutes of penalties back and forth, and Princeton has the ball on its own 4 yard line.)

Umpire—Penalty, penalty!

Head Linesman—No, it's mine. I saw it first.

Referee—What do you call it?

Head Linesman—Offside.

Umpire—I say it was holding. That's a bigger penalty.

First Captain—But you can only take it to the one yard line.

Referee—True, but we get credit for trying.

Field Judge—Can't you think up some penalty that gives the ball to Stanford? I just can't wait to see you do your stuff.

Referee—No, I can't, but that doesn't make any difference. We'll give 'em the ball anyway. Why not?

Umpire—Yeah, boy! Is this going to be good! Hear that crowd!

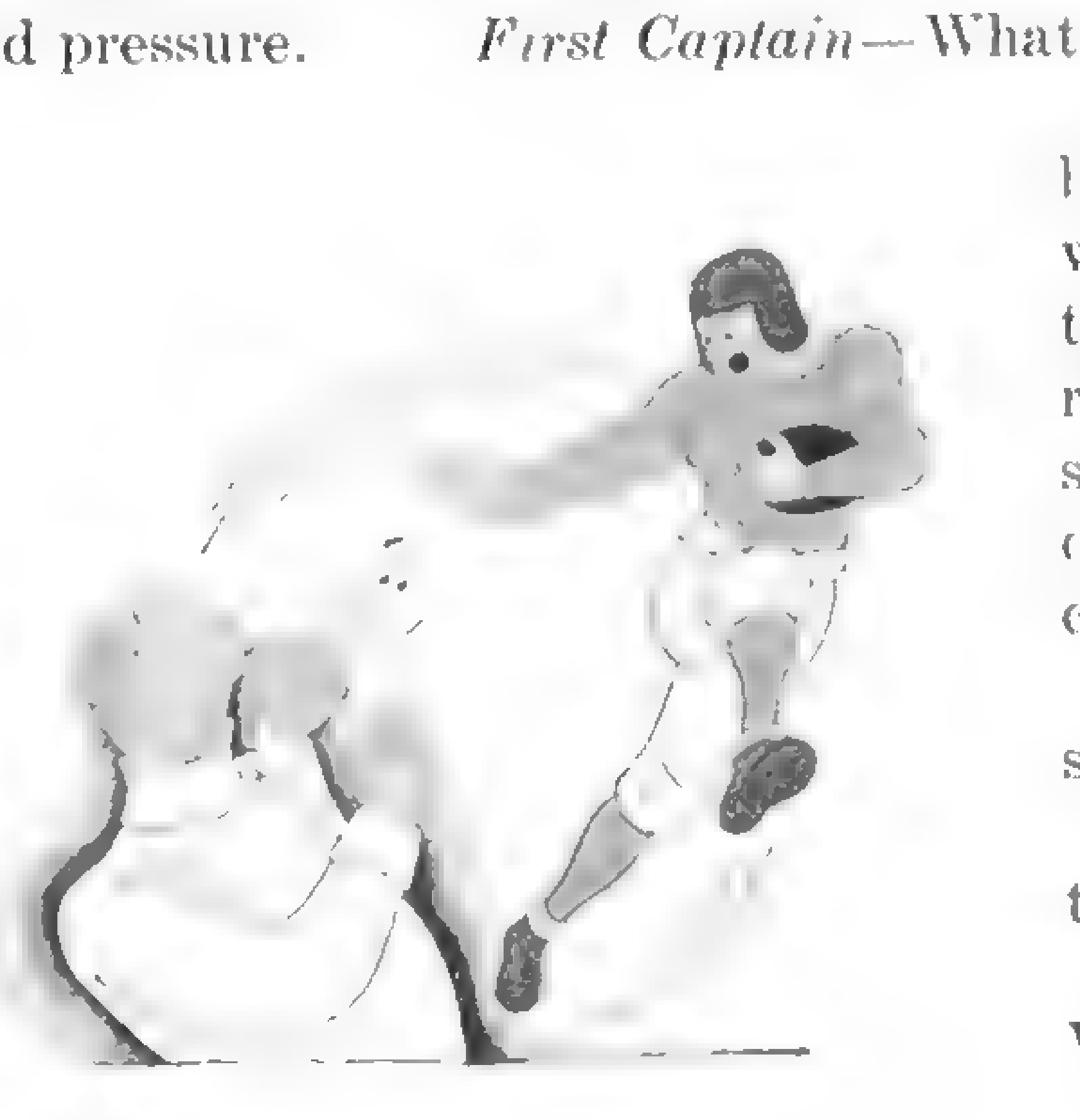
First Captain—What's the big idea?

Referee—Talking back, eh? Now we WILL give Stanford the ball. (Stanford runs a play and scores a touchdown, while the crowd goes crazy.)

Umpire—Do your stuff, boy.

Referee—Gimme that ball.

Second Captain—What for?



Referee—One of your guys took a swing at the field judge. Half the distance to the goal line for that. (He paces off sixty yards.)

Second Captain—Do you call that half the distance to the goal line?

Chorus of Officials—We certainly do. (The officials confer.)

Referee—Now what'll we give 'em?

Umpire—We might start all over again with offside.

Field Judge—Isn't there a penalty for roughing the kicker? We might order Stanford to punt.

Umpire—What about interference with a forward pass?

Head Linesman—Oh. I'm tired of that one. We worked it to death in the Army-Notre Dame game.

Umpire—Let's ask the captains. Say, fellows, what'll the next penalty be?

First Captain—I don't know.

Referee—You might ask your coach.

First Captain—Hey, Fritz, come here.

Fritz Crisler—What's the matter?

Umpire—Isn't there a stiff penalty for the coach coming on the field without permission?

Referee—There sure is. Oh boy, what a penalty this is going to be!

First Captain—But you said to bring the coach on the field.

Referee—No, I didn't. I said you might ask him. And you fell for it. Gimme that ball. (Starts pacing off the yards.)

Umpire—(In pursuit.) Hey, you've walked clean past the end zone.

Referee—It's got me! It's got me! I can't stop.

Other Officials—Neither can we. Wheeee! (They march right out of the stadium and are never seen again.)

First Captain—I had another ball hidden. What do you say we play a little football?

Second Captain—Swell! It'll be the first chance we've had in six games this season.

Curtain. ⵌ

Leading the Life of Riley

He was the first entomologist who gave up collecting moths for the job of saving crops

by DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE

• ARTICLE •

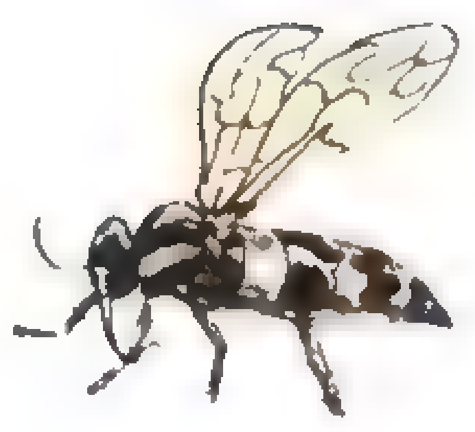
UNTIL the appearance of Tarkington's comedy of *Clarence*, the entomologist had never been represented as anything but a loon or a buffoon on the American stage, or in literature generally. But Clarence, of the title role, so admirably portrayed by Mr. Lunt, proved, in spite of an intimate knowledge of the *Coleoptera*, to be the only figure untouchable by Tark's satire. He had nearly a monopoly of the good sense, good breeding and emotional depth of the cast of characters, and the sensible American business man, the sacred American woman, and the winsome American child of an average American family all came off badly in comparison with a beetle-collector.

Charles Valentine Riley, the founder of economic entomology in this country, or indeed in the modern world, flourished in an era of sidewhiskers, frock coats, and the heavy-Republican politics of the post-Civil War, when to be an entomologist was synonymous with absence-without-leave from the madhouse. Universally termed (with an affectionate contempt such as one might use toward a teacher of dancing or a phrenologist) "The Professor," Riley was an object of suspicion even among the genuine professors of his day. Distinguished and gentlemanly professors of entomology—the kind that collected moths and butterflies, belonged to learned societies and wrote incomprehensible little monographs—did not always like him. The eminent Professor Comstock of Cornell certainly did not. He was hardly in the class of the well-born dilettante Scudder (favorite of amateur butterfly-hunters) and he began from the first to upset tradition.

For up to his day no good entomologist had seriously supposed that it was part of his profession to combat insect pests. Sufficient if he collected, described and named new species; at the utmost he might be so complaisant as to work out the life history of some pest. To gardeners, farmers, and the lower intellectual classes he left the combat with the hosts of the cutworms, army worms, buffalo bugs, Hessian flies, cotton moths, migratory and devastating locusts, potato beetles and squash bugs that had already begun to infest God's country. Riley's destiny it was to lower the standards of an essentially lofty-minded and useless mandarin caste, the old-style entomologist, by the invention of sprays and sprayers, the introduction of parasites and super-parasites, and the breeding or selection or grafting of resistant strains of crop plants. Unafraid of soiling his hands, he plunged his arms to the sockets in the rough and tumble of practical entomology, and put America in a lead in this work that it has never lost. Worse still, he brought entomology under government and state control, dragged it out of the universities, out of the "cabinet" and the museum, and made it work for its living. And he made the people of the United States foot the bill.

This cheerful maverick of the mad science was born in London in 1843, the son of a minister of the Church of England. As a boy he was educated at Dieppe, in France, and later at Bonn in England where his talent for drawing, particularly the drawing of insects, attracted the attention of his teachers. He was to have gone to Paris to study painting, but at the age of seventeen he suffered in the family reversals of fortune. Riley immigrated with them to Illinois, where he pursued his entomological studies on a farm about fifty miles from Chicago. The Colorado potato beetle was creeping eastward at that time. The boy's article on its first appearance in Illinois, together with his sketch, drew the attention of the editors of *The Prairie Farmer*, and before long he was installed in the periodical's Chicago offices as a reporter and artist. At twenty-one he had become entomological editor.

Riley went to the Civil War—for seven months—as a private in the 134th Illinois Volunteer Regiment. When it disbanded in November 1864, Riley went back to his bugs. At the age of twenty-five he became state entomologist of Missouri. And it was during his nine years in this office that he issued his famous annual reports in language that farmer and gardener could understand, in type that could be read with store-spectacles, and with illustrations that, in a most unprecedented way, looked like the creatures of Baal that they were supposed to represent. No more Latin diagnoses of rare varieties of butterfly. Riley assaulted the toughest problems in his field, and went out to do battle with the six-legged wielders of claw, bill, and antennae.



The year 1875 was famous in the annals of the prairie states as the second-coming of that wrath of God, the Rocky Mountain locust. Farmers were ruined and on relief; country banks were going down; the towns suffered indirectly by financial depression, and despair was in every eye that was lifted to the hills, whence cameth the "Colorado grasshoppers." Preachers thundered that it was the judgment of Providence visited upon a people who listened to heresies and indulged in vanities. But farmers wanted another tune from the pulpit and demanded a day when fasting and prayer should exorcise the devastating host. The Governor, according to tradition, consulted Riley about the possibility of appointing a special day of prayer, and the canny Professor, who had discovered that after a certain stage the locusts faced about and flew back to their breeding grounds, advised him to appoint June third as the date on which the Orthopteran Huns should be banned by book and bell. True to their schedule, the invading horde drew off, and Riley and the Governor were lifted upon the shoulders of popular esteem.

As a matter of fact the locusts, after that date, did not return for many years; their incursions upon the plains are essentially periodic affairs, and Riley evolved no special method of holding back their onslaughts; the times were not ripe for that. But the result of the horrible impression which the locusts had made enabled Riley to go before Congress and get a special appropriation set aside for a Commission of Entomology to handle pest problems in the future. This Commission exercised its functions quite outside the then young and feeble Department of Agriculture, and valuable as the Commission was, it taught Riley early in his career the dangerous lesson of making friends with Congressmen, working in cheerful defiance of the official agricultural officers, and generally playing politics, silencing opponents,

and trotting direct to Capitol Hill with all demands for money, and all grievances.

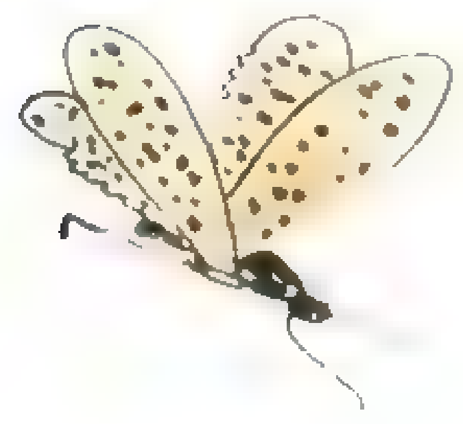
Riley's second triumph in Missouri was his assault upon the Phylloxera disease of the French wine grape. Coming just after the Franco-Prussian War, when the country was saddled with debt, this disease was making a desert of the famous Bordeaux region, and was spreading swiftly toward Burgundy and Champagne. France had already lost seven billion, two hundred million francs (in the day when a franc was a franc and something to be kept in the soles of the husbandman's *sabot*) and France was actually importing wine and dried grapes.

The Phylloxera insect, a nasty little midge, had come into la belle France upon some American wild grape stock. Finding a new and essentially juicy victim in the French wine grape it fell upon its victim, and that victim succumbed, as is the way of races exposed to a new disease. Riley familiarized himself with the principle, then new to scientific philosophy, of the natural resistance built up by the original "host" of old parasites.

By introducing Phylloxera-resistant strains of American grapes, and advising the French to use them as a root stock on which to graft the susceptible but sweet-flavored wine grape, Riley, in effect, put new blood into the bled and withering French vineyards. For this Riley was decorated by the French government. And a statue was erected at Montpellier of an old, nearly nude, decrepit and sickly dame supported by another marble female, even nuder, but fairer and stronger to look upon. The American grape, holding up the French. "Very beautiful symbolism," admitted a Frenchman, "but who ever saw a French woman as homely as that?"

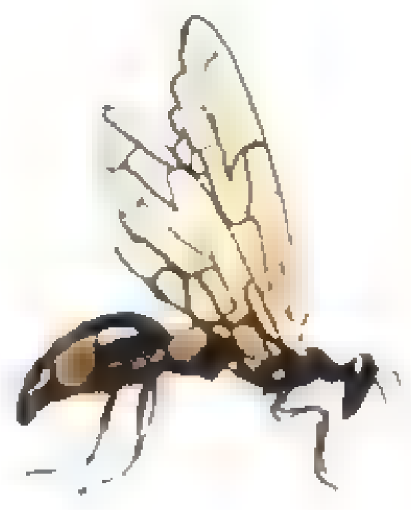
Without resigning as head of the Entomology Commission, Riley left Missouri to become, in 1878, Entomologist to the Department of Agriculture. He now held the two trump cards of official entomological research, and he began to feel his oats.

He had married well in St. Louis, and now arrived in the capital he set up in a style that he considered proper in a fine residence at Thirteenth and R Streets—a style hitherto unknown to humble government workers and generally reserved to diplomatic society. His chief was William LeDuc, an appointed office-holder whom Riley doubtless considered as much of a dolt as LeDuc liked to consider himself an eminent scientifico. Riley began his career of working against, around and over his superiors.



He was certainly not one to work under anyone. Trotting to "The Hill" for money and influence on all occasions, he induced his own downfall—though it was a temporary one. Pitched out of the Department, he continued as head commissioner at his private home, a sort of Sherlock Holmes laughing at Scotland Yard. His successor, Professor Comstock, a gentlemanly consumptive, created an atmosphere of peace under the mansard roof of the old red brick Agriculture building, where it blazed in the Washington heat among its unspeakable canna beds. But he never enjoyed the success as a practical economic entomologist that his hated rival had.

Riley was already a master of political intrigue. And with the election of Garfield, and the first triumphant return of the Democrats after the Civil War, Riley was returned to power in the Department of Agriculture. His reinstatement was due to a deluge of letters from farm organizations, Masons, Civil War veterans and everyone who could be summoned to his cause.



Riley fired and hired according to his predilections (there was then no civil service in the Department) and with restless energy he set to work to build up what many think is today the most valuable and irreproachable branch of the Agricultural service.

He had a talent for making his reports sound even more important than they were. His genius was for getting the maximum of splendid and original work out of his subordinates and, it is often charged, the results of their labors appeared invariably over his name.

Besides his own sphere, the whole welfare of the Department interested him.

A marvelous "beginner," he suggested and gave the first shove to scores of other activities of the service, now many of them well-tried and invaluable.

But he won, in the course of thirteen years, a reputation for putting a finger in everybody's pie; he disregarded superiors, kept up a grapevine telegraphy with Congressional friends, and somehow continued to charm many hundreds of people.

He was a tall fellow with long wavy hair, a lush moustache, and a graceful and romantic bearing; he was more likely to be mistaken for an Italian professor of the violin than an aggressive economic entomologist and skillful lobbyer.

The final triumph of Riley's career was his assault upon the citrus scale that had mysteriously crept into the California orangeries and was ruining the industry. Most American scientists of his day were anything but world-minded; their perspectives stopped at the seacoast.

But Riley's head danced with the insect fauna of the entire world, and he sleuthed the scale down to its importation by accident from Australia.

Moving heaven and earth, disregarding superiors and wheedling Congressmen, he succeeded in appointing a commission to go to Australia and find the natural enemy of the scale.

This was an entirely new concept in biological control, though now so familiar. It was viewed with skepticism even by the Californians.

But from the day that the Australian ladybird beetle was liberated in the citrus groves around Pasadena, the doom of the wicked scale was sealed. This principle, first imagined and put across by Riley, is now the most precious stone in all the structure of parasite control. But Riley was denied credit for it among many Californians.

The Californian complex that everything good originates or was invented in the Golden State was already at work, though it had not yet reached its present-day proportions when it is possible, west of Reno, to assert that Burbank made the grapefruit and California is the point of origin of the (Brazilian) navel orange. Riley, who did more for California than Burbank ever thought of doing, is still partly without honor among his host of beneficiaries.

But the Republican tide ebbed back in Washington. Harrison was elected to succeed Cleveland whose unpopular reforms in favor of the people had been twisted and made odious by the papers and plutocrats in a way at which they were almost as adept as now.

Riley found himself isolated; distracted with angers and intrigues, he could not concentrate on his work, but spent most of his time working for Cleveland's re-election.

When this happy result followed and Sterling J. Morton of Nebraska was appointed Secretary of Agriculture, Riley in fine feather prepared to captivate his chief.

He gave a reception in his handsome home on Washington Heights. Society, diplomacy, and intellect were all represented among the guests; windows blazed, red stair-carpets were flung out, flunkeys and punch did their duty.

But the only effect that this had was to impress Morton with Riley's desire to be impressive.

Instead of being appointed Assistant Secretary, Riley was left in the entomologist's chair and another took the coveted place. In a huff Riley resigned.

While Riley continued with his brilliant, unofficial entomological research at home, Secretary Morton was smelling out intrigue.

He induced Cleveland to bring all the chiefs of scientific bureaus in Washington under the Civil Service.

Checkmated, Riley, worn-out and in failing health, sulked in his tent. Not, however, without beginning monumental independent studies. But one of the few really professorish traits—a proclivity for riding a bicycle in the street—proved fatal to them. In September, 1895 he fell from his economical vehicle and was killed. ###

Jailor or Surgeon

How plastic surgeons work with the state to help malformed criminals attain a normal life

by MAXWELL MALTZ, M. D.

• ARTICLE •

Hair dye and newly grown mustache or beard have been the traditional means of disguise used by both fictional and real criminals for many generations. The aid of plastic surgery, however, had not been sought by criminal fugitives until very recently. In fact few criminals, as well as very few of the general public, have, even today, any conception of the possibilities and the limitations of plastic surgery in altering facial appearance. To many reputable citizens plastic surgery made its first bow as an ominous tool of the underworld when John Dillinger resorted to it. Despite its failure to save Dillinger, outlaws fondly believed that their fallen leader had shown them a new ruse for outwitting the powers that pursued them. Hence it was soon reported that many gangsters were seeking the help of surgeons to disguise their rogues' gallery features.

The Dillinger incident was probably responsible for the thorough investigation made by the United States Department of Justice of the extent to which criminals have been seeking the aid of plastic surgery. Reporting the result of this survey, J. Edgar Hoover, director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, recently issued the following statement on the subject. He said in part:

". . . the criminal implications of such conduct on the part of persons with medical experience are understood by members of the profession. No doubt exists as to what is and what will be the attitude of the Department of Justice toward such interference with the processes of justice.

"Apart from obviously criminal activities, a situation exists which perhaps requires some discussion as to the responsibility of the ethical practitioner. It would appear that in the conduct of ordinary practice, the surgeon would be alert to avoid rendering unintended assistance to the changing of the appearance of patients who wish to conceal identity.

"Further, a distinct responsibility rests on the surgeon in cases of doubt to inform the authorities of such attempts.

"It is hardly necessary to say that where operations are performed under such circumstances that the fugitive character of the patient is apparent, the attitude of the Department of Justice will be to consider the physician or surgeon as conspiring to harbor, or harboring the fugitive."

A Federal law has been proposed in Congress which makes it a criminal offense to perform an operation on a known and dangerous outlaw for the purpose of disguising his identity. Such a law will be a benefit to the medical profession, for this will strike at the so-called "Beauty" surgeons; and "Beauty Surgery" in the hands of charlatans has been one of the worst forms of quackery in medical history. These unscrupulous physicians know little about the scientific treatment of facial deformities. They are the same "specialists" who have been using paraffin on the faces of their patients, although reputable surgeons abandoned this substance twenty-five years ago on account of its disastrous effects on the tissues. The fakers use this because it gives immediate results and is simple to handle. It is to such quacks, however, that criminals must turn when denied the services of reputable medical experts, but this new law will make it dangerous for even the quacks to serve them.

DRAWING BY GEORGE GROSZ

Ethical plastic surgeons have photographs taken of all patients before and after an operation. If a patient refuses to be photographed, he should, of course, be denied treatment. Closer co-operation between the law and the medical profession is desirable and could be effected by furnishing pictures of fugitive criminals, who have outstanding deformities or disfigurements, to plastic surgeons. There would be little chance for a criminal to secure professional and expert reconstructive surgery while fleeing from the law if his photograph were on file in the offices of the surgeons qualified to give such service.

It is reasonable to assume that any man who asks a surgeon to alter his fingerprints is a suspicious character. Reliable surgeons refuse such cases; first, because such a request indicates a probable criminal intent, and, second, because fingerprints can never be altered successfully either by grafting skin from other parts of the body or by filing. In one way or another the change can be readily detected.

For the hardened criminal, then, plastic surgery at present can and will do nothing, but in the field of crime prevention and in work with first or youthful offenders it has the possibility of real service. In 1934 in New York City most of the prisoners charged with major crimes were youths, first offenders and unemployed. Ten per cent of those arrested for assault and robbery were first offenders, and of those prisoners charged with burglary about twenty-two per cent had no previous criminal records.

It is to these first offenders that penologists are giving particular attention in their investigation of the sources of crime. The advisability of using plastic surgery to help rehabilitate those first offenders who have facial deformities is being studied as one means of preventing crime and attacking it at the source instead of building more prisons in which, all too often, first offenders are turned into habitual criminals. It is, of course, not to be expected that plastic surgeons can aid all of this class, or of those only with latent criminal tendencies, simply by removing facial defects. The use of such surgeons, however, is an original and daring attempt to solve in part the age old problem of crime and at the same time to take cognizance of the facts brought out by Warden Lewis E. Lawes of Sing Sing.

"The difficulty has been," said the Warden, "that most of us regard the criminal in terms of prisons and institutions. As a prisoner he is often an object of sentiment, either of hate or pity; as a convict he is dangerous, feared, caged, fettered, stared at in morbid, perhaps sordid curiosity. He serves the purpose for those who find pleasure in hating and of those whose abundant sympathies must have emotional outlets."

Penologists are becoming more and more convinced that facial deformities have a strong effect on behavior, largely because of the all too human tendency to use the face as an index of character. Despite the

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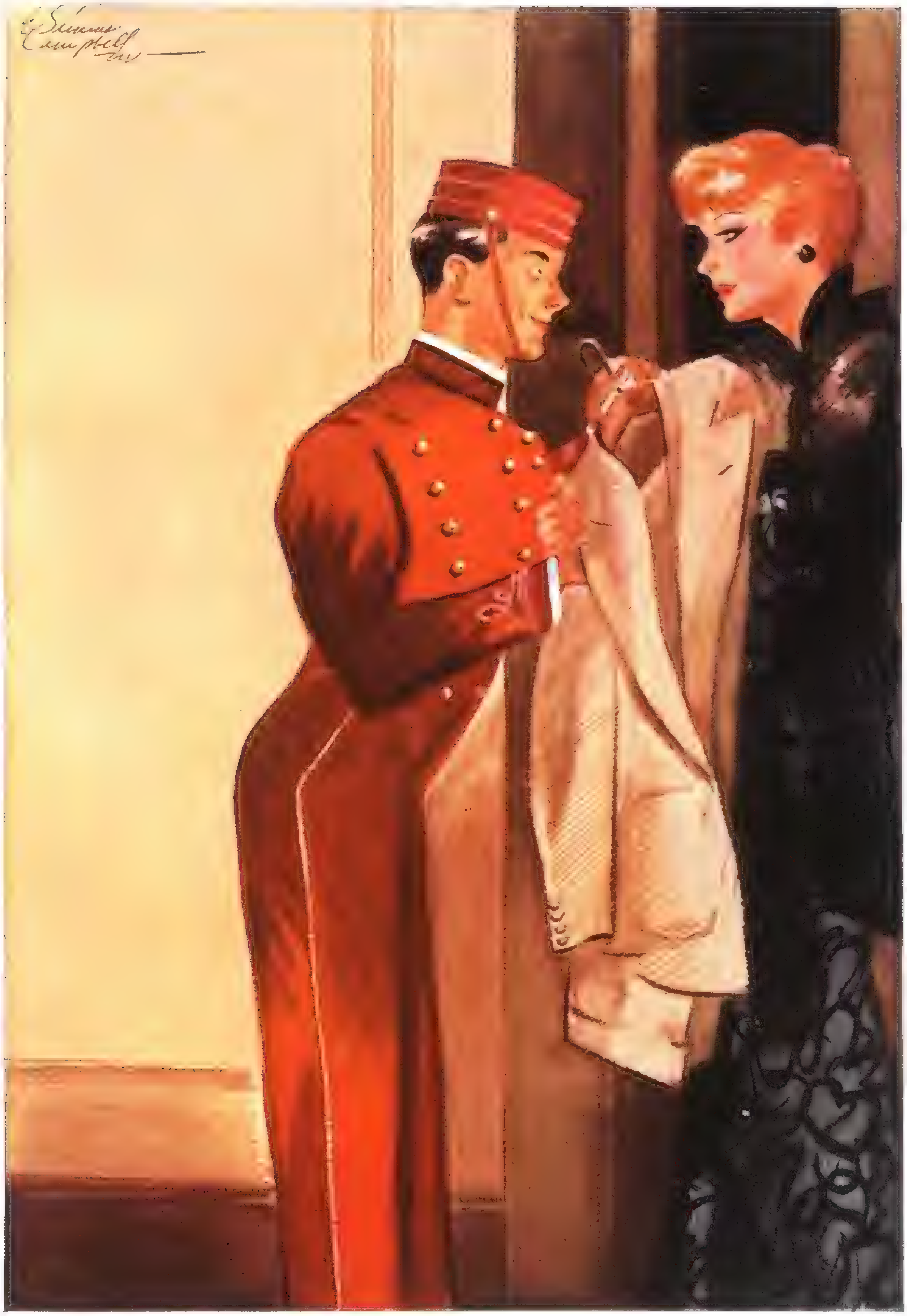
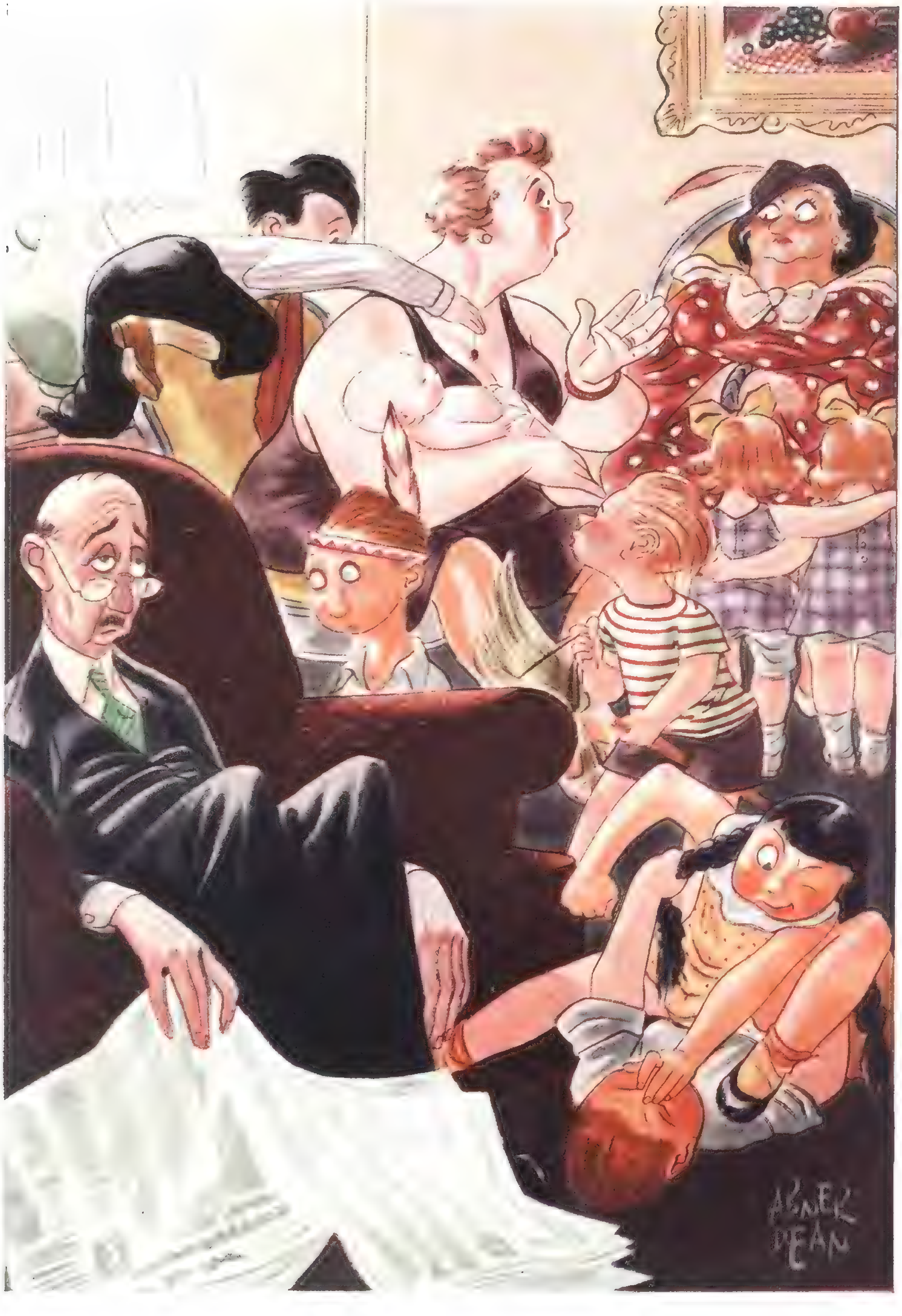

E. Simms Campbell

"All right Miss Rowland—I'll have it back in an hour"



"I don't know what keeps him so run down—he hasn't any financial worries"

A Pell-Mell Iron Man

The toughest raqueteer of them all is Clarence Pell, timeless champion of man's fastest game

by ALLISON DANZIG

• SPORTS •

THE iron man in sports gets a big play in the public prints and apparently no text is of greater interest to the mass mind than the durability of the Tildens, Ruths, Hagens, Reggie McNamaras, Howie Morenzes and Hoppes. If any one took the trouble to keep a sports filing cabinet, in no time at all he would find it so cluttered up with yarns of the athletic longevity of these hardy perennials that there would be scant space left in the repository for anybody else.

That is all fine and dandy, for certainly these gentlemen have royally earned a high places in sports' pantheon of fame and only a sour puss could object to the story of their epic deeds going on and on like Tennyson's brook. But why is it that out of all this flow of typewriter ribbon and printer's ink never a line of tribute comes out here or anywhere else about one of the most amazing iron men of them all? Why this conspiracy of silence against an athlete who was winning the national championship in 1915 and who, at the half-century mark in 1936, missed winning it for the thirteenth time only by an eyelash?

I am not talking about a champion of tiddlywinks or any other diversion for the gentry of the slipper'd pantaloon. I'm talking about the champion of the fastest game in the world—and I don't mean jai-ali or ice hockey.

Some two hundred years ago the penurious inmates of one of the best known institutions of England devised a way of idling away the time and amusing themselves during the period of their incarceration. Their invention was nothing less than the fastest game in the world, which is amusing enough in itself—considering that they were in less of a hurry than any one else in the British Isles—but not nearly so amusing as the fact that the game was to become the exclusive diversion of the top hat and white tie fashionables. For it was in the debtors' gaol of Fleet Prison that racquets first saw the light.

Dickens gives a picture of the racquet court in Fleet, where Smangle held forth. The quotation is from Pickwick:

"The area formed by the wall in that part of Fleet in which Mr. Pickwick stood was just wide enough to make a good racket court; one side being formed, of course, by the wall itself, and the other by that portion of the prison which looked (or rather would have looked but for the wall) towards St. Paul's Cathedral. Sauntering or sitting about, in every possible attitude of listlessness, were a great number of debtors. . . . Some were shabby, some were smart, many dirty—among them I would expect to find our friend Smangle—a few clean. . . . Lolling from the windows which commanded a view of the promenade were a number of persons . . . looking on the racket players, or watching the boys as they cried the game."

To be historically accurate, the game as it was played in Fleet, in an open court against a single wall, was considerably short of being the world's fastest sport, lacking the hard hitting that characterizes the modern game. It was not until it was well launched on its rise in the social scale, from being the adjunct of the gaols and taverns to becoming the pastime of a limited few in ultra-exclusive clubs, that racquets achieved its violent speed. This rise was initiated with its introduction, in 1782, into the English public school Harrow, where Sir William Hart-Dyke, world's champion, learned the game. Next the sport was brought into closed, roofed-in courts, the first of which was built at Woolwich by the Royal Artillery in the 30's, and with the building of old Prince's Club in Hans Place, London in 1853 began the era in which racquets definitely became the game of the clubs, services and universities rather than the recreation of the gaols and pot-houses. Some twenty years before this time, the game had been introduced on the North American continent. Exactly 100 years ago, a court was built in Montreal by subscription, with Charles S. Cassill of the City Bank as the prime mover and Sir Hipolite Lafontaine and numerous officers of the Garrison as charter members. Two years after its construction, Edward H. LaMontagne joined the club and it was this gentleman who was to sell the game to New York with his departure from Canada to establish his residence in the States.

Taken up by the bluebloods of the town, first at the Broadway Racquet Club, next at the Gymnasium Club and then at the New York Racquet Club Court, the game was definitely established as a permanent fixture in the sporting life of the scions of Fifth Avenue with the organization of the Racquet and Tennis Club. Originally housed on West Forty-third Street the club took up its present palatial quarters on Park Avenue in 1918 and there built two courts devoted to the ancient game of kings, court tennis, and two for racquets.

Foxhall P. Keene, Clarence H. Mackay, Payne Whitney, Harold F. McCormick, Lawrence Waterbury, Reginald Fincke, Percy D. Haughton, Dwight F. Davis, Joseph W. Wear and Jay Gould are among the nationally famous tycoons of sport who won championship honors in racquets. But by general consensus the greatest player of them all in the long history of the championship, which was instituted in 1890, has been Clarence C. Pell, national champion in 1915 and runner up in 1936.

Before going into the remarkable record of Pell, let's see what this game is all about. The court in which it is played is an enclosed rectangular space 60 feet long by 30 feet wide. The front and side walls are 30 feet high and the back wall 15 feet. Light is admitted through a skylight extending the length and width of the court. The structure is made of cement, covered with a patented composition known as Bickley finish, which looks like slate. The firm of Bickley in England owns the patent and sends out its trained workers to apply the finish. Once application of the coat is begun it continues without interruption day and night in order to insure a smooth, uniform surface.

Through a door in the back wall the players enter this huge court armed with racquets with circular heads 7 inches in diameter and strung with gut. The racquet measures 30 inches in length and weighs 8 to 10 ounces. Up above the back wall, in the first row of the balcony for spectators, sits the marker, who calls the score and keeps up a continuous exhortation, "play!" with every fair stroke.

Alongside the marker is a basket full of balls, forty or more of which are used in a match. These balls are a trifle smaller than a golf ball and look like miniature baseballs. Made of cloth and twine covered by kid, they are extremely volatile and the speed with which they spatter off the cement walls is as close to the velocity of a bullet as any pellet in sport attains. The wear and tear on racquet frames and gut coming in contact with them make the game prohibitive to any save the coupon-clipping class. In the opening match between Jock Soutar of Philadelphia and the late Charley Williams of the Chicago Racquet Club (then just over from England) for the world's open championship at the Philadelphia Racquet Club in 1922, twenty-four racquets were broken in less than two hours

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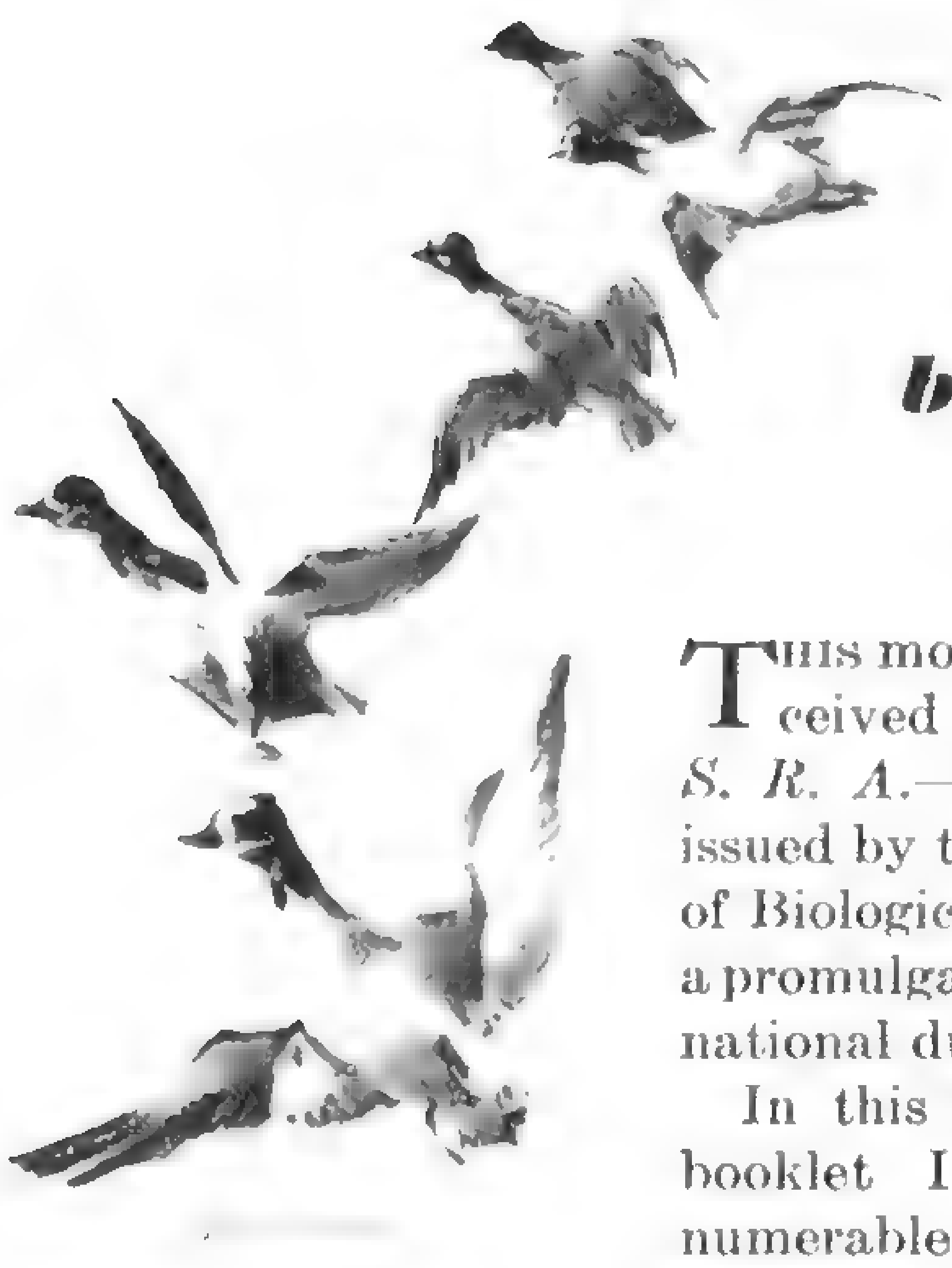
Dodie's Duck

Parable of the man who shot for food, and sports who shot for fun, and guess who made the laws



by WALTER CLARE MARTIN

• FICTION •

This morning I received a copy of *S. R. A.—B. S. 83*, issued by the Bureau of Biological Survey, a promulgation of the national duck law.

In this important booklet I find innumerable rules, regulations, statistics, etc., etc.; but I note one deplorable omission. Nothing is said about the duck-hunting activities of Coyne McCreagh of Coon Ridge, whose experience, I think throws more light on the federal conservation program than all the leaflets you could set a match to.

It was not jealousy, I am sure, which inspired the Bureau of Biological Survey to ignore Mr. McCreagh so effectively. More likely they considered him outside their scope, because, that hazy dawning of November, he did not set out to hunt ducks.

The truth is, he set out to hunt rabbits.

He set out with three rocks, having no civilized arms except an erratic muzzle-fed musket. And for the musket he had no munitions.

He talked some of borrowing a Twenty-two from the Flints; but they lived a right smart down the holler. Besides, they might not have any bullets. The Flints' shotgun had been reduced to historic scrap-iron when Bud fired it with snow in the snout.

So Coyne equipped himself with three rocks, round and cold, about the size of baseballs.

It is a matter of record that such missiles, addressing a rabbit broadside, may derail him with catastrophic effects.

So Coyne McCreagh, crunching the frosted leaves, stalked from one brush-pile to another. Into each pile he peered, and each pile he kicked hard with the heel of his home-soled boots.

Coyne was no Houdini, however, and the rabbits failed to appear. Two rocks chunked heavily into his skunk-perfumed coat, and the third chilled his throwing hand until it stiffened.

Coyne shifted this rock to his right perfumed pocket and rubbed his hands between his legs with much vigor. He then put his hand inside his pants pocket to warm it against his thigh.

A rabbit some thirty-odd feet away, blurring into a background of buck brush, sat watching these human maneuvers. With the infernal perversity which animates all cottontails he waited until Coyne's throwing hand was tightly tucked into his pants, then he jumped like a guilty conscience.

Coyne caught the insulting white flick of his tail as he scooted between the rough legs of the forest.

With a startled "gawd blast!" Coyne wrenched free his hand and fumbled a rock from his coat. He hurled it with desperate violence.

The beast was too far, and the total effect of the throw was to increase his ambition to travel.

Coyne McCreagh's body sagged as he watched the meat disappear.

"I'm sure sorry, Dodie," he said.

This Dodie, as the Biological Survey should know, was Coyne's young faithful wife, very expectant. She expected a baby, in three or four months, and today she expected a rabbit.

Budgetty matrons whose caloric adventures begin with the telephone, who live neighbor the year round to smiling vendors of T-bones and sidewalks piled high with fresh spinach, can but weakly conceive what that rabbit meant in the life of young Mrs. McCreagh.

Six weeks she had rationed on salt sowbelly and corn-pone, with slippery-elm bark to chew, when too hungry. Dodie needed no Johns Hopkins guide-book to tell her she was not doing right by Coyne's baby. Her stomach, without publicity, turned upside down and the mountain bloom began to fade from her cheek.

It had reached such a crisis, Dodie had said to her man:

"If you don't get some fresh meat, I'll take fits."

That was why Coyne said he was sorry. He did not want his young mate to take fits. He did not want his heir to be born chicken-breasted or too crooked to swing a man's ax.

He was sorry, but he tightened his rawhide belt and trudged farther on, down the hollow. He probed and kicked every brush pile. He thrust twistin' poles into old secret logs. He circled patches of briar-bush and peeped under bunch-grass, and the one thing that he did not find was a rabbit.

"'Taint no use," he muttered. "They clubbed 'em too close."

Just to keep the Biological records straight, this "clubbed 'em too close" referred to the winter before, when a fifteen-inch snow smothered the Ozarks. A vast horde of pot-hunters, with clubs and with dogs, waded out and enjoyed a snow massacre.

From Coyne's county alone, 50,000 dead bunnies were piled upon trucks going east.

A great week! Kettles simmered. Coins clinked in surprised pockets. But it so happened that not one of those 50,000 dead bunnies laid an egg to be hatched the next Easter.

Great sport for the pot-hunters; but now Coyne tramped the hard hills without sighting a living creature. He began to doubt the one flicker of fur he had seen was anything more than a ghost. A rabbit ghost haunting the scene of the massacre.

Hungry, chilled, disillusioned, he paused on a bald knob to take bearings. He could see his home smoke, miles across bristling gulches, and told himself he should be there, chopping firewood.

But Dodie was expecting a rabbit.

Off south lay the river, smeared with fog like whipped cream. Some ten or twelve miles, by the tumbling road half a mile to a crow, or an airplane.

An automobile horn sounded along the ridge road, across the still vale from Coyne's knob. Sportsmen, probably, bound for the duck blinds. Lordy, lord, couldn't Coyne eat a duck! Dodie could eat a duck, too, he reckoned. How her anxious brown eyes would light and dance if he came swinging a fat duck by the neck.

It burst over Coyne, then, that despite war, flood, and damnation he was going to get Dodie a duck.

Furiously he plunged into the hollow. Through bramble and briar, through sassafras and blackjack he made for the nearest arm of the river. If he could get to the blind before the sportsmen arrived, he could offer to work—for a duck.

The car beat him, by a couple of minutes. The hunters were dragging out guns. Automatics, pump-actions, double-barrels, all sizes and chokes—Coyne never had beheld such an arsenal of shotguns.

Three men in the party and three guns to each man: short range, middle range and long distance.

The financier of the party was Lawrence Bogart, husky-voiced, impatient, red-shaven, meat-fed; a man who had inherited much and made more. He operated an overall factory.

The other two were physicians—Doc Pyne and Doc Smith. One lean and sardonic as a wolf at the door; his fellow thick, swarthy, coarse, friendly.

They were transferring luggage from the car to the blind. Coyne McCreagh hurried up, half winded.

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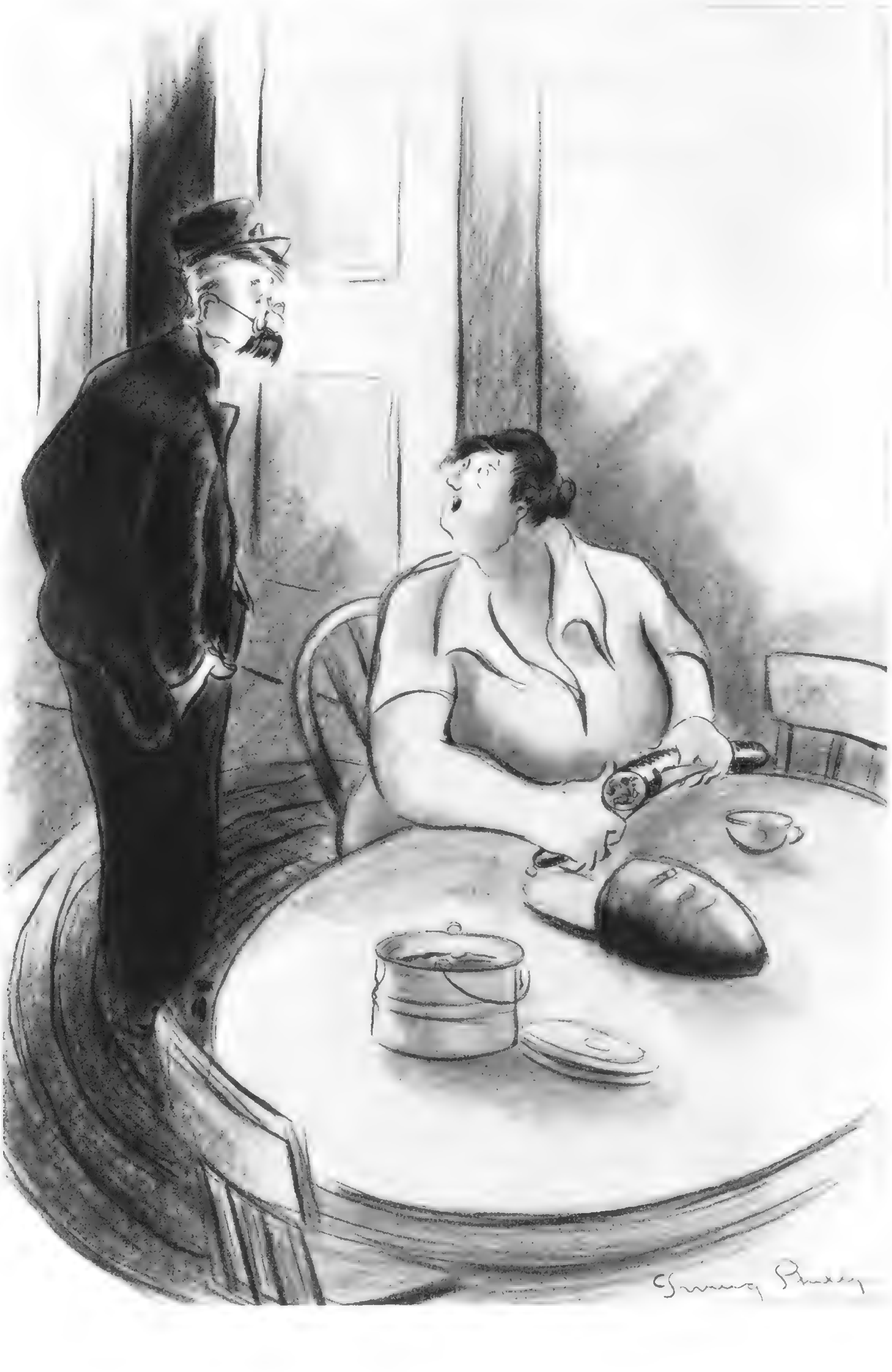

"Go ahead!—Have other affairs, then maybe you'll appreciate me"

Merchant of News

It was not as a newsboy that William Field, father of the tabloids, began to sell papers

by RICHARD R. SMITH

• ARTICLE •

In the men of the Green Mountains we expect, as a matter of course, the good old Yankee virtues of loyalty, persistence and resourcefulness, but with these we also look for the hard, practical conservatism which once endeared Calvin Coolidge to the necessary millions of voters. When to a Vermont birth and upbringing are added the training of Andover and Yale, and marriage to the daughter of the Governor of Vermont, rash, indeed, would be the prophet who would predict for a man so bred and endowed the major role in founding and guiding to success the first illustrated tabloid newspaper in America. But this surprising paradox is the outstanding fact in the life of William Henry Field.

To the millions of readers of the newspapers of which he was the guiding force, as to most of our own readers, however, the name of William Field probably is unknown. In this shunning of publicity and in the silent disclaiming of credit for sound and noteworthy achievements in the field of journalism, we find exemplified Field's inherent conservatism and congenital modesty. But the story of his career is worth the telling.

DAILY NEW
THE PICTURE

It is no Horatio Alger story, for our hero did not make his start in life by sweeping out the office or earning his way through college. On the contrary his college years were, fortunately, of the traditional care-free kind which enabled him to attain social distinction by the sheer charm of his personality.

Publishing held for young Field the lure which it possesses for so many college men and women, and led him, in 1899, a few months after his graduation, to the lowly job of retail salesman in the Fifth Avenue bookshop of the famous Scribner family. He tarried there only a few months, however, before he answered the more glamorous call of the magazines. It was with Frank Munsey that he spent nearly a decade in the magazine field.

At first—if we take Field's own word for it—he was little more than an adult office boy, but in a short time he was definitely assigned to the advertising department. At the turn of the century advertising was quite a different, and a much more modest, institution than it is today. Elaborate agency organizations and haughty space buyers were then unknown. And so it was that our tall, almost frail, mild mannered, Vermont Yankee started as a cub salesman when the advertising atmosphere was more to his liking than it became later, and when the only ogre on the horizon was perhaps his driving Yankee boss.

But even this boss found his match in the strong will of Bill Field. It came about in this way. After a year or so Boss Munsey promoted salesman Field and ordered him to go to the Chicago office. Field accepted the promotion but refused to obey the order to move to the city which, by a strange twist of fate, became, ten years later, the scene of some of his greatest exploits in the newspaper world. At that time, however, Field expressed his belief that Chicago was "an unfit place for a human being to live in!" Munsey, angered by the stubbornness and insubordination of this youngest member of his sales staff, promptly ordered him to go to Chicago—or to hell. Field went—to Vermont.

There he rusticated in his ancestral home and became a partner in his uncle's real estate and insurance business. It took Munsey, fuming and sputtering in New York, about seven days to realize that he wanted to keep in his organization a man with the persistence and quiet determination of Field, but it took him seven months to reason himself into the mood to ask Field to return to a job in the *New York* office. Field returned with no outward show of exultation and probably with no inner feeling of pride at having overridden his employer's will. This is, perhaps, the first, though a minor, paradox in Field's life of paradoxes.

One aptitude which Field developed during the earlier years with Munsey was the magical production of back cover advertisements. When the deadline was almost at hand and the back cover was still unsold—an occurrence by no means uncommon in those days—a hurry call would go out for the rescue squad, of which Field was captain, crew and all. And from somewhere out of the blue, like the magician and his rabbit, Field never failed to produce the copy—and always at full rates, too.

For Field, as for many men, the first ten years after college, although constituting a most necessary training and background of experience, did not indicate even the general locale of his chief accomplishments and greatest triumphs. During this decade he passed from one position to another in the Munsey organization and eventually became advertising manager of all six of the Munsey magazines. From this high office he resigned in 1909, and journeyed—of all places—to Chicago.

Fortunately for him, the citizens of that city of the plains had not heard of Mr. Field nor of his remark about the unfitness of their fair city as a place of human habitation! And so he was permitted to make an unobtrusive entry into the city—in keeping with his own disposition. And here we find one of the major paradoxes of Field's career. In the city which a few years before he had spurned he became at once the business manager of its and "The World's Greatest Newspaper!" And here he spent his second business decade; here he learned the newspaper business and all its contrasts with magazine publishing; here he started the career which reached its peak years later when he founded the paper which made him the supreme Merchant of News.

When Field arrived in Chicago there were seven newspapers, of which the *Tribune* was by no means the outstanding leader either in circulation or advertising. But long before Field's ten year sway had ended he made the *Tribune* the most profitable newspaper in this country, and probably in the world. (In one year the net profits amounted to more than eight million dollars.)

Field's plan was to select able younger men, to give them great scope and freedom, to inspire them with loyalty to the organization and to each other, and to hold himself always available for consultation, guidance and counsel. The group of men he selected in his first year or two held together for almost twenty years, and during that period, despite the scorn which the arrogant phrase "World's Greatest Newspaper" aroused, most men in the newspaper world agreed that the business staff of the *Tribune* might well be called the world's greatest.

Among the men were numbered Eugene W. Parsons, advertising manager at 26; Ray C. Hollis who was made eastern representative when he was just old enough to vote; Wilbur McFarlane in charge of classified advertising; William Donohue as local manager; J. M. Cleary who was taken from a reporter's job and started as a pioneer in promotion; Max Annenberg, circulation manager. All of these men climbed far up the ladder.

During their twenty year regime (1911 to 1930) the revenue of the *Tribune* never showed a loss as compared with the previous

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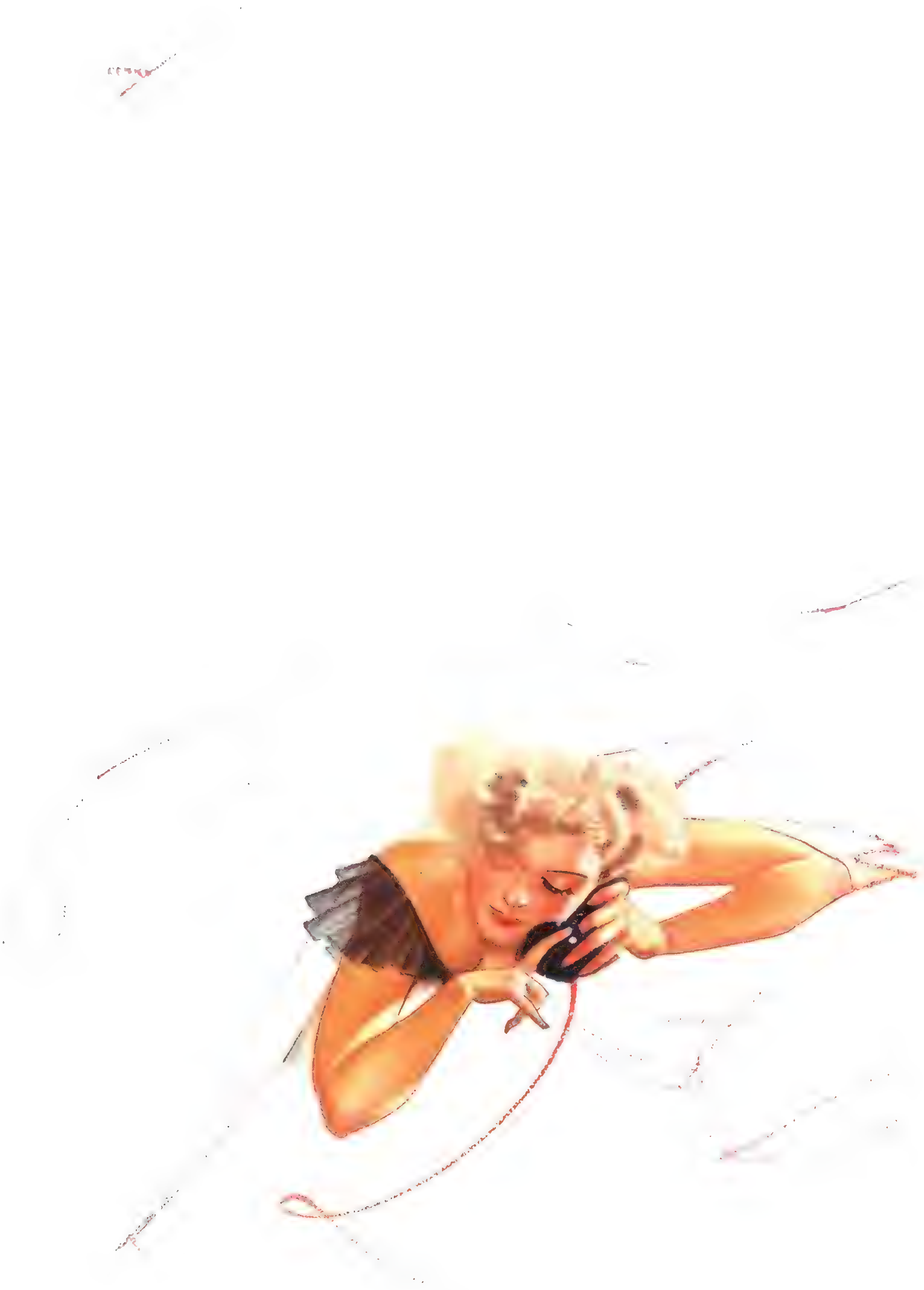
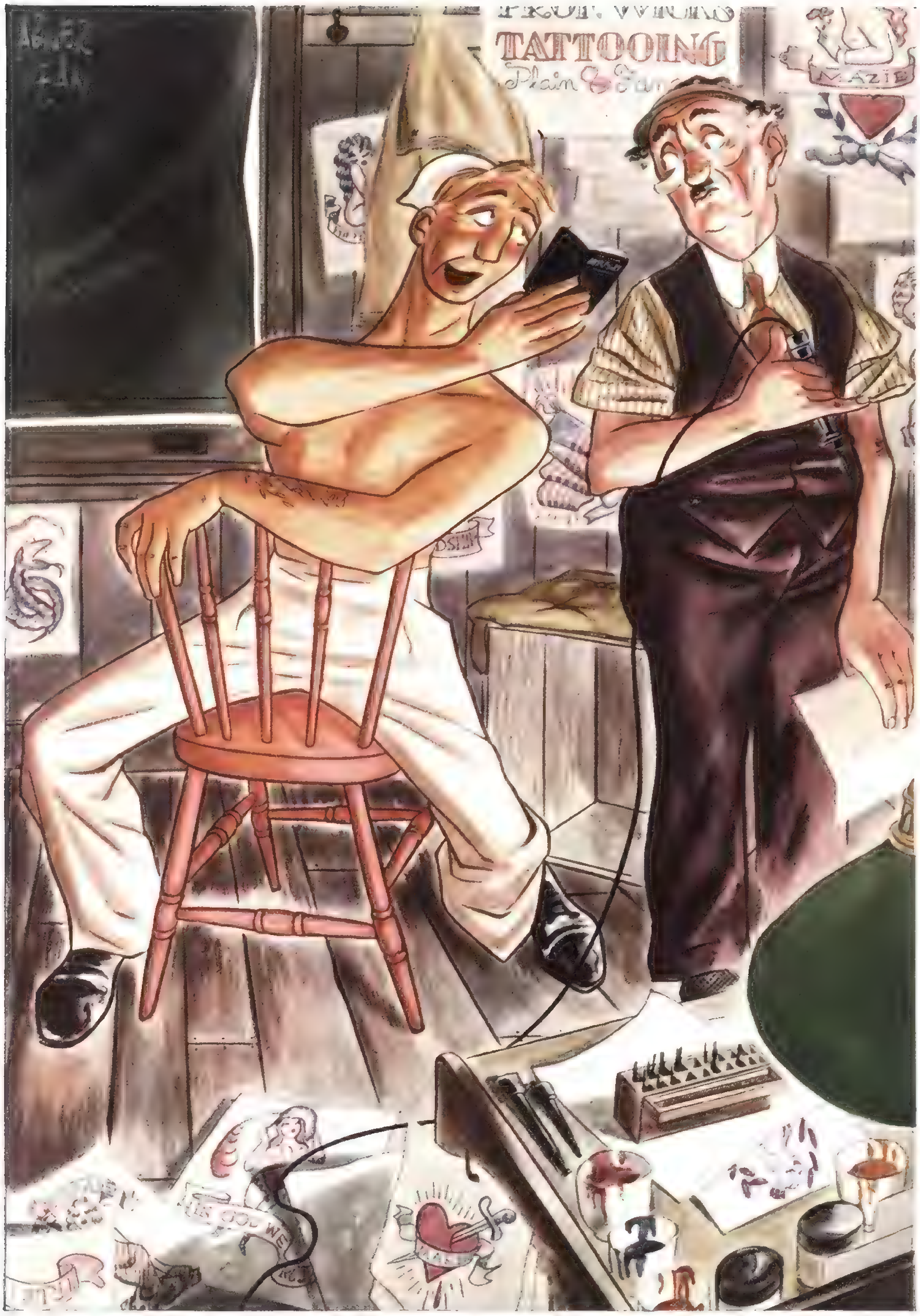


"How silly, darling—wealth means nothing to me. Say! You haven't gone bankrupt, have you?"


TATTOOING
Plain & Fan
MAZIE

"Just put on these telephone numbers—I'm always losing the book!"

The Success Secret

Willie was simply an honest guy who wanted to find out the secret of how men lived

by LOUIS PAUL

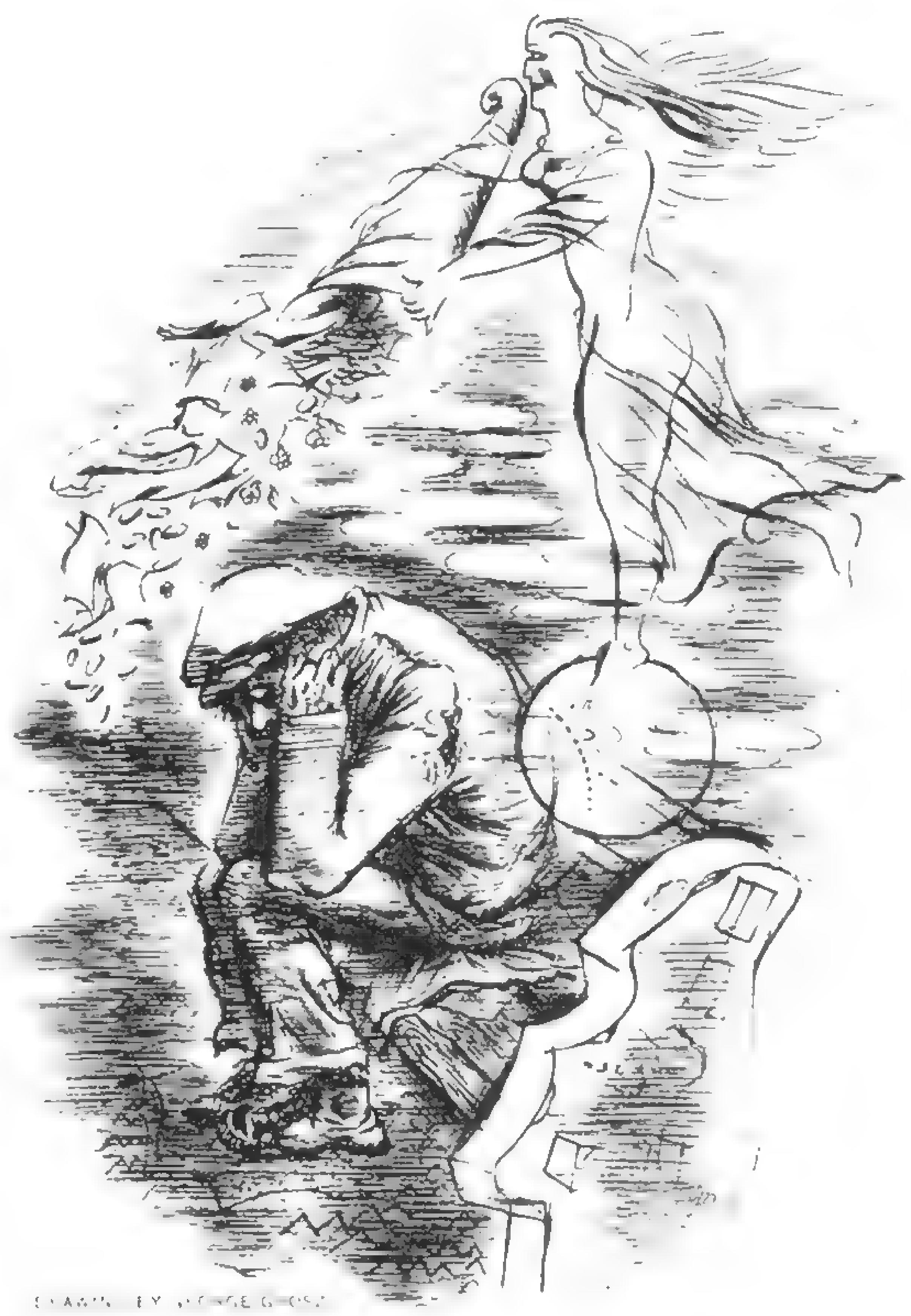
• FICTION •

Willie Cardo sat up on a cylinder press and fed sheets down to the guide. A row of grippers snapped each one away and it went around to sail down the tapes a wet impression of a golf club advertisement. In the years he had worked for Mr. Thikmus, Willie had bent every energy toward efficiency. He wanted to have his union card and achieve a reputation as the best worker in the business. And so he not only conscientiously tended to his lifts but read through everything that came off the presses, thinking that he too, if he worked hard enough, could some day be a member of a golf club. He would start a print shop of his own, and have an office like Mr. Thikmus, with a typewriter in it. This idea so fired his ambitions that for days he would work away furiously, to the amusement of the other men in the plant. Everybody liked Willie Cardo, though; they respected his quick efficiency, his high energy.

He watched mechanically the perfect register of the sheets as they spun into a neat pile at the head of the machine. The press ground along on the loop and the lift was running low. Willie wet his fingers on the glycerin rag and winded a wavy one. It stuck to the board and he shoved it down to the guides with his palms. The grippers came around and caught one finger and the skin on his wrist. He almost was hauled into the press before the flesh gave way. A spray of blood shot onto the golf club advertisement. Willie saw the gory mass of his arm and screamed. Mike kicked off the switch. The two boys on the Universals came dashing over. Mr. Thikmus burst out of his office. Willie forgot what happened. His arm began to hurt and he fell asleep.

He thought it was grand of them to treat him so nice at the hospital, all expenses paid. Mr. Thikmus was busy and couldn't make it, but Mrs. Thikmus brought him some carnations and he stammered his thanks, too flattered to think of anything intelligent to say. Pete Maggio and Mike came over one night, too. Willie was ashamed of himself for getting caught by the gripper—the best man in the business. A great lump came in his throat when he thought that he might never feed a press again. They were saving the arm, but the forefinger was gone, the middle one mashed. It would turn out all right, however.

The company lawyer came up. He was a pretty nice bird with a tickling humor in his voice that made one feel at ease in the presence of his importance; he told Willie stories about how the guys over in France got sliced up in ways that would make Willie's little nip seem like a maiden's caress in comparison. He guessed Willie had kind of fallen asleep up there. Willie was too ashamed inside to deny this angrily. He, who never took his mind off his work for an instant, falling asleep! But Willie said he guessed that was what happened, being so thoroughly ashamed of getting caught by the grippers. The lawyer thought he'd better sign a paper saying how he'd been asleep up there. Willie thought so too, being ashamed of himself. It turned out that he wouldn't be entitled to industrial compensation. Anyway, that was what the board decided when he came out. Unpreventable accident due to negligence on the part of employe. Willie supposed it was.



DRAWN BY GEORGE GROSZ

He turned about for something to do. Willie was lucky. He got a job in an office building as a porter. He went in at five in the morning and mopped seven or eight miles of tiles; in the afternoon he ran the freight elevator. After a month it came easier. There was a rhythm about mopping that was just like feeding. He got his body into the swing of it and then his arms and shoulders didn't ache so badly at night. The trouble was with the hours—from five in the morning till eight at night. It made a pretty long day. Willie got thin. Then he caught cold one day wringing out the mops in cold water, and was home for a week. They had to put on another man in the meantime. They told Willie they were keeping the other man because he was bigger and stronger and helped fire the boilers between times.

Willie figured it was just a run of tough luck. If a guy wanted to work there was always something for him to do. He sat in the park, tired from walking up one street and down the other, and tried to figure it out. There must be room for a good man in a world so big and so rich. The trouble was with hands, perhaps; people who owned yachts and limousines didn't get rich working with their hands. Willie guessed the secret was up in the bean. A guy had to use his head, and it didn't make so much difference if he had two good hands or not.

Willie wasn't sure, however, just how one started out to use one's head. He had little schooling, no friends. He began to get discouraged. The secret of life was something that eluded him. His clothes became frowsy and ragged, his stomach seemed to cave in, his legs became weak, and he wandered about as though in a dream. One day he was sitting in a dime movie dump, half asleep. The picture was about a bunch of crooks. One of them was a pickpocket, and he was training a boy to help him. Every day the boy would have to practice for hours at home. There was a tailor's dummy with a coat draped over it. Several rows of little brass bells had been sewed on the coat. The boy would try to take a wallet from the inside pocket without ringing a single one of the bells.

Willie Cardo got up and filed through the smelly aisle dreamily. He sought a passementerie shop where he remembered having seen such little brass bells, bought them cheap, went back to his stinking tenement, sneaked in through the cellar in order to avoid seeing the landlord, sewed the bells painstakingly on an old coat and set it over a chair on the table. Hour after hour he trained his fingers, cursing the necessity of using his left hand. It was over a week before he could control those vicious little

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You Can't Sleep with Women

There is more than one reason why sleep is the last thing a man gets in his marriage bed

by ALAN MAC DONALD

• SATIRE •

Most men find sooner or later that sleeping with women is one of the arts—the art of self-defense. Totally unprepared for what happens to them, they are plunged by tradition into the unheralded Battle of the Bedroom, armed only with the most meager previous experience. Their struggle for sleep is immediate and unending. It covers a period of twelve or fourteen night-years spent with women in unstrategic horizontal position. They may fight valiantly at the beginning but eventually one and all find themselves weakened refugees from the coveted regions of rest—for they just can't sleep.

When we say sleeping, we mean simply that. The writer-wrought credo of the predatory male is pure bunk. Men are mere babes in a bedroom. The story-tellers usually have conventions of men chasing one woman but even the wily widows will tell you the exact reverse is true in non-fiction existence. It is entirely plausible, then, to assume that the sleep-killing tactics of women is purely force of habit, a carry-over from constant pursuit routine.

Not having the background of a Casanova or a Cellini, we are devoting this short treatise to the morphetic rather than the erotic antics of our feminine sleeping companions. Millions of words have been written and spoken on human love caperings. But the wealth of information stops right there. No diagnostic panacea has ever been offered for that age-old cry of a man in the night: "My God, I've gotta get some sleep."

Our findings have been based upon numerous unexpected and unplanned observations over a period of years, and upon unwilling complaints of fatigue-racked friends during their frantic search for surcease. So, in order to promote a more general discussion of this universal and too long soft-pedaled subject, let us enter the bedroom.

Passing quickly over the more commonly recognized disturbers of masculine sleep—the Cover Pullers, the Snorers and Groaners, the Window Arguers, the Get Up and Goers, the Food Munchers, the Arm Huggers, the Wheezers and Grunters, the Leg Tossers, the Medicine Takers, and the Which Side of the Bed Janglers—we will attempt to classify the Nine Major Invincibles.

1. The Neck Nosers. Of all sleeping companions, these are the most irritating and hardest to curb. They cleave to conquer. Their devilish artistry begins with the slipping of a casual arm over the chest of the unfortunate clunk who happens to be at their side. This is usually accompanied by a sleepy sigh indicating that they are not clearly conscious of what they are doing. Within the next few moments, the Barnacle Beautiful has settled a soft chin quite definitely upon the man's weary shoulder. When this is accomplished, he finds he is securely anchored on the lee-side. If he offers no resistance at this stage, her final gesture is a short upward tug accompanied by a slight inward heave—and a face rests in the hollow of his unwilling neck. Wisps of stray hair begin to tickle his nostrils with deadly insistence. The annihilation of his rest has now been completed to the last bitter detail.

2. The Inching Rollers. Closely allied to the Neck Nosers, this group is larger in point of numbers and individual silhouette. Their size range varies from 44 to 52, since they are effective only in these dimensions. They are the Big-Way sleep dispatchers. A series of fitful rolls in conjunction with an inch by inch crowding method constitutes their slumber disturbing tactics. They can be elbowed, shouted at, kicked, but they keep on inching with unabated vigor and remarkable placidity. When their victims find themselves poised at the edge of the bed, they may make a resolute struggle while the final inching goes on. Ultimately they must choose between yelling like a lumberjack or walking stealthily around to the lately departed other side. Relief through the latter course is, at the best, only temporary. The vanquished ones find that their own body-heat or slightest movement acts like a magnet to their pursuers who seem able to reverse themselves automatically. No matter how active they have been during the day, these sufferers must keep on traveling unmeasured distances throughout the night.

3. The Brides of Frankenstein. These are the gals who inspired that classic query: "When in hell are you going to get into bed?" Their annoying prelude to sleep involves long intervals in front of the bathroom mirror and the dressing table. Face creams are rubbed on, then rubbed off. Yards of cleansing tissue are used. Lotions, astringents, hair fixing contraptions, and sometimes head caps or chin guards, must be put on before they can lie down to rest. Lights glare long and grievously into the eyes of their male bed partners. When the buttery apparition that has been a healthy flesh and blood woman finally approaches the bed, her companion views her with unfailing amazement not unmixed with distrust. The fright-mask never looks the same twice in succession and he is unable to acclimate himself to these multitudinous identities. The disturbances caused by this group, once they have arranged themselves rigidly in bed, changes from optical to olfactory. Conglomerate odors ride the air. In gaseous stupor, their fagged victims sometimes make incoherent outbursts about "the good old soap and water days." But the Frankensteiners regard these demonstrations as inconsistent, irrelevant and unimportant.

4. The Eternal Glamorists. Diametrically opposed to the Butter Belles of Group 3 are the Glamorists. They never give up. Going to bed is to them a ceremony and they go through their adroit devices with a gusto that is astonishing. They have a flair for good-looking night gowns, pajamas, lounging robes, and negligees. No oily creams or headgears for them. They always look their best. They can toss a robe over a chair with the grace of a movie siren or strike an informal pose with pointed carelessness. They are cozy. They like to sit on the edge of the bed for a last cigarette or trail around the room talking brightly about very little. A lot of attention-compelling gadgets are strewn by them within easy reach—smart magazines, modern poetry volumes, cigarette accessories, and sometimes a bedside radio, or a miniature bar for a chatty cocktail. Their main contributing annoyance, according to irritated consorts, is that they can't or won't relax—even in bed. They go right on posturing, talking, and glamoring with fatiguing intensity—and the older they get the more hectic they become.

5. The Mattress Fighters. These are the Can't Get Set-ers. No matter in what position they try to find sleep, that position seems uncomfortable. They continually "wrassle" the mattress. When they first get into bed, they'll stretch quietly at full length for a moment. Suddenly they'll hurtle sideways twisting themselves into an acute letter S. They'll rear up and pound the pillows repeatedly. Emitting spasmodic yawns and little grunting noises, they'll

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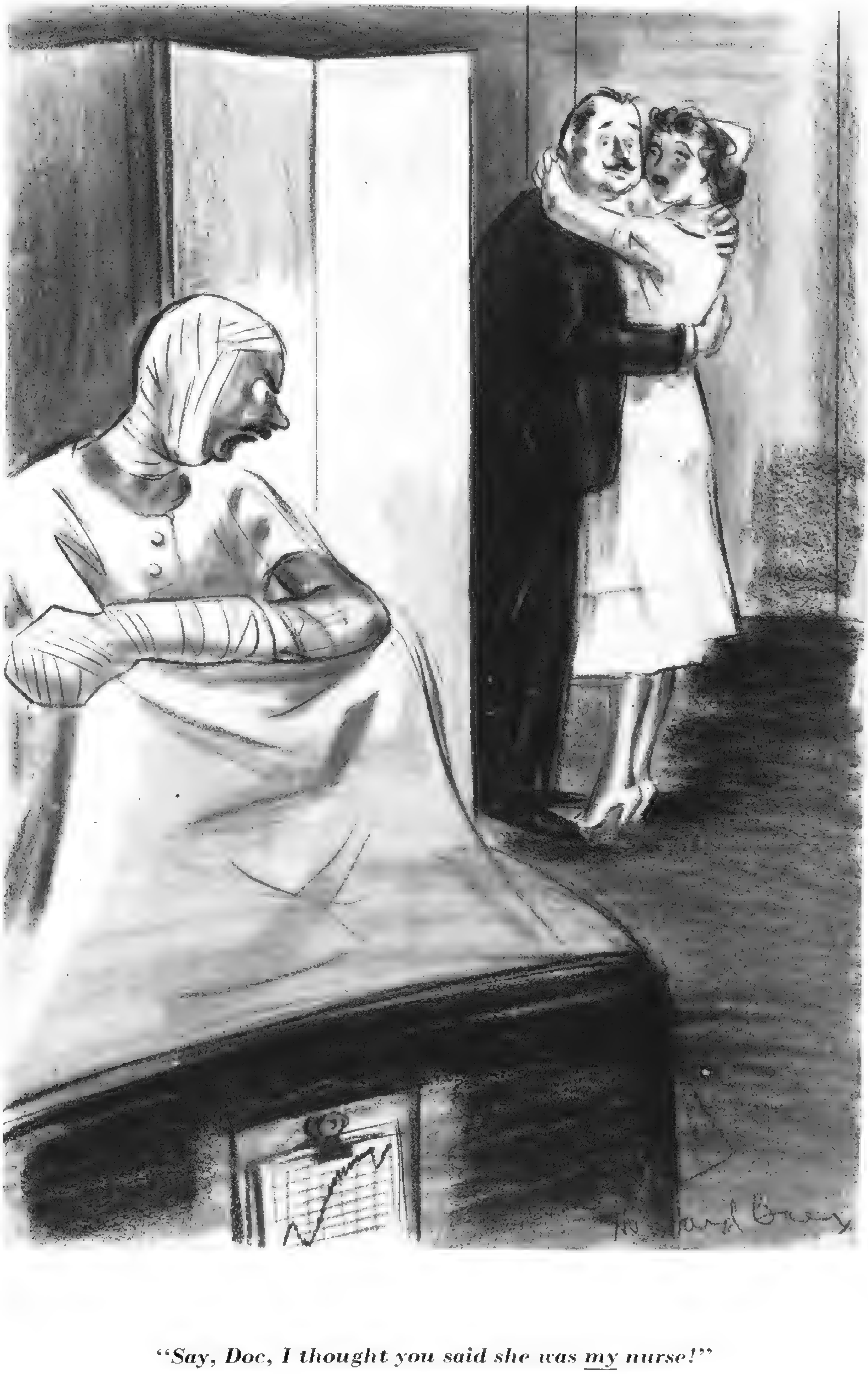


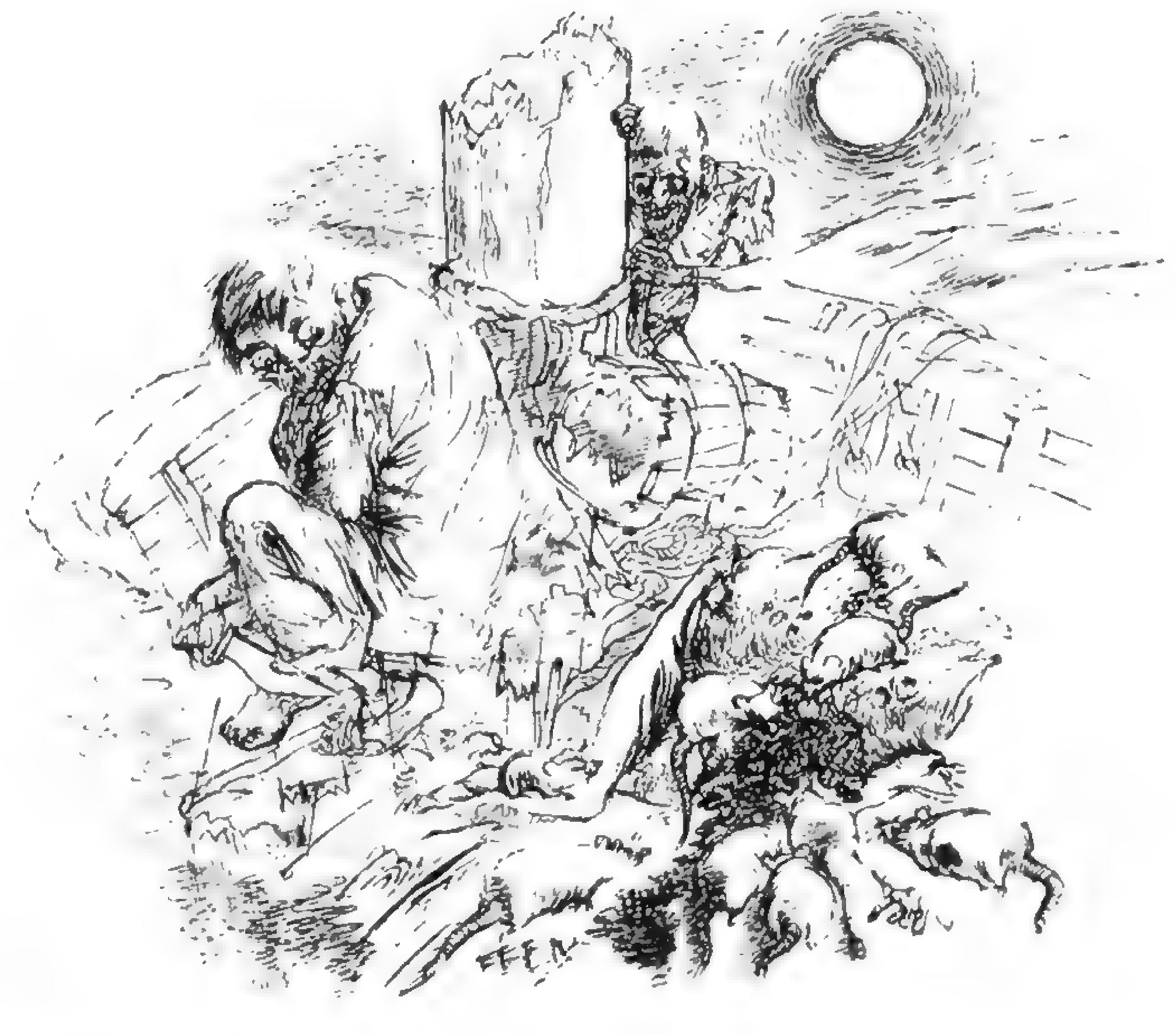
"Say, Doc, I thought you said she was my nurse!"

Horror on the High Seas

No one need have died, but for the insane selfishness that pervaded the well-named *Medusa*

by HANSON W. BALDWIN

• SEMI-FICTION •



DRAWING BY GEORGE GROSZ

The Hundred Days had ended—the days that shook the world. The *Armée du Nord* was scattered and broken; the bodies of the veterans of the Napoleonic wars lay rotting on the ridge of Waterloo. Murat rode no more, and on a lonely South Atlantic isle Bonaparte was prisoned.

Peace had come, and with it Louis XVIII—*Le Désiré*—fat and gouty, "a clever, hard-hearted man, shackled by no principle, very proud and false." The wars were over and to defeated France a generous enemy had returned the colonies raped from her by force of arms . . .

It was June 17, 1816, and in the roadstead of Rochefort, the 44-gun frigate *Medusa*, Captain LaChaumareys; the *Echo, corvette;* the *flûte La Loire*, and the brig *Argus* were casting towards the sea.

Schmaltz, new Governor of Senegal, sent with a small expedition by Louis XVIII to take over the French colony from the British, stood upon the after deck of the *Medusa*, his hand, ruffed in its lace and velvet sleeve, tapping impatiently on the breech of a gun. Below and about him crowded soldiers, sailors, clerks, engineers, doctors, women—scoundrels and students, pimps and prostitutes, riffraff and respectability.

There were Napoleon's veterans—fresh from the wars, scarred, hard-bitten, rough, "scum of the French prisons," many of them, irascible, hating their officers. Huge Colonials, their black, shining faces marred with bluish tattoo marks, towered above swarthy Spaniards. The stiff, tight-jacketed guardsmen with their plumed shakos and tight-fitting trousers contrasted with their scarlet-coated officers, the dandies of the Restoration.

The ladies were attired and garnished as befitted their stations in life; some—with elaborate coiffures and the great flaring bonnets popular with the return of Royalty—wore redingotes, warm against the sea air. These were standing apart in a small group already nervous at the thought of the great sea and the dangers it might bring. The others, the bourgeois women, were plainly dressed and obviously less nervous, while one or two *filles de joie*, painted, smiling, arch, were already looking about them, eager for a rendezvous. . . .

Through the press hurried the seamen in their flat hats, brass-buttoned jackets and flopping pantaloons, pulling on lines, walking the capstan round.

Slowly the *Medusa* got underway; the winds of the Roads filled her canvas and she eased towards the open sea. And thus, with a fair wind and an ebbing tide, this company of knaves and villains and ordinary folk—more than 400 of them crowded on the decks of the frigate—stood out to their fate.

From the first the expedition was a tragedy of errors. The *Medusa* nearly grounded in the Bay of Biscay, diverged about 100 miles from her course on the stretch to Madeira, but reached there on June 27th, and made Teneriffe on the 28th.

From Teneriffe she set out in company with the smaller ships on a haphazard course to St. Louis, Senegal. Captain LaChaumareys, at best an "indifferent sailor," bothered himself not at all with the navigation of the ship, but enjoyed his mistress and his wines, locked in his cabin away from the scum of the forecastle. Governor Schmaltz, his pompous dignity buttressed by his fine linen and soft velvets, whiled away the tedium of the sea voyage with wine and food, and the navigation of the *Medusa* was entrusted to a "man who knew very little about the coast of Africa and apparently still less about the sea." Rochefort of the Philanthropic Society of Cape Verde, a passenger aboard the *Medusa*, who had impressed the captain with his knowledge, took complete charge of the navigation of the vessel, though "his incompetence seems to have been patent to everybody on board except the infatuated captain."

The result was inevitable. The *Echo* (the other ships of the squadron had been out-distanced and left behind) set her own course towards St. Louis after her "desperate signals" to the flagship had been ignored, and the *Medusa* stood blithely and blindly on to ground on July 2nd on Arguin Bank, a well-charted shoal reaching out into the Atlantic for about 100 miles just to the north of Cape Blanco.

The grounding was followed by "wild disorder." "Terror and consternation were instantly depicted on every face. The crew stood motionless; the passengers, in utter despair," ran about the decks shrieking and searching for the Philanthropist Rochefort from Cape Verde. An officer struck Caroline Picard, daughter of one of the passengers; "much time was lost in doing nothing;" there was neither courage nor chivalry nor leadership.

The *Medusa* was not badly damaged; she had grounded but lightly, but Governor Schmaltz refused to allow his barrels of flour to be jettisoned; the Captain, torn rudely from the arms of his mistress, would not permit some of the frigate's guns to be pitched overboard; "they only pursued half-measures."

Even so at high tide the frigate momentarily floated, but with an incompetent master to help her she gave up the fight and settled wearily again to bed her keel down in the sand of her last resting place. The next day the sea made up and she was doomed. The great rudder swung half off its gudgeons and sweeping to and fro smashed "the stern to matchwood." Water leaked into the cabins; the decks bulged; the keel splintered. She would never sail again; it was time to leave her.

The six boats were large enough to hold only about 250 of her 400, but the coast of Africa was only sixty miles away and the fourth dawned clear with a gentle swell and an easy sea. There was plenty of food, no immediate danger that the *Medusa* would break up; rescue should be easy. But "no one trusted anybody;" the Governor and the Captain were interested only in their own safety and "cared not a whit for the safety of anyone else." There was a rumor of mutiny on the night of the fourth, but somehow out of the sinister chaos of undisciplined fear was evolved a plan; a raft was to be built "capable" of carrying 200 people with provisions, and the boats were to tow

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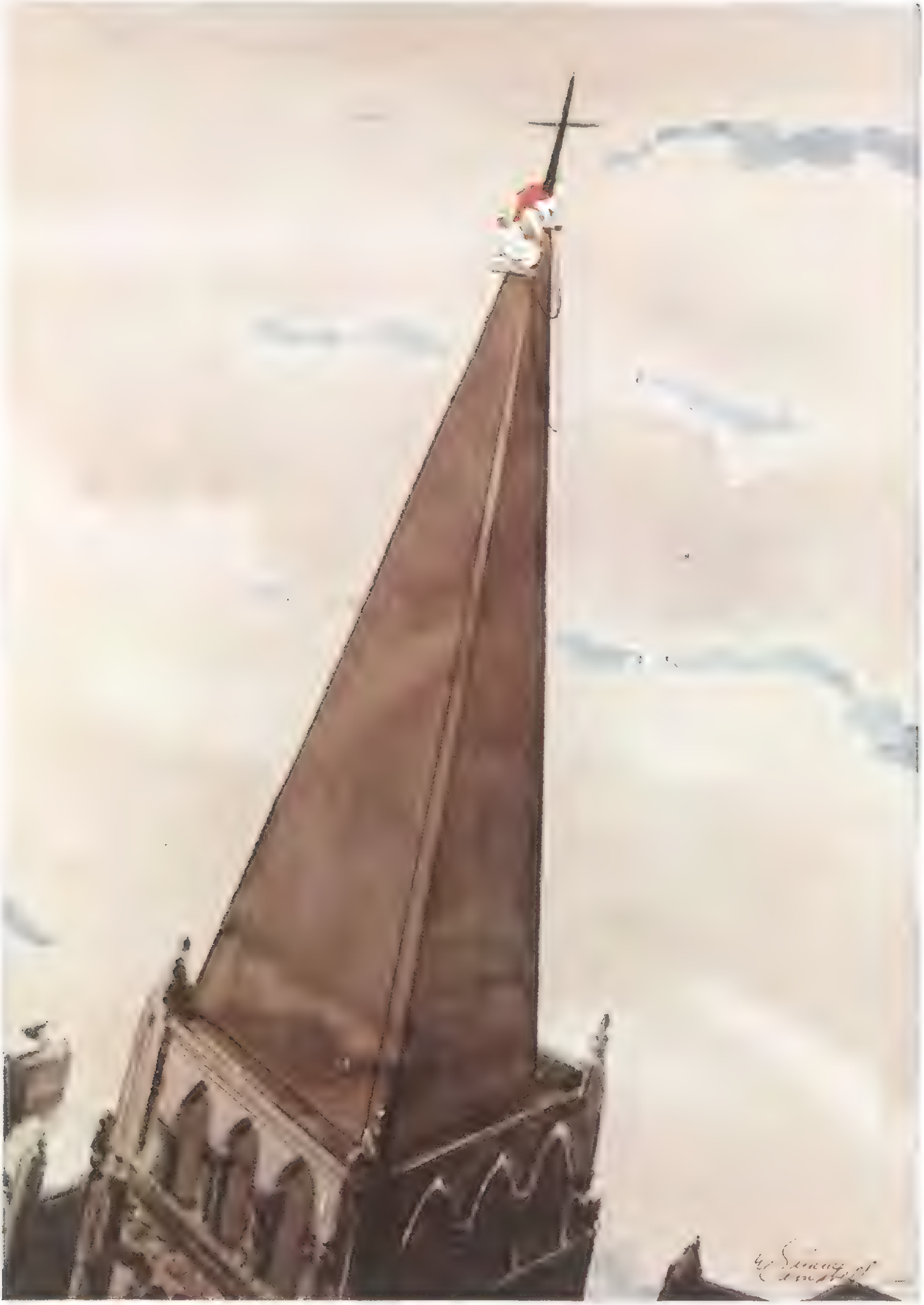
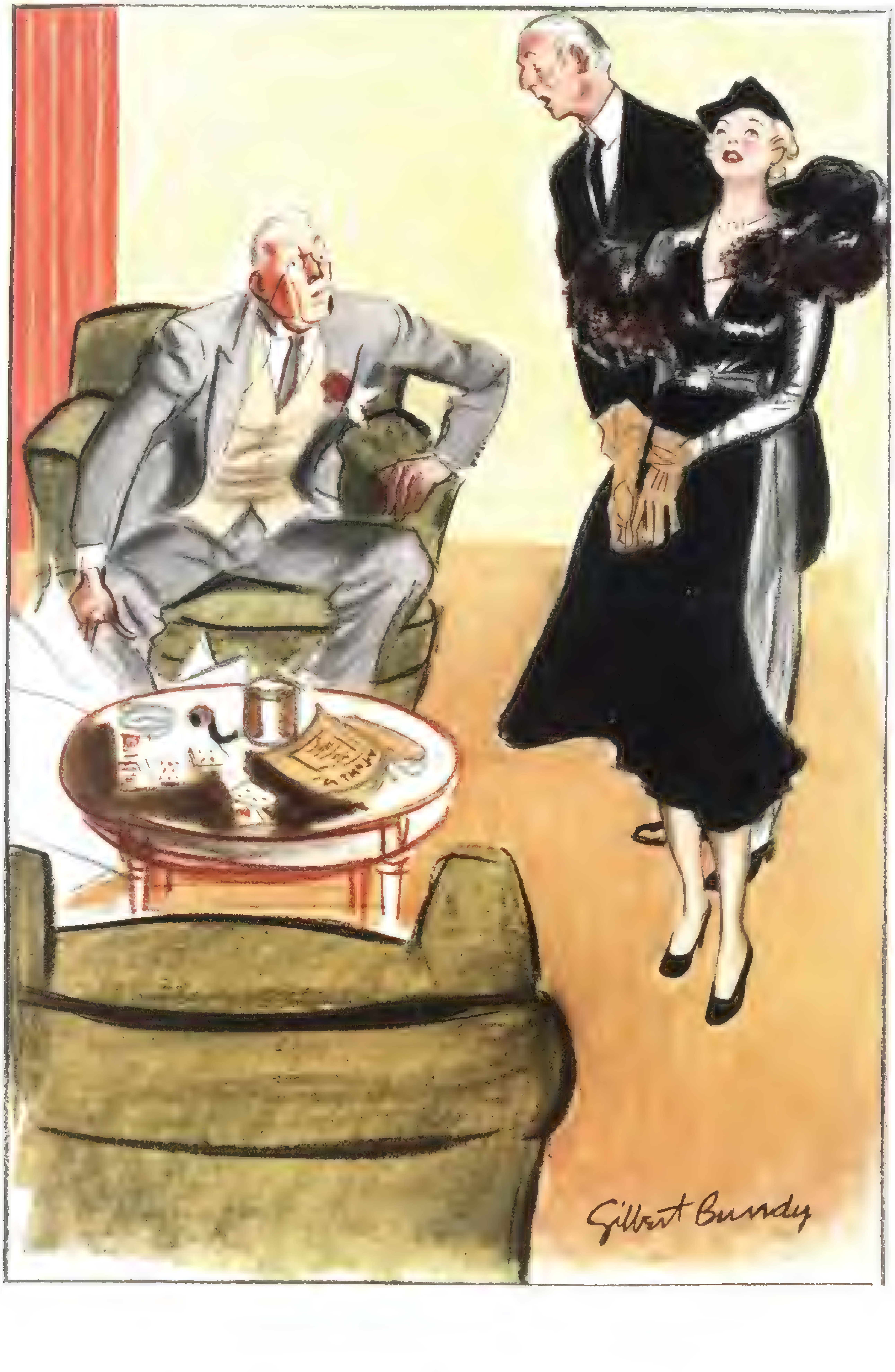


"You go down to the basement—and it's the first door to the left"


Gilbert Bundy

"Will this young woman serve as a stop-gap until Mrs. Smythe returns, sir?"

Football's Greatest Year

One thing the war produced was a football season still tops for talent and toughness

by JOHN McCARTHY

• SPORTS •

The season of 1919 was a golden autumn for football players and football followers. That grand old master critic, the late Walter Camp, who had witnessed practically every important football game from the eighteen-eighties on, enthusiastically and repeatedly stated that the 1919 season presented the most powerful combinations of experienced players he had ever seen. Besides many outstanding teams in 1919, there was literally a constellation of individual stars. Inspired, brilliant players whose names even today—some seventeen years later—are still regarded as synonyms for football perfection.

Grantland Rice, Bill Cunningham, George Trevor and others who have occasionally assumed the mantle of the late Walter Camp as the nation's foremost football authority have all frankly admitted that there has not been any season since that can be compared to 1919.

That year football followers saw, as Camp glowingly testified, any number of really powerful, experienced elevens; strong, hard-hitting linemen who knew how to open holes in opposing lines and how to tighten up on the defence. The backs, too, were skilful, speedy and resourceful. In fact, team play in 1919 was spectacular by its very simplicity, smoothness and strategy. Teams were evenly matched. Contrary to tradition, the proverbial small college setups for the big college varsities did not perform per schedule. That season no eleven, regardless of whether it carried the colors of a fresh-water college or those of a major university, was a pushover. Upsets galore happened every week.

The extraordinary number of superb teams coupled with the profusion of tradition-breaking upsets week after week in 1919 marked the beginning of national recognition for football. Hitherto, eastern teams were automatically deemed the best in America. Only a few outstanding critics would admit that football was actually played west of Pittsburgh or south of the Mason and Dixon line. 1919 radically changed this attitude. After this particular season, Harvard, Yale and Princeton were no longer the accepted greats of footballdom.

True, Harvard that year, thanks to the elusive Eddie Casey, did manage to eel through the season without a defeat but the Crimson's schedule was not exactly heavy. Frank Cavanaugh's Boston College lads were very rude guests at New Haven. Defying time-worn custom, B. C. up and smacked Yale 5 to 3. A similar outrageous breach of hospitality was performed the same Saturday at Princeton by upstart West Virginians who smothered their Tiger hosts, 25 to 0. No two such startling upsets had ever happened in any previous season.

Then, just as the eastern sports scribes were beginning to explain away the ascendancy of small college teams, typified by Boston College and West Virginia, as early season flukes, out of the deep South came tiny Centre College to become the year's sensation. Centre stopped West Virginia and went the entire season without losing a game.

So impressed with Centre was Walter Camp that he selected two of its players, Bo McMillan and Weaver, for his first All-American eleven—the only college thus honored. This alone is ample evidence as to how 1919 smashed football tradition.

Before 1919, apparently Camp, a son of Old Eli, sincerely believed that good football was only to be had at New Haven, Cambridge and Princeton. Perennially his All-American selections seemed to indicate this. Invariably they were composed exclusively of Yale, Harvard and Princeton players. Now and then Camp would include a Hollenback from Pennsylvania, a Spears from Dartmouth, a Barrett from Cornell, a Thorpe from Carlisle, an Oliphant from the Army or an Eckersall from Chicago—magnetic and soul-stirring performers for whom he could not justifiably substitute a counterpart among the players of the so-called Big Three.

Camp's 1919 selections are significant because they pertinently expose how this spectacular season completely reversed his deep-rooted opinion. Only one Big Three player was chosen, namely, Eddie Casey of Harvard. Camp's first All-American team for that year, as published in *Collier's Weekly* was left end, Higgins, Penn State; left tackle, West, Colgate; left guard, Alexander, Syracuse; center, Weaver of Centre College; right guard, Youngstrom, Dartmouth; right tackle, Henry, Washington and Jefferson; right end, Heinie Miller, Pennsylvania; quarter, McMillan, Centre College; left halfback, Casey, Harvard; right halfback, Harley, Ohio State; and fullback, Rodgers, West Virginia.

In these All-American selections, the Pacific Coast is conspicuous by its absence of representation. However, in all fairness to Critic Camp, Coast football had not yet, in 1919, come into its halcyon days. At that time, Glenn Warner, who later was largely responsible for the emerging of the Pacific Coast into the national spotlight, was still coaching at Pittsburgh. Nevertheless, Oregon, Washington, Stanford and California had fairly good teams in 1919 but they were not comparable to the squads which they developed later in the nineteen-twenties.

As usual, the Midwest with Ohio and Illinois had elevens which were as good, if not better, than any in the East in the 1919 season. By comparison with Ohio State or Illinois, Indiana that year had a mediocre team. Yet, ordinary as it was, Indiana was able to trip Syracuse which had defeated in turn Pittsburgh, Army and Colgate—all top-flighters among the eastern teams.

Unless America has another war, football is not likely to have another great year like 1919. Here's why. The war was the important contributory factor which made that season the greatest in football history. By the Fall of 1919, all the college lads had been mustered out of service. Consequently, there was a super-abundance of veteran football material available to every coach, regardless of the size of his school.

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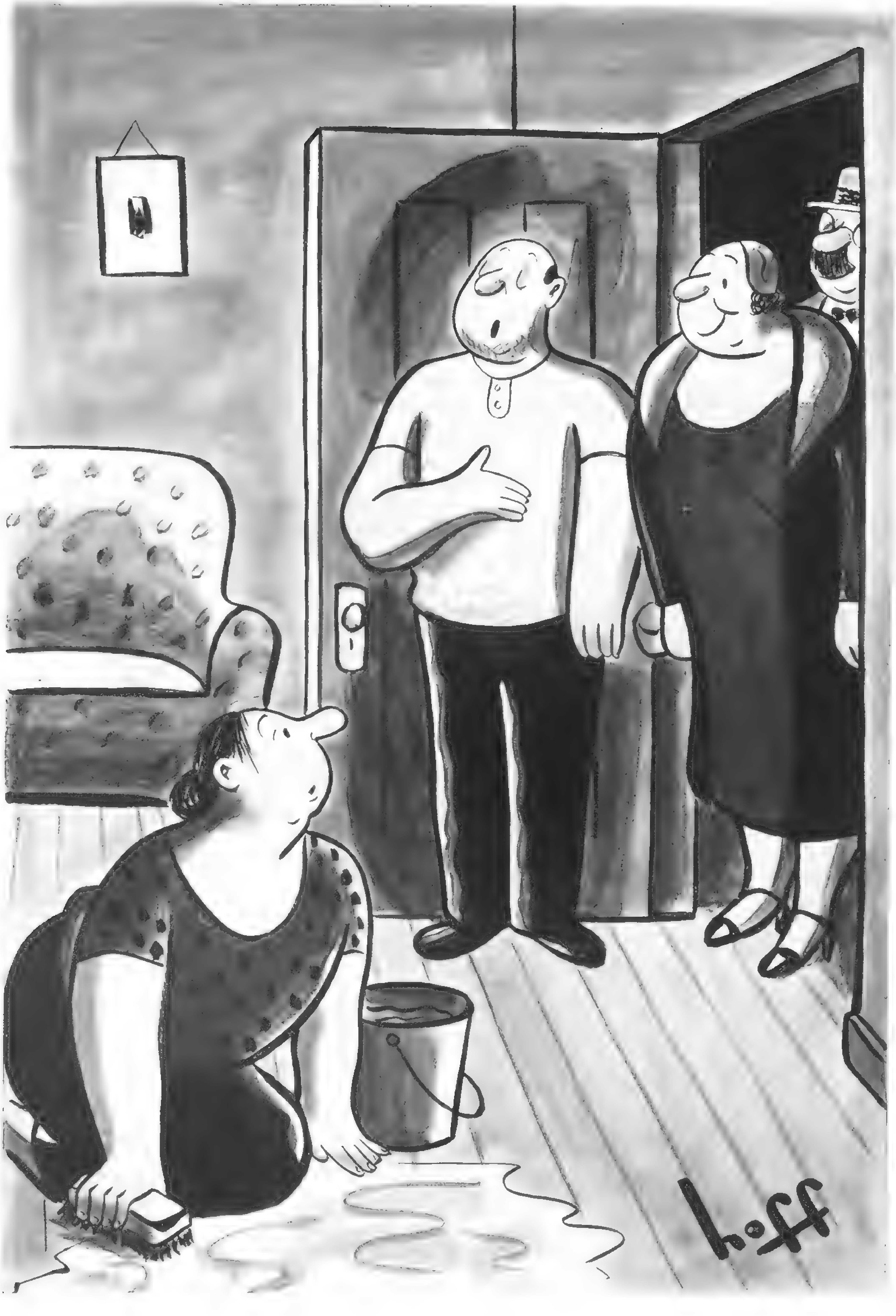

"Social workers, Pet—Shall I give them the ums-bay ush-ray?"

The Traveling Widow

She was a good honest woman who took her child and her bed along, wherever she went

by W. C. CAPEL

• FICTION •

SWIRLING dust, splashing up from the sun-baked road, cast a greyish pall on the smooth black of the widow's dress as she sat, impervious alike to sun and buzzing insects, on the seat of the rickety wagon. Sand racers leaped among the tufts of wire-grass lining the road and in the brazen sky great buzzards circled over the tiny retinue that accompanied the body of Lige Watters to the cemetery to see that it began in decent fashion its period of disintegration.

Sweat poured from the seamed faces of the men as they shouldered the rough pine coffin from the wagon and set it clumsily on the timbers crossing the gaping grave. Two plowlines, one at each end, lowered the coffin silently into the waiting earth. The men stepped back, wiping the sweat from their eyes, as the parson, stiff in newly bought overalls, began the singsong burial service.

"Gathered here to commit . . . mortal . . . Lige Watters. . . ." The murmuring voice came to the widow, still seated atop the wagon, in a series of disconnected phrases. "Married thirty years . . . seven children . . . cropper . . . ashes to ashes . . . amen."

"Thop" the clod of dirt burst hollowly on the coffin. "Amen" said the widow.

As the men began to slowly ladle the loose dirt into the grave the crowd broke into small groups.

"Want I should drive you home, Miz Watters?" asked a cropper, not unkindly.

"Reckon not, Jim, much obliged."

"Aim to stay in these parts long mam?" a widower this last, making the opening gesture.

"Ain't aimin' to" replied the widow. "Giddap Dobe."

The traces groaned as the mule slowly backed, turned, and began the slow drive homeward. As impassively as ever the widow sat on the seat.

Soft night noises filled the squalid yard. A battered bureau leaned on a tipsy leg, silhouetted against the faint new moon. From the porch came the muffled sounds of straining bodies as the widow and a boy struggled with a heavy bedstead.

"Damn Maw" protested the boy. "This here thing is too heavy fer the two of us to git on this here waggin, let's leave hit too."

No answer. Presently the strain of muscular effort was followed by a satisfied sigh as the widow sat on the front step and surveyed the bed resting in the body of the small wagon, almost filling it with its bulk.

"Aim to take that bed with me," she said. "Brung it here when I come from N'oth C'alina to Georgy thirty year ago to marry Lige outen the paper. Bore seven children in it. Let Lige die in it. Been hongrey in it. Don't aim to leave hit here fer no little trip over Statesboro way."

"This whole business don't seem fitten' to me," opined the boy. "Paw ain't been dead more'n two days yit and we're leavin' already."

"Don't reckon he'll keer now, leastways I hope not. I done prayed over hit. I done my best by'im, and we can't stay here noway. Mr. Brown ain't got no use fer a widder woman and you ain't to say growed to man size yit. The tother children is all scattered, and they ain't aimin' to come here and I shore ain't aimin' to settle on nary one of them . . . sides, I don't rightly know where they're at."

"Where at's this place we're agoin?" asked the boy.

"Done tole you." Determinedly the widow rose. "We done got all this truck we want. Git in."

Protestingly the wagon creaked out of the yard and down the sandy road. A half mile farther the widow pulled up in the yard of a nondescript house as like the one she had just left as only the appalling poverty of the deep South can stamp dwellings.

"Sam Weatherby," she called, "come here."

"Howdy, Widder Watters . . . come in and set . . . well, I'll be dog, you ain't aleavin' in the night-like air ye?"

"I am. I'm agoin' over at Statesboro to stay at . . . to stay at a relative-like. I've left a pile of truck fer you that I ain't rightly got no use fer down at the house, in the yard."

"Thank ye, mam, but . . ."

"Tell Mr. Brown I've left. Tell him . . . git up Dobe . . . tell him," she spat, "To go to hell. Goodbye Sam, I'll likely not see you no time soon."

Cicadas crackled in the woods as the plodding mule paced the tardy miles. At intervals the widow would draw up in the roadside shade and mop her face with a broad bandanna. To the boy, fretfully dozing on the straw mattress of the great bed, she gave an occasional word, but for the most part she drove steadily, her eyes straight ahead on the narrow road.

As evening brought its sudden surcease from the grinding heat and the mule began to quicken its pace in contemplation of nightfall, the boy whimpered.

"I'm hongrey maw, and torred."

"Et all that bread?"

"Yes'm."

"Stay hongrey then."

In the faint distance, in the peculiar pinkish glow of the slow southern sunset, there loomed a fairly respectable farmhouse. Its square ugliness was garbed now in the passing dignity of the fading day and the dirtiness of its paint, and the litter of its yard were dimmed. The tired mule turned gratefully into the yard in response to the reins.

"Howdy," called the widow from her seat.

"Howdy." the response from the porch was friendly but reserved.

"I'm a widder woman . . . this here's my boy . . . I'm agoin' over Statesboro way and we're a mite torred. Reckon a body could git a place to sleep and a bite to eat hereabouts?" It was a statement more than a question.

The owner of the place came leisurely down the rickety steps. Dressed in conventional overalls his bare feet raised little puffs of dust as he walked. In the evening dusk he appeared to be of about sixty years, tall and gaunt, with his long chin covered with the coarse stubble of a scanty mid-week beard. He looked over the odd conveyance silently.

"Light," he invited. "Glad to hav' you stay here. I ain't to say crowded a bit. I'm a lone widower."

The widow climbed stiffly down. The boy sat on the edge of the bed.

"Maw," softly, "I'm still hongrey."

"Reckon the man'll let us use his range an' I'll git you some vituals."

"Why shore mam, shore. The stove's thar in the back. Reckon the pantry's kind o' mussed like. I ain't much of a hand with vituals but reckon you kin git along. Meantimes I'll take out yore mule for you."

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Demonotonization

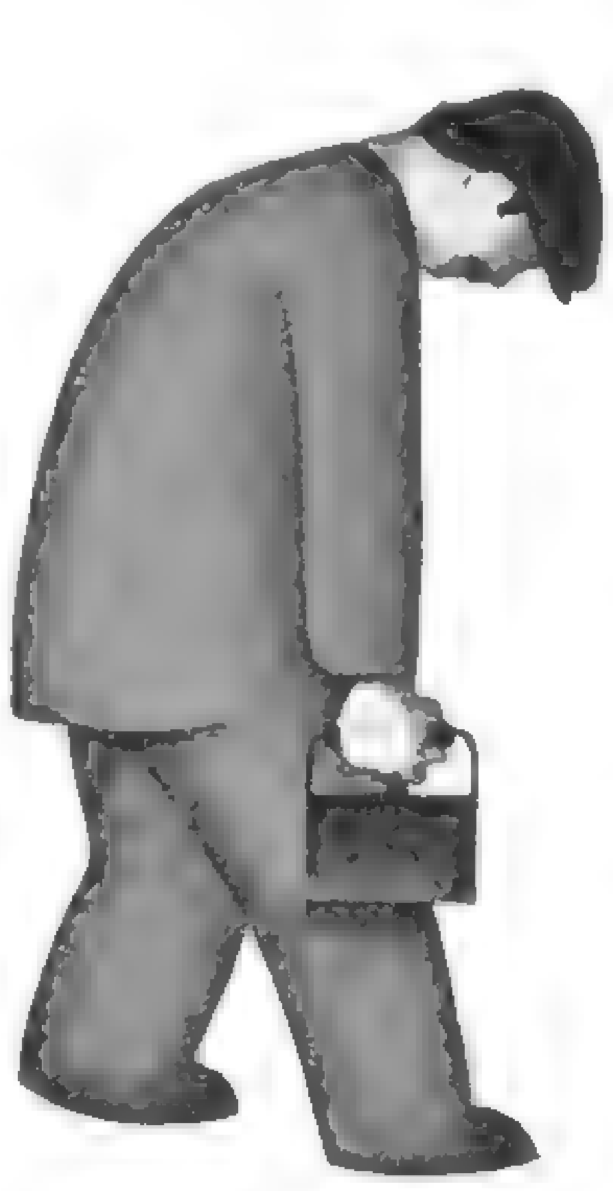
How man's mind invents games for itself in order to break the routine of repetitious jobs

by MARTIN PANZER

• ARTICLE •

Nature abhors a vacuum; human nature abhors monotony. Perhaps there is a relationship, for monotony is a sort of mental vacuum which the mind automatically struggles to vanquish. The devious methods contrived by the mind to accomplish this end are deserving of more than passing attention.

By far the largest proportion of genuine monotony (monotony must not be confused with ennui) is to be found in industrial plants and factories. Here, in the pursuit of happiness and daily bread, men are compelled to repeat endlessly purely mechanical motions which, if their minds were not constantly fighting and inventing ingenious diversions, would surely drive them mad in a relatively short time.



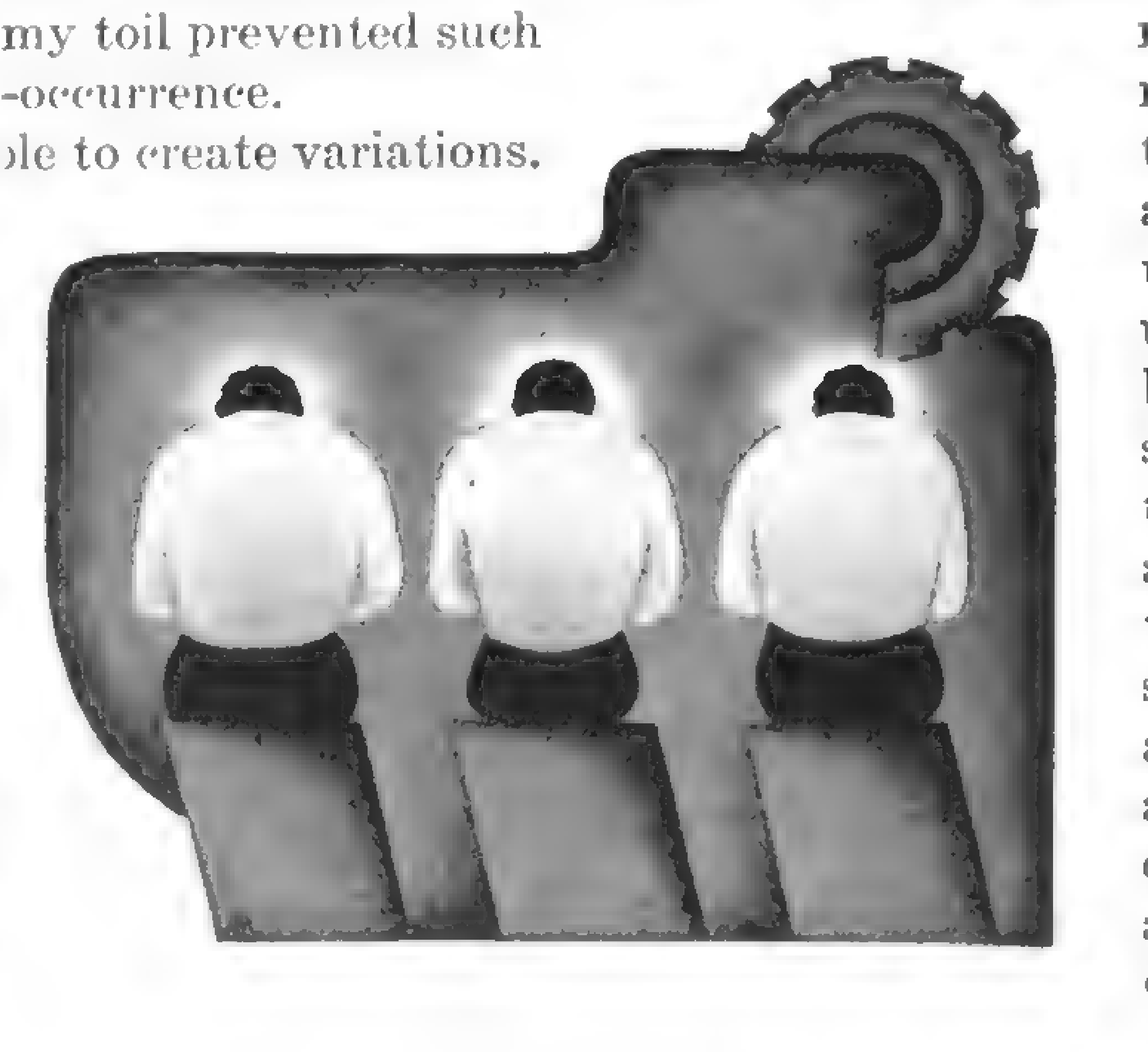
A totally unplanned series of observations and experiences in manufacturing establishments and other commercial organizations has convinced me that numbers, just numbers, singly and in combination, are the greatest preservers of the national sanity. Next in importance I would rank colors, followed in varying degrees of moment by smells, sounds, touch sensations and time. I omit entirely from consideration conversation with fellow workers, since this languishes in the face of monotony (except in the case of very young girls) and since conversation is at any rate frowned upon by employers in general as not conducive to maximum production.

My own first actual encounter with monotony occurred when I was about fifteen years of age. School was out for the summer and I was about to begin my ten weeks of vacation at a footpress in a toy factory. It was my job to stamp holes into little round disks of metal which were to be used as washers on toy wagon wheels. The foreman showed me how to place the disk on the jig and force a punch through it by pressing down the treadle of the machine and then releasing it to prepare for the next washer. I was told that for my nine dollars a week I was expected to punch eleven thousand holes a day after a day's experience. The novelty of the job and the vision of the nine dollars kept me more or less happy for the first two days. Then monotony, relentless monotony, set in. Perhaps the nearest I can come to describing graphically the dreadful sameness in pushing my leg down on the treadle eleven thousand times a day and allowing the treadle to lift my leg back eleven thousand times a day is to say that on the fourth day of my employment, after repeating the down-up, down-up, down-up I knew not how many times, I thought it was four o'clock in the afternoon and had a vague recollection of having had my lunch. As a matter of fact, however, I learned by calling out to one of the boys who owned a watch that it was only ten-thirty in the forenoon!

It was on the last day of the week, when I had decided that no matter how urgently my mother needed the money I could not go on, that I discovered the magic formula for the partial destruction of monotony and thereby managed to continue at work for the balance of the summer and pay off the mortgage on the old homestead. My press was equipped with a counting device that registered into five figures the number of holes I punched. On the day of which I write I happened to glance at this counter. It had been set at zero at the beginning of the week and now registered 54,777. Somehow the three sevens in juxtaposition struck my eye with a peculiar pleasantness. It occurred to me that it would not be long before it would read 55,555. The thought was like a long, cool draught of water after a week in a blinding desert dust storm. Now that I had something to work for, something worth while, the minutes flew by. On the road to my goal I had such delightful minor experiences as 54,888, 54,999, 55,000 (the three zeros were particularly satisfying), 55,111, etc., etc.

55,555 appeared and I paused for a moment or two to gaze at it. I won't pretend that its arrival sent me into ecstasy. Nor will I say that I found it interesting for any considerable length of time. But that it did something definite and effective to ease the monotony of my work there is no denying. Although it might seem to the reader that similar combinations would in the future become in themselves monotonous, it did not work out that way. Perhaps the far greater monotony of my toil prevented such a reaction to their re-occurrence.

Then, too, I was able to create variations. For instance, my counter might register 32,950 and my goal might be 33,333. I subtracted mentally and said to myself, "385 to go, 384 to go, 383 to go." The contrast of the rising number on the counter and the lowering number in my mind was as counterpoint in a Beethoven Sonata, and if that be a pun please regard it as unintentional. There was a gradual crescendo culminating in a crashing of the cymbals and the drums as 33,333 met zero.



A friend of mine whose occupation was that of a job press feeder discovered still other variations on the number motif. Of course, job press feeding is not quite so monotonous as the work I have described above, for printing runs end and the new jobs take their place with all their differences in reading matter and color and size. Too, with the increased use of automatic machinery only short runs are fed by hand. But even five thousand letterheads in and out, in and out, in and out, in and out of a printing press can cause a temporary spell of monotony sufficient to require battling with to prevent the escape of an occasional scream.

My friend would take a lift of blank sheets and estimate at a glance how many sheets were in the lift. Then, as he fed, he would watch the counter to see how nearly correct was his guess. He would bet himself fifty or a hundred impressions that he would be within ten of accuracy. It mattered not how he fared. The interest was just as intense when the estimate was far off as it was when he came close. Then would come the payoff of the impressions he had bet himself. That particular fifty or one hundred always had to be fed and always assumed a special importance in his mind.

I have seen girls in a packing department stacking boxes in uniform piles and learned that they were able to estimate the time of the day by the number of equal piles already laid aside. It is obvious that they must have studied and observed time and quantities with intense interest to have achieved this knack. And it could only have been the will to defeat monotony that led to it in the first place. Probably one of the most maddeningly monotonous jobs is that of elevator operating. Here again it is up, down, up, down, up, down. In a busy building there is scarcely any pause between trips and operators are not permitted to converse with passengers. Some time ago I found myself alone in a car with the operator. We were in a twelve story build-

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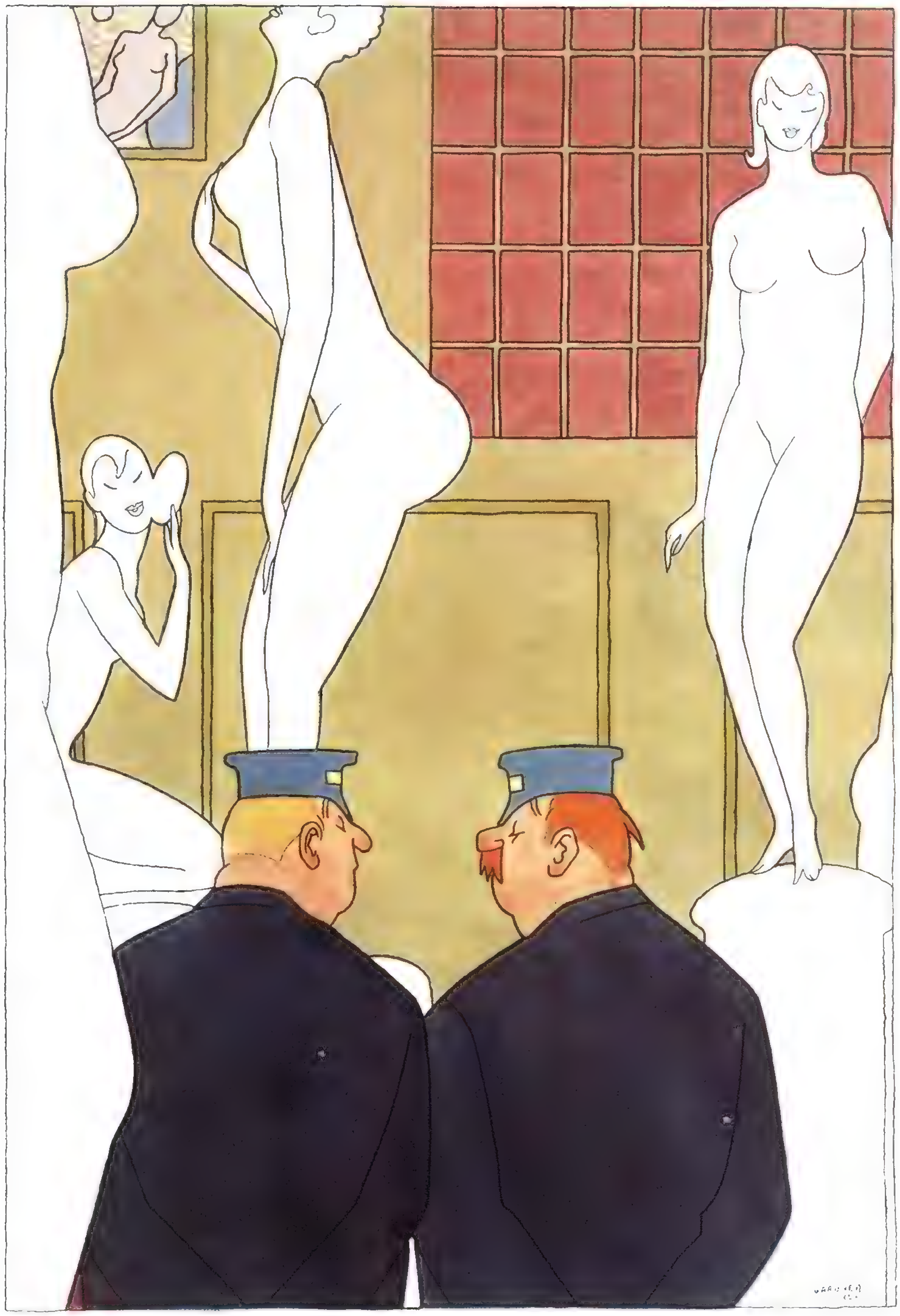
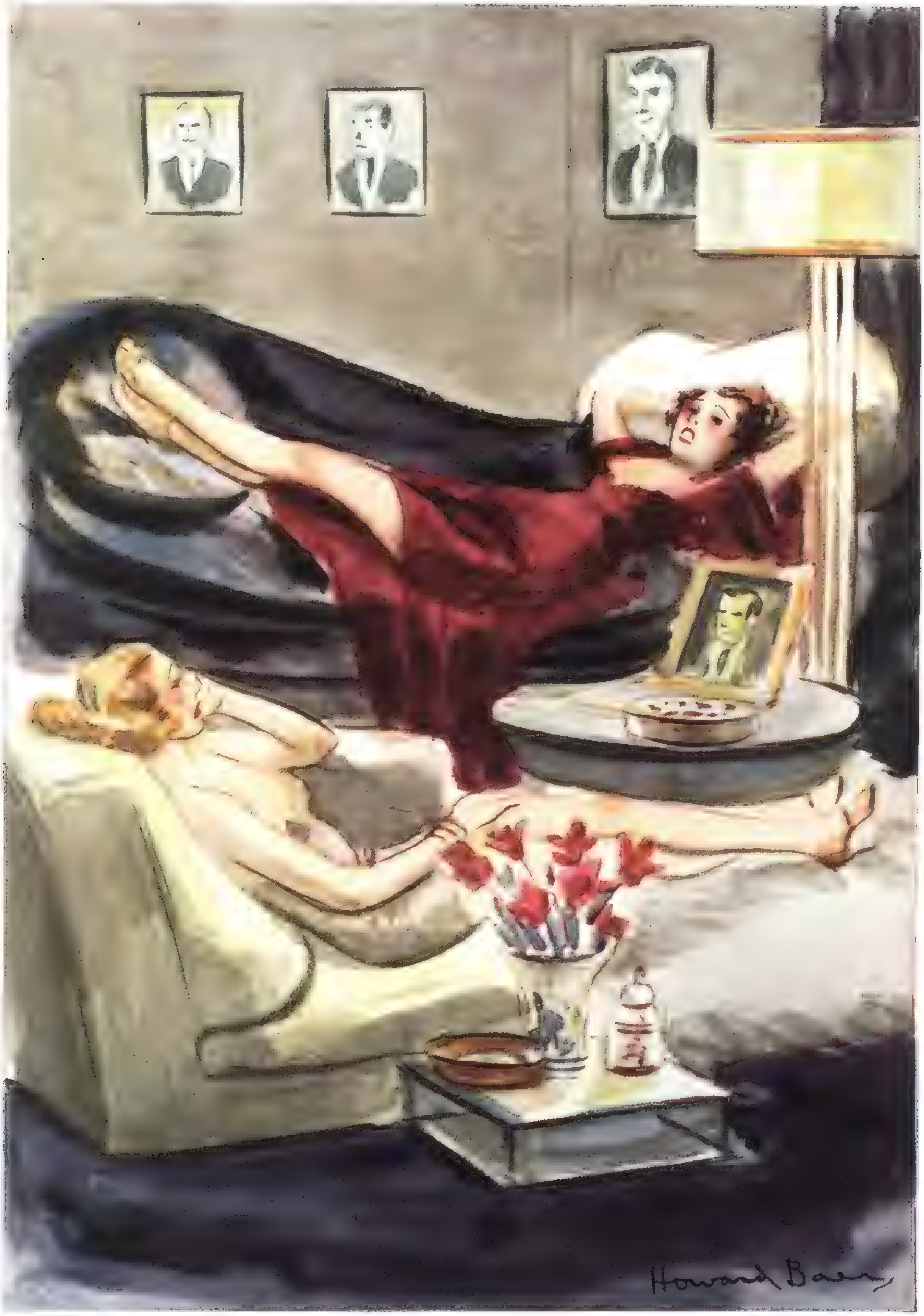


"It's good to get away once in a while—it takes a fellow's mind off his work"


Howard Baer

"I have four men in the Foreign Legion trying to forget me"

A Father Remembers

The child weighed no more than the sugar sack, and no less than a man's complete world

by JOHN McNAMARA

• FICTION •

KAY and Henry were a fine couple. I always liked to visit their little apartment and take dinner with them off the wabbly bridge table they used to set up in the living room, and then crowd with them into the tiny kitchen to help with the dishes. Sometimes on Sunday afternoons I would drop in and spend the whole afternoon sprawled out on the floor with their little son, Billy, reading the funnies to him, while they looked on with younger married set complacency. I had known them both for years, had ushered at their wedding, and long before that had played on the basketball team with Henry in the Church League.

And yet the note which I sent to Henry when I learned that the baby was dead was as stiff and formal as an engraved announcement. There was really nothing I could tell him; he already knew that he had my sympathy, whatever it was worth. All I could do was simply let him know that I had heard the news, so that he wouldn't have to tell me.

When he called me at the office a few weeks later, neither of us mentioned the baby, although the thought that we would have to talk about it sooner or later hung down over the conversation and flattened every word we spoke. He asked me very formally to drop around to the apartment that Saturday afternoon, and I told him I would.

He met me at the door in his shirt sleeves. While we were shaking hands I muttered something about the baby, to which he nodded his head almost absent-mindedly and disappeared into the kitchen, where I could hear him fussing with the ice cubes. I sat down and looked around the room. It was the same shining little vanity case as ever, and incongruously cheerful. The large standing lamp, pointed directly upwards, cast widening circles of light upon the ceiling; a table lamp at my elbow warmed the corner where I was sitting, and over in the opposite corner of the room a small student's lamp cast a narrow wedge of light upon the papers on Henry's desk. This was as it always had been, afternoon or evening. Darkness comes early to an inside apartment where the sunlight has to bend its way in second hand from a narrow center court, and Kay and Henry always depended upon the electric lights to make their place look cozy instead of merely small. We had always joked about the size of their apartment. "I hope there isn't too much to the idea that children are conditioned by the environment they grow up in," Kay had once said. "Because if there is, I'm afraid our little Billy, the kid, is going to grow up to become one of Singer's midgets."

I could hear Henry taking the glasses down from the kitchen shelf, and in a few minutes he was back again with a tray. "I haven't any soda for this," he said. "Is ginger ale all right with you?" I told him it didn't make any difference. We talked for a while about ginger ale and soda and plain water, and then about store ice as against ice cubes, both of us in monotones and without animation, like two strangers at a dull party.

It was Henry who finally turned the conversation. "Here's a funny thing," he said. "You know how everyone says that little girls like their fathers best, and little boys like their mothers? Well, it was just the opposite with Billy. For some reason he always seemed to like me best. I mean of course he liked Kay too, but he always seemed to like me more."

"Well, he probably liked you both the same," I said hurriedly, anxious to close the subject.

"No, you could tell," he insisted. "For one thing, he looked like me, and I think that made a difference. Another thing—I never lied to him. Of course, Kay didn't, either. But I mean I never told him about the bogey man, or anything like that. I always figured that kids ought to be brought up on the truth."

"Sure, that's the only way," I said.

He nodded his head slowly. "I think so, Jack. I think so. I was always pretty careful about things like that. Gosh, I admit I didn't give him an awful lot of room to grow up in, or a governess or anything, but there's a million kids that grow up without those things. Look at the kids in the slums." He was silent for a long while, still nodding his head slowly, like an old man or a drunk.

"Sure," I said. He looked up and waited for me to go on.

"Well—" I began, and couldn't think of a reply to make. "How's Kay taking it?" I asked him instead. "Pretty bad?"

"Yes, I guess she is. She's living over at her mother's now."

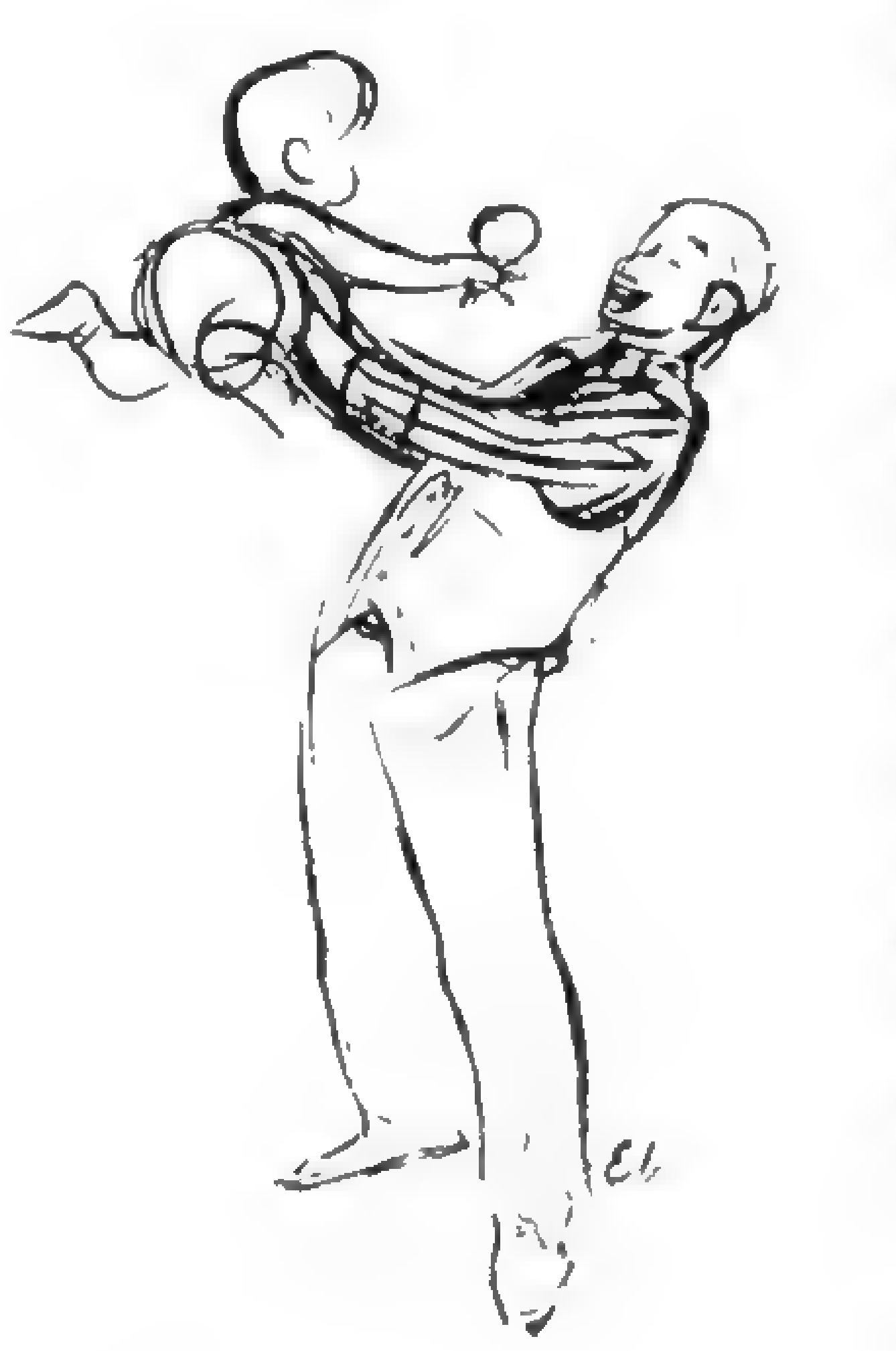
"Well, I suppose it's a good thing for her to get away for a while."

"No, it isn't that, Jack. No, Kay's through. She's getting out from under." He hesitated for a moment and then went on. "On account of Billy. You see, I was playing with him when it happened. Throwing him up and catching him. That's how it happened." His voice was as flat and expressionless and as completely disconnected from him standing in front of me as a voice coming by long distance telephone. "You're the only one that we've told, except for the doctor," he added.

He looked at me for a moment as though expecting me to speak, and then continued, "I'll tell you how the doctor looked at it. And maybe he's right. He figures that if it had to happen—if it *had* to happen, see—then that's the best way it could happen. Quick and sudden, see, when he's playing with his father. When he's happy, and everything."

I muttered something about it really being a beautiful thing, in a way, and he nodded. "That's the way the doctor figures it, anyway. And I know, myself, that it would be different for example, if, I lost my temper and hit him and it happened that way. Or if I left my razor out where he could get at it, or something like that. Gosh, I'd never forgive myself. But I didn't. Why, even before he was born I had the carpenter up to put a lock on the medicine cabinet, which he couldn't even reach, even if it was open. That's what I can't understand."

He went on and mentioned a dozen ways that accidents could happen to children, and explained how he had guarded against each one. "That's what I can't figure out. Why did it happen? What was it that should make it like that?"



There was no protest in his voice. He spoke as though he were stating a problem for which he expected to find a solution. "I just can't figure it out," he continued. "I know a lot of doctors say now that you shouldn't have anything to do with your children, but I still can't see anything in that. I wouldn't want to see a kid grow up without ever playing with his father."

"Of course not," I said. "There's no use trying to go back of those things. They just happen, that's all."

"I know it," he said. "But there are so many different things. Like well, I had a couple of glasses of beer that afternoon, and sometimes I get thinking about that. Not that I came home plastered and started to toss him around like a football. I'll tell you just what I had. I was down in the little

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Sailing in a Teacup

Anyone can afford to build a model yacht but it takes skill to trim your sails by inches

by ROSS FINLAYSON

▪ ARTICLE ▪

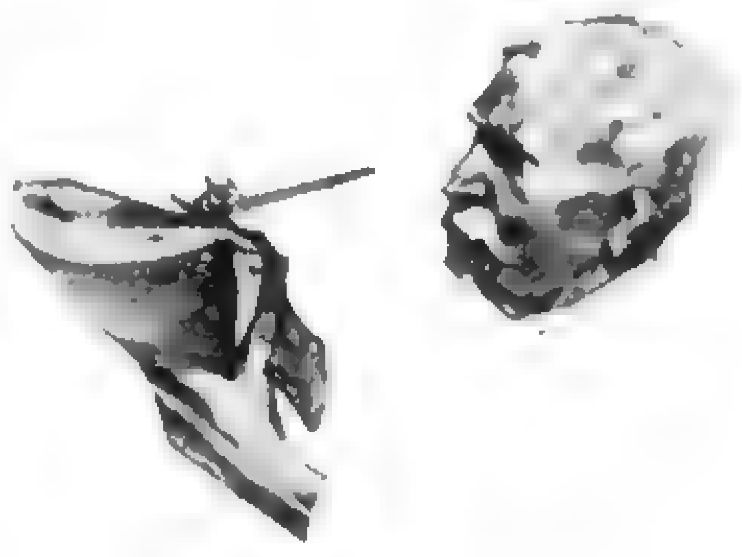
"IT'S a dirty shame!" I said to myself. "The idea of those grown men swiping their kids' boats, and getting all the fun out of it, while the kids can only stand by and watch. They should be damn well ashamed of themselves!"

Coming up over a little rise in the park, I saw in the distance, on the edges of what I took to be a wading pool, a dozen or so men, all eagerly maneuvering a fleet of small sailboats. Down on their knees, two men held their boats by the sterns, waiting till their sails puffed out with the wind; then at a command, gave a gentle push, and out across the water they shot, as neat craft as ever cleft water with keel. Up jumped their skippers, to lope around the edges of the pool, their eyes always on the boats, ready if necessary to keep them off the concrete abutment with their blunted poles, retrim their sails, and send them on their courses.

I expected, when I got closer, to see howling youngsters wistfully eying their confiscated toys. I had, you see, a sort of trains-at-Christmas idea of what was going on. It just happened that I was wrong on several scores.

To begin with, the pool was not a wading pool; though youngsters commandeer it during the week for their purposes. No, that pool—or basin, to give it its correct name—of circular concrete construction, and measuring four hundred and twenty-five feet from bank to bank, was built especially for the Chicago clubs of the Model Yacht Racing Association of America. And in the second place, those yachts I'd been eying were no toys. Their gallant sails, as they skim across the water, stand more than head high, and carry two thousand square inches of canvas. And those "toys"—I hang my head—measure from seventy to seventy-five inches in length, and represent the greatest precision and skill in boat building today.

Don't suppose that because you can take a flat bottomed tub out into the lake, and maneuver it around with a fair degree of success (provided, of course, that you know how to swim) that you'll qualify as skipper of a model yacht. The plain fact is that model yacht racing is one of the most sporting hobbies in the world; and when you go out for it, you're up against real sailors, with the tang of the salt breeze still in their nostrils. Of course, if you like a sporting hobby—and if you can match your nautical skill with a working knowledge of carpenters' tools—you'll still have time to qualify for membership in the association sometime next season, though you'd have to work like a house afire to get in by April, when the eight-month sailing season opens. In the meantime, you'll do well to study carefully some of the plans designed by members of the model yacht racing association; and the rest of your winter, you'll probably spend over your work bench, patiently manipulating glue pot and hammer and saw; planing your wood to a thinness requiring a hair-split precision; fuming over delicate metal work, and—if you're not superhuman—swearing at yourself for ever entertaining the idea that you knew how to build boats anyway. By the time you arrive at the painting and sanding job, if you're not ready for the nearest institution that makes society safe from people in your current state of nerves, you'll have taken on a second lease of pride, and your friends, in self defense, won't come to see you any more until you get that damn boat finished, and out of the basement. If you've been able to sell your enthusiasm to your wife, she may make your sails for you; but if salesmanship isn't one of your talents, there's no reason why you shouldn't order them from any of the several companies that specialize in sails for model craft. And at the first suggestion of spring you'll be out on the nearest pond in good weather and bad alike, testing the balance of your boat, sharpening your sailing skill, comparing points in construction with more experienced builders—in short, becoming a qualified model yacht skipper.



The interest in model boat building had its beginnings back in the days of sailing vessels; when a crew put out to sea and for a hundred days or more did not sight land. On calm days that might otherwise have grown monotonous, many a ship's carpenter spent his time building a replica of the vessel in which he'd shipped; or perhaps a bark he had seen in harbor, that had caught his fancy. An exact and true replica it was, and as seaworthy in its small way as the vessel in which its builder sailed. As steam vessels replaced the sailing ships of old, the interest in model building shifted from merchant clippers to designs of pleasure and racing yachts, and thus was born the modern sport.

The British, a sea-loving people by tradition, were the first to evidence a widespread interest. Years ago they began forming clubs, holding small inter-competitive regattas. Gradually, the interest spread to other nations; today there is an International Model Yacht Racing Association, with member clubs in five nations, and an annual regatta, to which are sent representatives from each of the member nations. The Model Yacht Racing Association of America, alone, has more than thirty clubs, extending from Massachusetts to Puget Sound, and with a sizable sprinkling throughout the Middle West. Not to be outdone by the more widely followed sports, the association even has its own publication, a thoroughly nautical journal, published in Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Two classes of boats meet the requirements of the Model Yacht Racing Association of America; the 50-800, or Marblehead, the simplicity of which makes it appealing to novices, and the Class A International, which is as sporting as any full sized yacht that ever contested for the Lipton Cup. The Marblehead, or 50-800, derives its double name from two sources; the fact that it was originated, some years ago, at Marblehead, Massachusetts, by Roy F. Clough, and the fact that it is fifty inches long overall, and carries approximately eight hundred square inches of sail. This model, a strictly American design, is immensely popular on this side of the water, though it has not been accepted by the International Association.

But if you are interested in knowing some of the measurements of the International Class A model—though I'd not try to build a boat from them, if I were you—you may have them, for what they're worth. The yachts are sloop-rigged; which means, in case you do not already know, that they carry a mainsail and a jib. Their length may vary from seventy to seventy-five inches from bowsprit to stern, they have a beam of approximately fourteen inches, and a total displacement usually somewhat in excess of forty pounds. They carry, as mentioned before, up to

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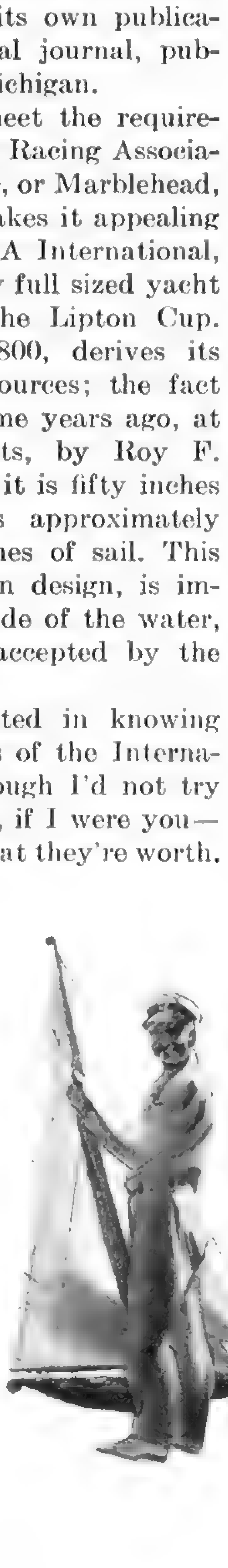

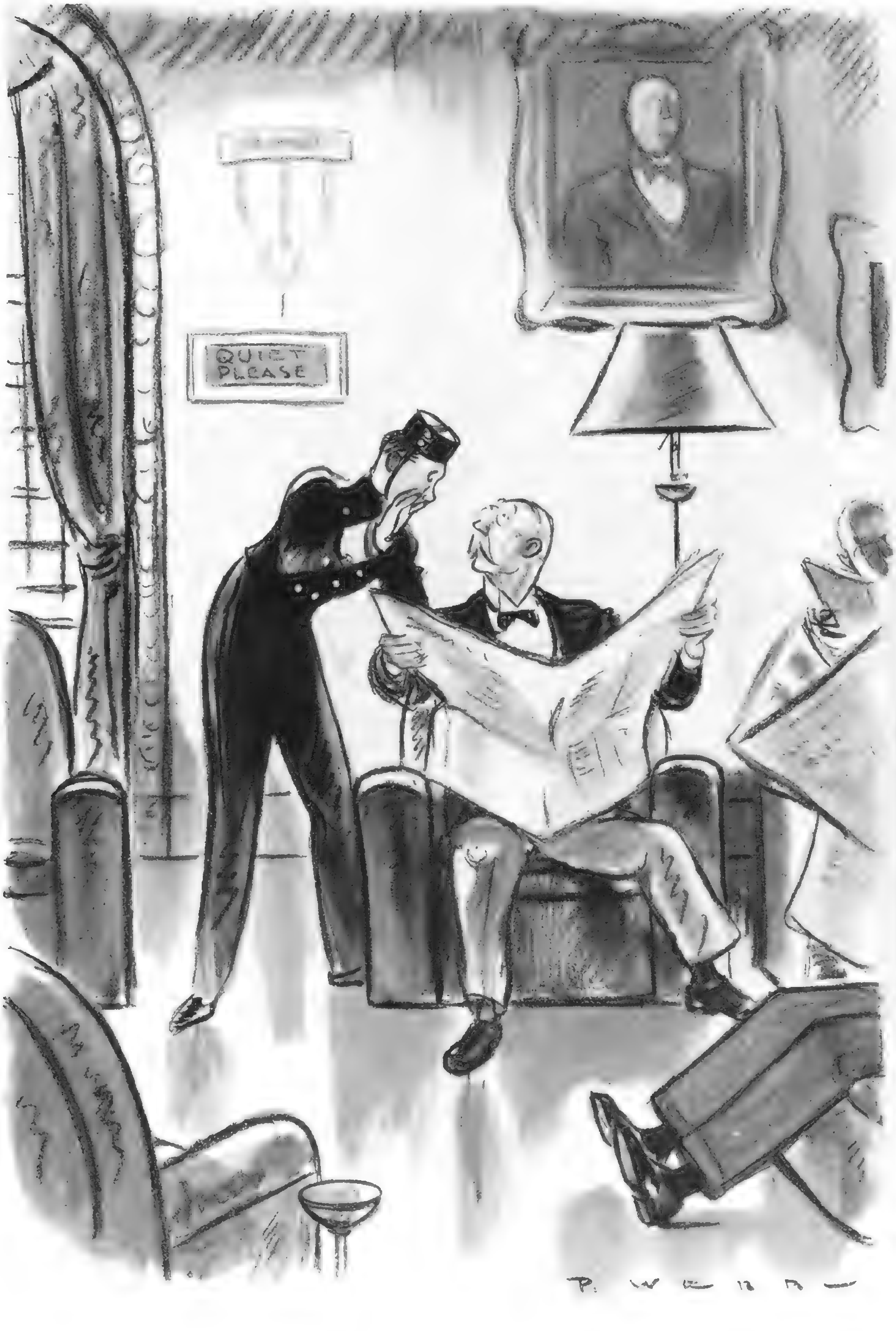
QUIET PLEASE
P. WEBB

"Psst!—Lulu's back in town!"

By the People

Several little lessons in the technique of counting votes, by an old-time Southern judge

by MARVIN COX

• SATIRE •

"You boys talkin' politics? Shucks, you don't know nothin' 'bout politics. Not the first thing. This little campaign don't amount to a row o' beans.

"One crowd's crooked and smart and the other crowd is honest and dumb. It don't make a dime's worth o' difference who's elected. If you boys like politics, you should'a' lived back in the days when we had to put the right crowd in or else let the niggers and carpetbaggers run us all out o' the country. It was terrible in those days; the niggers and carpetbaggers run over the white folks somethin' scandalous."

Judge Allen shifted his lean, time-worn body to a more comfortable position in the big rocker and pulled on his cigar. His eyes mellowed in the soft autumn sunshine that filtered through the red gold leaves and cast dancing shadows on the big front porch. The Judge gazed across the broad, brown lawn and up the dusty street where a lone mule wearily pulled a battered wagon. His eyes were on the scene before us, but his mind had slipped down the decades to his own vigorous youth; a youth crammed with politics, fights, law, legislation, women, horses, whiskey: years of leadership and honor when his word was law from one end of our big, cotton-growing county to the other.

Tom Tyler and I had called on the Judge to try and get his support for a ticket we were running in the county primary. Old age had crippled the Judge's influence, but his name retained some of its old weight among the country people whom he had befriended in the years of his prosperity. We wanted him to endorse our slate but he sat there in the sunshine thinking of other long forgotten campaigns.

We waited eagerly. Judge Allen was a forceful story teller.

"I recollect the first time I ever voted," he reminisced, "I was just eighteen but plenty big for my age and I didn't have no trouble passing for twenty-one. Besides, I was a mighty good shot in those days and I wasn't scared o' nobody challenging my rights.

"It must'a' been in '76 for I remember that Samuel Tilden was the presidential candidate and it was the first time that a Democrat had a chance since the war.

"The day 'fore the election my pa sent me over to my cousin's house on the other side o' the county and told me to spend the night there. He told me exactly what to do on election day.

"I was young and frisky in those days and just r'arin' to cast my first vote. We took lots more stock in politics in those days than you do now. Us white folks was fighting for our lives. Long 'bout daylight I got up and my old Cousin Jenny fixed me a fine breakfast of side meat and corn bread and coffee; then I saddled that little sorrel colt I had and lit out hell bent for election.

"My pa had done told me what to do and I did it. I rode that pony all day long and when I got home that night me and that horse was both mighty nigh dead. But I knew I had done a good day's work.

"I had covered every voting place in the county and cast my ballot exactly fourteen times. I was mighty proud o' myself that time for it was the first election the Democrats had won in that county since the war. We won by 'leven votes and I had the satisfaction o' knowin' that the fourteen votes I cast helped us to win.

"We elected Wade Hampton governor and Samuel Tilden president that year. 'Course they stole the presidential election from Tilden but they were scared to steal the governor's race from Hampton. My pa was a member o' Hampton's Legion and there was enough o' those hard ridin' rascals left around to go to Columbia and shoot hell out o' any man who tried to take Hampton's office away from him."

The Judge paused a moment and relighted his cigar. His eyes gleamed as he slowly puffed the cheap cheroot. In his seventy-eight years, the Judge had made and spent several fortunes, but his old age found him penniless and he smoked the "toofers"—two for a nickel—that his not too prosperous son-in-law allowed him. The acrid smoke seemed to stimulate his memory for he flicked his ashes out into the yard and began anew.

"We pulled a good one a couple of years after that. The Republicans, the carpetbaggers and some of the traitors who went over to them, they always rounded up the niggers and voted 'em in a body. They told 'em all that foolishness about freein' 'em and give 'em a drink or two and voted 'em right down the line. The Republicans poisoned 'em against us and we couldn't do nothing with 'em. Wasn't much we could do to win.

"Bill Sharpe was smart, though, and he figured out a good trick.

"The Republicans always got the ballots and marked 'em for the niggers and all they had to do was go to the polls and drop the ballots in the box. They didn't know who they were votin' for and they didn't give a damn. It was a terrible situation being

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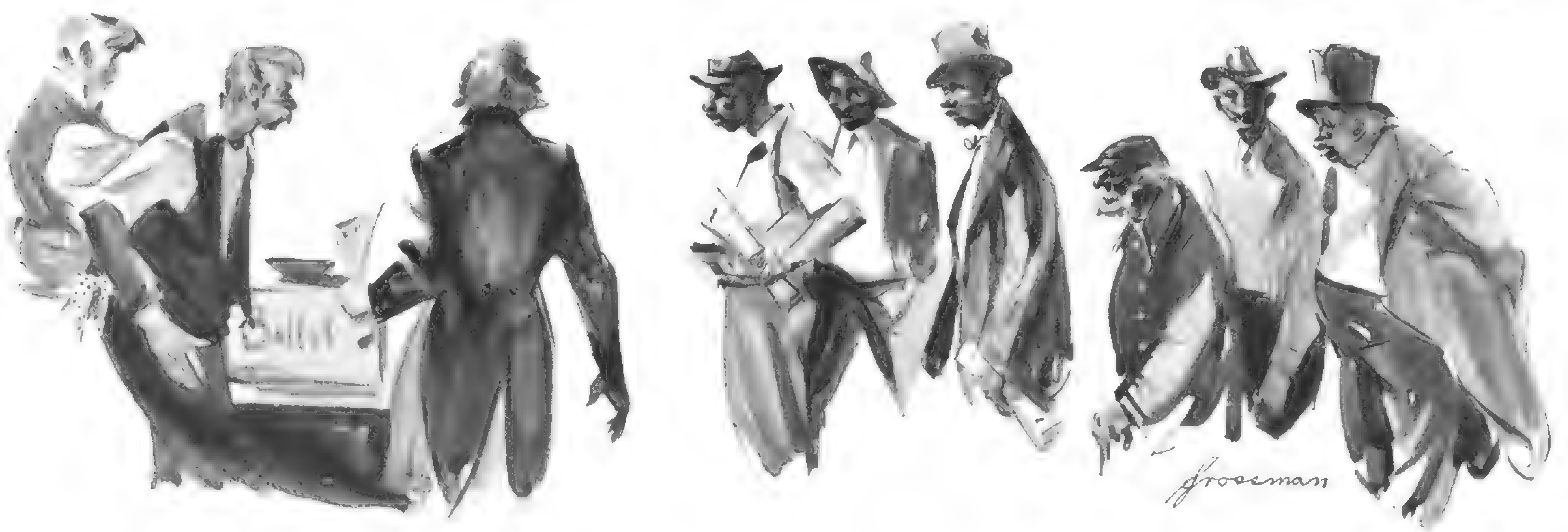
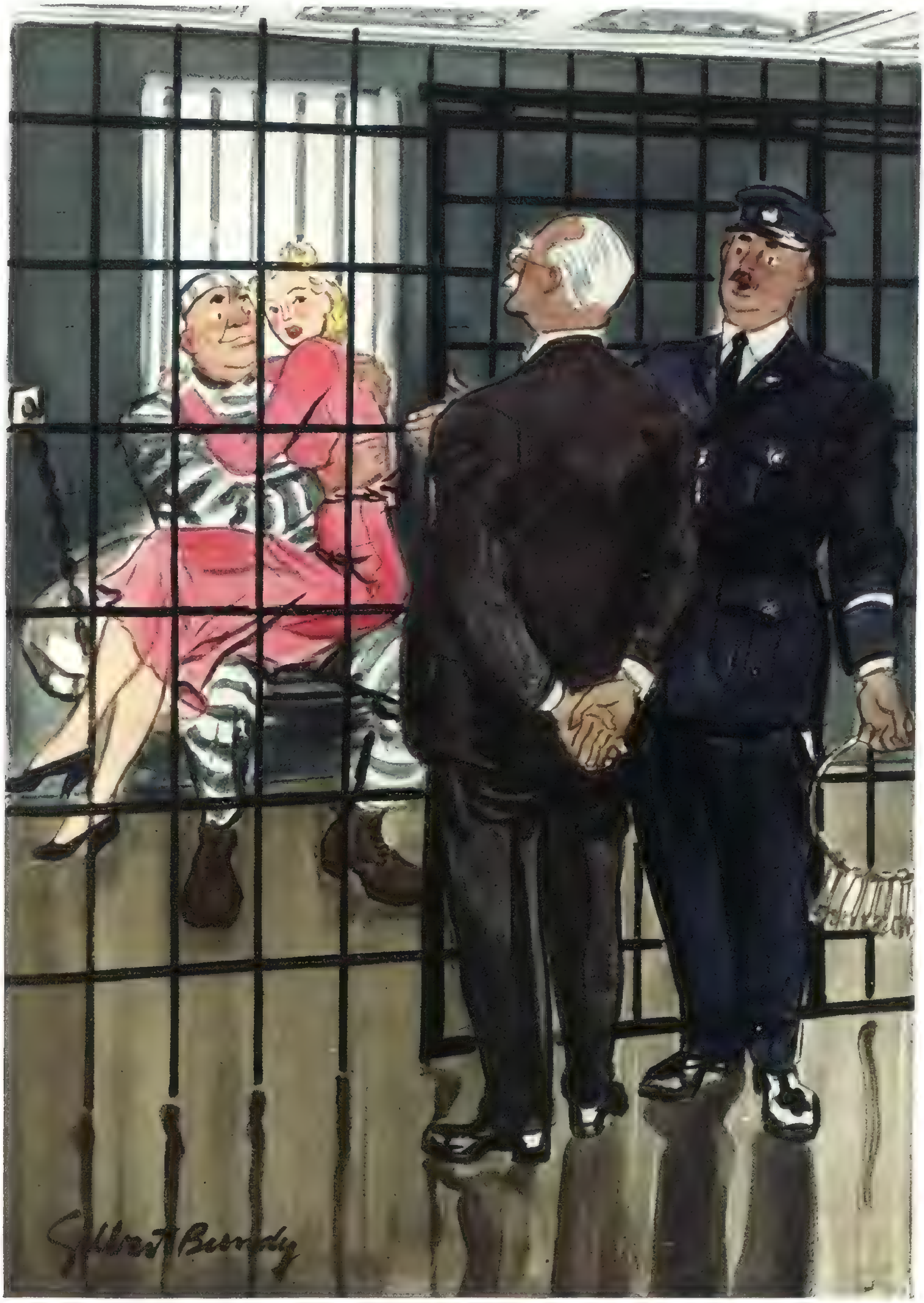
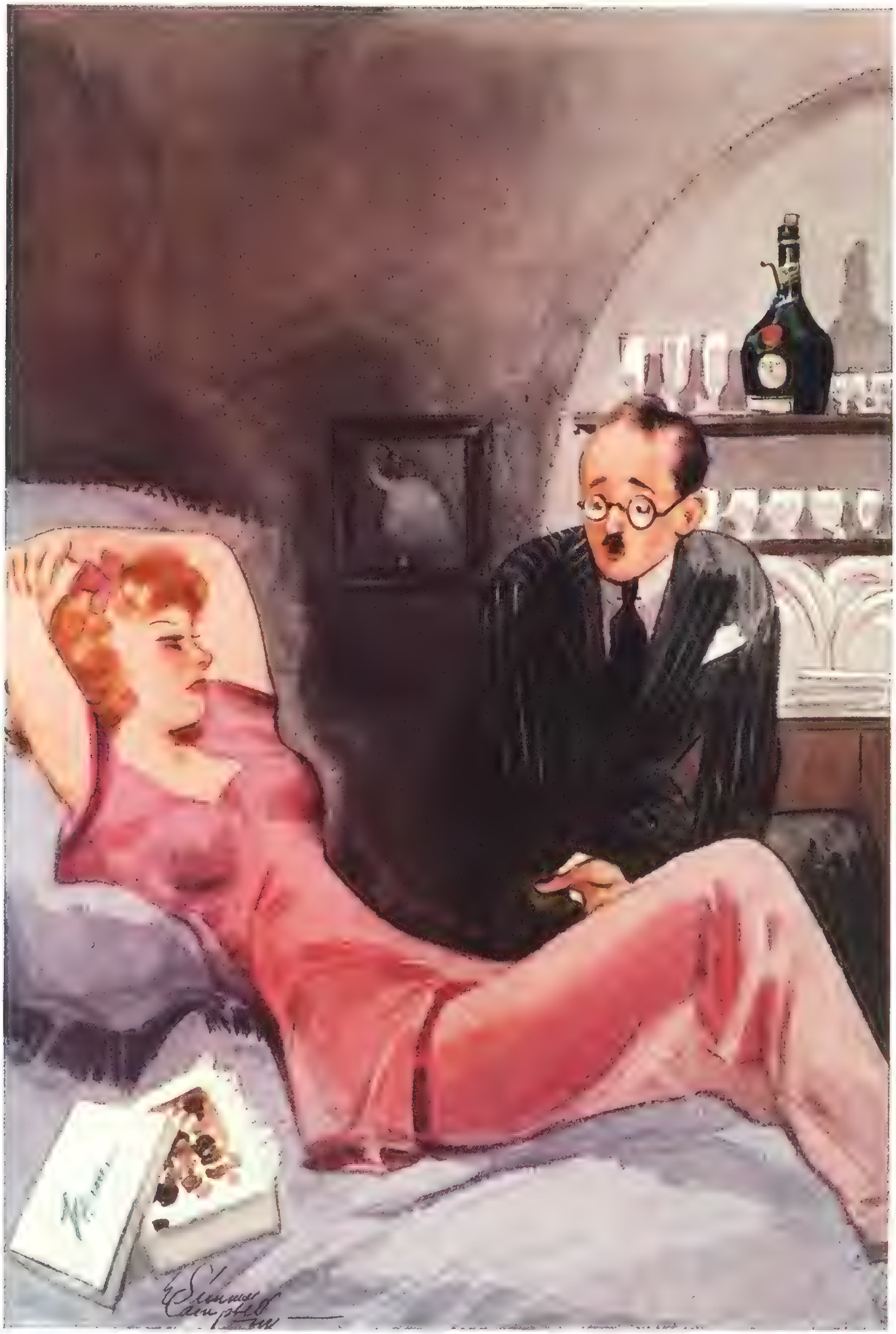



Gilbert Bundy

"But warden, you said to grant his last request"



"I know darling—but the bank examiners are smart too!"

Forever Cherished

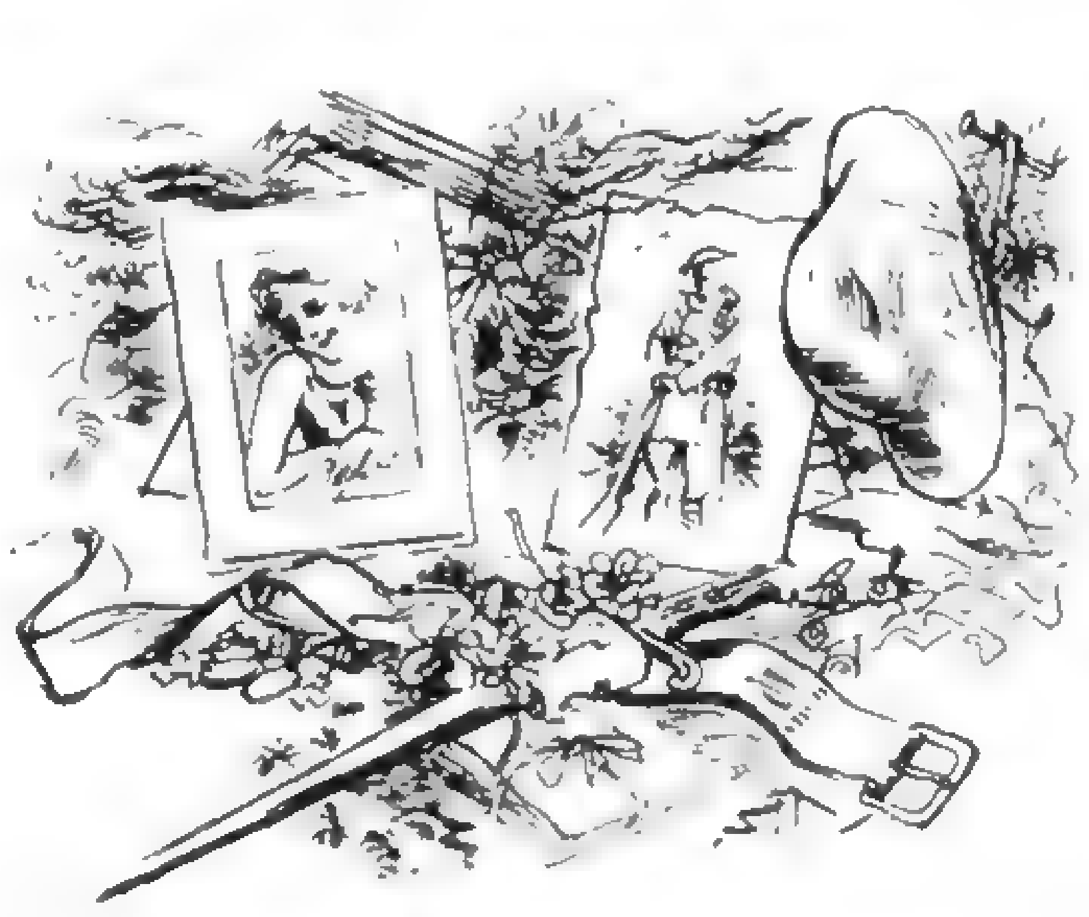
They were not forgotten men, in the hospital, and there was the rub—they couldn't be forgotten

by BENEDICT THIELEN

▪ FICTION ▪

It seemed to take longer to drive out that day than it usually did. I hadn't got off as early as I should have and, besides, I had this thing on my mind. I kept thinking about it.

It was a beautiful warm day—more like June than November—and when I got to the hospital the boys were all out in the garden, sitting in the sun facing the front steps which made a sort of platform for the speakers and the other people who were going to entertain them.



I had to look around a little before I found George and Eddie and when I did find them we couldn't say much because there was a speech going on. Eddie just leaned a little toward me and asked me in a whisper if Phyllis had come out with me and I said, "No, she couldn't get off." Then somebody said, "Shh," and we didn't say anything more, listening to the speech.

Congressman Slade was a fine speaker and you could tell from the way everybody stayed quiet that they appreciated his coming all the way out here and giving the boys a speech on Armistice Day.

At first I didn't pay much attention to what he was saying. I kept thinking about this thing I had on my mind. But after a while I found I was listening to every word he was saying and getting a real kick out of it, too. It's wonderful, the things a real orator like that can do with words and the way it takes your mind off yourself while you're listening to him. I can hear him now:

". . . and you have heard much talk about forgotten men. But you are not forgotten men, you can never be forgotten men. I have come here today to remind you of this, to remind you once again that you are forever remembered and forever cherished in the hearts of a grateful people. No matter what may happen, the people of the United States of America, the people from whose midst arose the noble mind of George Washington and the great heart of Abraham Lincoln, that people, I say, will not, *cannot* forget that of all its debts the first and the most sacred is the debt which it owes to those men who, in the hour of its great need, when the vandal hordes were thundering at its very gates, gave their young manhood that the government of the people, by the people, and for the people, might not perish from the earth!"

He got a big hand, and deserved it. I cut out his speech when it was printed in the paper the next day and saved it. You can see what a big thing it is for those disabled veterans who just have to stay in that same place day in and day out, year after year, to have a big man like Thomas Jefferson Slade come there himself all the way from Washington and tell them how everybody appreciates all they've done and won't ever let them down.

But it just shows how ungrateful some people are. I almost forgot to mention it. As Congressman Slade was standing there, taking his bows and smiling and waving at all the boys, and the applause was gradually dying down, somebody suddenly let out a razzberry and yelled at him, "Sit down, you big bag of wind!"

Everybody turned to see who the guy was who had done that, feeling ashamed, and a few of them yelling to throw him out. They threw him out, all right. They wheeled him away in a hurry and he missed all the rest of the show. It served him right.

I asked George who that was and he told me his name and said he was a guy who crabbed about everything and even said they'd all been suckers to go into the war in the first place. Nobody had any use for him.

"Well," George said, "that was quite a speech. Light me a cigarette, will you, Fred?"

I lit a cigarette for him and stuck it in his mouth. George didn't have any arms.

I looked at Eddie. He was busy making those little red poppies they sell around Armistice Day. I remember at first his fingers used to be real clumsy when he did it but he certainly was clever at it now. His fingers moved so fast I could hardly see them. I guess it takes practice to do a thing like that.

"Well, Eddie," I said.

He raised his head and smiled at me for a second. Then he said:

"What was the matter? I thought this was supposed to be a holiday?"

"It's a hell of a note," I said. "But they wouldn't let her off."

"I thought she'd be out to see me a couple of weeks ago," he said. "She said she would."

"Sure," I said. "She was coming. But then she got that cold and she had to stay away from work and . . ."

"I suppose that's why they wouldn't let her off today," he said.

"Yes. That's why. They figured she'd been out so long as it was . . ."

"Still," said George, "you'd think they'd let her off on a day like this. With Eddie here and everything . . ."

"They're a bunch of bums," I said.

"How is she?" Eddie asked.

"She's all right now," I said. "She's fine. I saw her just the other day. I figured we could come out today together."

"Did you drive out?"

"Sure, it's easier that way."

"Then she'll have to take the train when she comes," Eddie said.

"Yes. Unless maybe I could get off and drive her."

"That would be nice of you, Fred." Eddie smiled at me. "It's a nuisance, I know."

"Hell, Eddie!" I said.

I thought of Eddie grabbing that grenade when it fell into the dug-out right at our feet and running out with it and giving it a heave, just in time to keep it from going off where it landed in front of us but not quite in time to get entirely out of the way of it himself when it burst. I looked at the medals on his chest.

"It's no trouble at all, Eddie," I said.

"No, it's a long ways," he said. "I know."

"I only wish I could make it more often," I said. "But you know how it is."

"Yes, sure, I know how it is."

For a few moments we didn't say anything. I watched Eddie's fingers twisting up the red flowers, moving so fast you could hardly see them.

Suddenly George laughed and nodded toward the stage. We turned our heads.

"Clowns," said George. "Say, just look at that one!"

Eddie and I both laughed.

They certainly were a funny-looking bunch, standing up there at the head of the steps. Even Congressman Slade was

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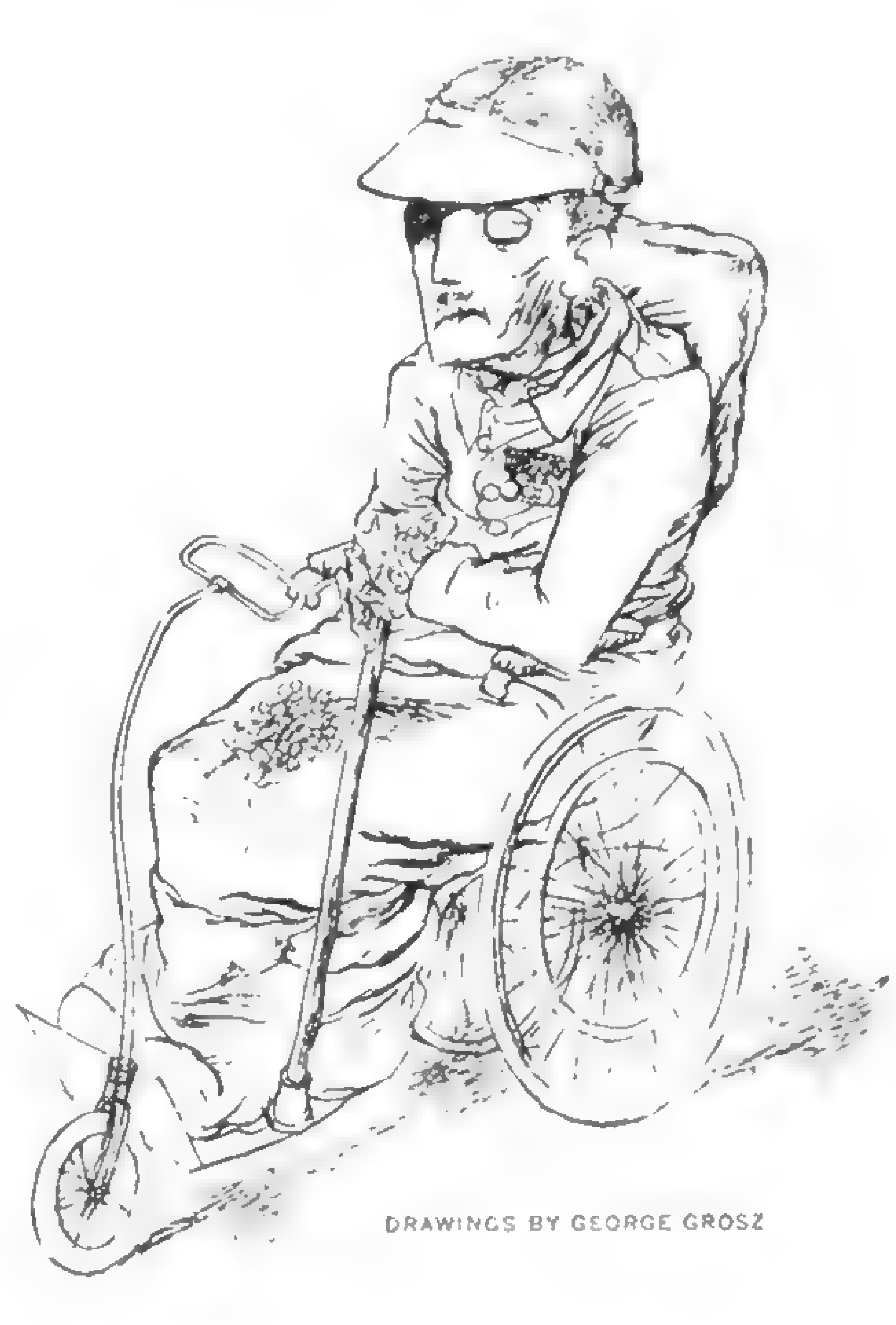

DRAWINGS BY GEORGE GROSZ

Galloping Dollars

The very simple racket of the professional tipsters who had five out of seven, yesterday

by STEWART ROBERTSON

• SPORTS •

Broadway Lights is running in the fourth race at the Fair Grounds track in New Orleans this afternoon, and the customary crowd of optimists will be profanely present. All seven races will flow smoothly into the backwash of oblivion, the last stark figures on the mutuel board will grow dim in the lavender dusk, and the bettors will return to South Rampart Street on the bumpiest of railroads, holding unprofitable post mortems and mumbling vaguely about tomorrow. But Broadway Lights and all the other horses will have other backers who will wait in mingled ecstasy and suspense for the sports editions to tell them if they've gained a nod from Lady Luck.

Tony, who pilots a Norfolk elevator; Jerry, the Cleveland insurance clerk; Yeek Bow, the apothecary in Los Angeles; Margie, the waitress who eases you those extra portions—they, and myriads like them are betting them on the nose, thereby forming the latest link in the chain that reaches back to when Nero would stake 400,000 *sestertii* ($100,000 to us) on a chariot race.

Where do they bet? At the cigar counter around the corner, at the druggist's, or the ubiquitous "stationery" shops which retail anything from Copenhagen snuff to Parisian postal cards for students of horizontal calisthenics. . . . Or if you toil in one of the gilt and chromium skyscrapers, the chances are it is canvassed by various dapper and sibilant gentlemen of the type who would trade a canoe for a battleship any old time. Why? Because the urge to take a chance is constantly playing a standoff with the almost equally strong instinct of self-preservation. And the beauty of it is, nothing could be simpler. If you cannot pick yourself a winner, scores of advertising philanthropists will do it for you, and after all, why not? Who are you to stack your puny intelligence in racing matters against that of Major Culpepper, the Old Florida Combine, or Ex-Jockey Muggins?

Such gentry have all the reticence of a rank of taxi drivers at a convention, for they refuse to admit that the perfect servant is the unobtrusive one. Specializing in service to a public which apparently never gets enough of it, these benefactors are denied space in the hard hearted and more reputable press, and therefore are forced to provide a large part of the advertising revenue for papers connected solely with the turf. Nevertheless, they bear up bravely. Being psychologists in their canny way, they do not affront you with your lack of knowledge, even though they make up for it in their private remarks about the *species suckeralia*. Instead, they give you the good old arm-around-the-shoulder advice which, even in print makes the mirage of El Dorado assemble itself out of the mists of uncertainty.

"I am personally in the know," avers Long Shot McCarthy, and you can almost see his hand upon his heart as you read that. "I have the welfare of my thousands of clients continually on my mind. My connections at Jefferson Park have convinced me that today's horse is a sleeper that should pay not less than 15 to 1." Mr. McCarthy charges five dollars for his information, and warns you not to be so silly as to send it via Uncle Sam's mail. Telegrams are faster, anyhow, and there's no danger of Clarence Mackay or Newcomb Carlton intruding on a sportsman's privacy with a lot of nosey questions.

If Long Shot's claims seem a bit too buoyant, consider Maryland Racing Associates, whose approach would not shame the House of Morgan. "We are interested in attracting only the conservative type of investor," they announce in italics. "Positively no daily information or extravagant promises. Our next super-special goes at Narragansett on Monday under conditions that insure at least the quadrupling of your wager. Terms for this authoritative selection $100—by wire."

In case there is any doubt of these Good Samaritans being able to help you run a toothpick into a lumberyard, just play the field to find one who has what it takes to shatter your particular set of complexes. Ex-jockeys and ex-trainers manage to give their material an undercurrent of mystery and a hint that Someone has taken care of everything. Gents with monnikers, usually military or having a southern localization, breezily assume that your mental balance is such as to make you cleave to them, forsaking all others. You, who probably don't know a fetlock from a martingale. Other pleaders will be humorous, sympathetic, coldly actuarial, and as a clincher, every advertisement features the opulent figures of what you would have won each day last week if you'd had sense enough to get aboard. The effect is that of the bobbing carrot in front of the jackass. So you take up with yourself the question of whether a passport to prosperity is worth whatever your counselor is asking. You don't take it up for very long, as you already know the answer.

Consider Long Shot McCarthy and his breed. Respect their motives of succoring you. Admire their candor.

They have a proposition, and they put it to you squarely, an ethical beacon in a foggy era of evasion. If eventually you do business with them, to find they are as brazen a crew of gyps as ever gaffed an innocent, don't go off the deep end over it. Examine the matter in its proper light. Your paltry five or ten dollars (plus your bet) has earned you knowledge, experience, and a flutter in humanity that is in no college curriculum. Then shed a tear for this imperfect world.

For although they would be enchanted to have you win, the boys who deal in selling tips only too often have a complete upset. Baldly, the nags they give you fail to score, which leaves you feeling ten degrees lower than the less sprightly of the Brothers Karamazov. You mope, but the Long Shot McCarthys are of sterner stuff. Without even having heard of Henley's *Invictus*, their sermon next morning is written around a winner they claim to have picked. They flaunt its name and the juicy price. The name is Russian Opal. Your horse was Lonesome Flossie, which was reputed to run sideways to keep from flying.

A pilgrimage to a tipster's office in New York, Chicago, or any similar haven of sophisticates has its enlightened moments. A blonde near the door makes the first stab at stalling complainants by insisting that the boss is out. Sufficient noise will cause her to renege without increasing her chemical blush, and you will be directed behind a partition to converse with a large person who owns a blue jowl and no more sex appeal than a roomful of authors. He scowls. You point to the morning racing sheet and remind him of Lonesome Flossie. He smiles greasily. "Oh, that beetle," he says with scorn. "Well, buddy, we got some last minute info she was to be pulled, and that Russian Opal was to cop. Yeah, last minute

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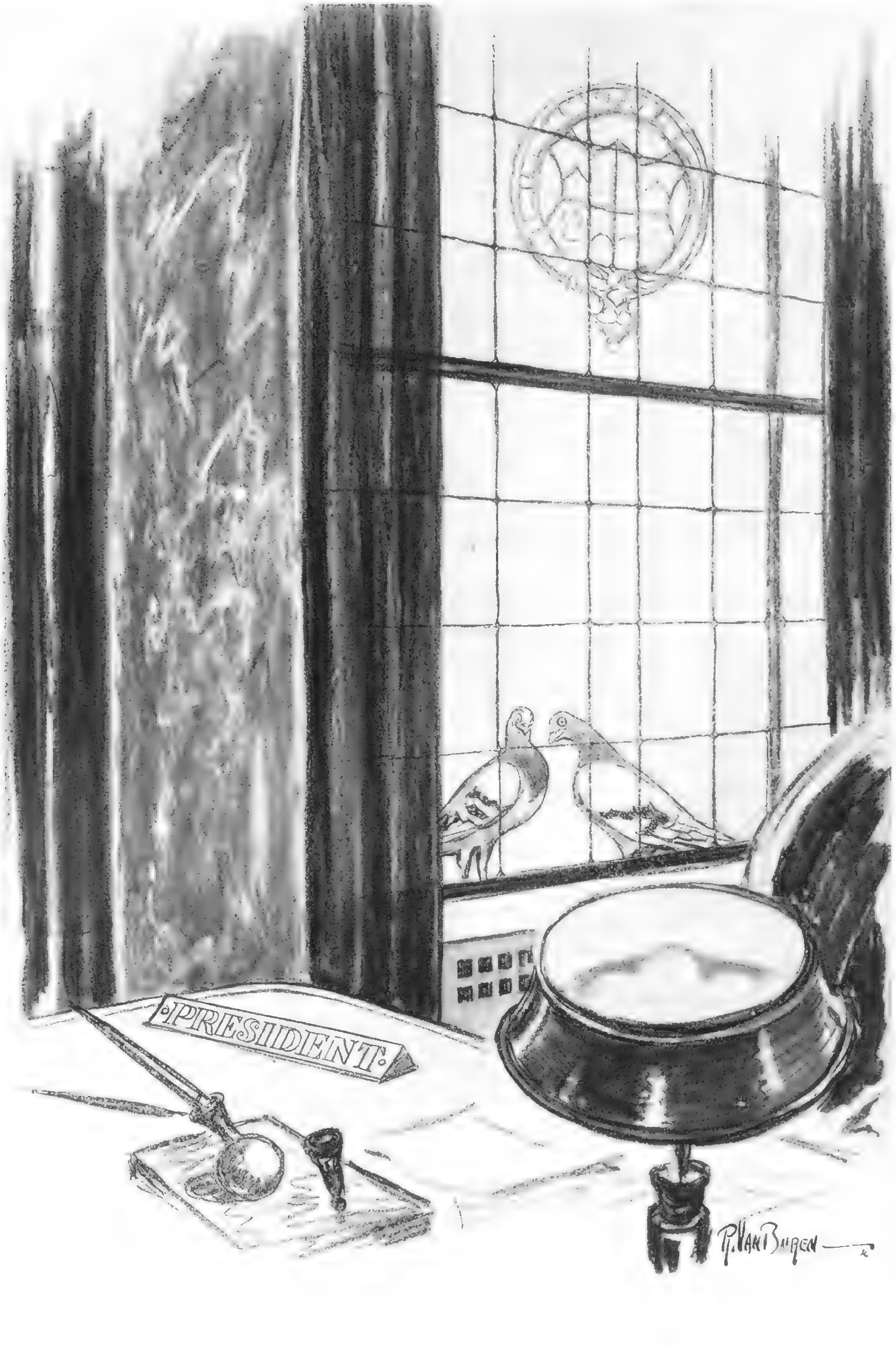

PRESIDENT
R. VAN BUREN

"I guess she's been promoted—yesterday it was the vice president!"

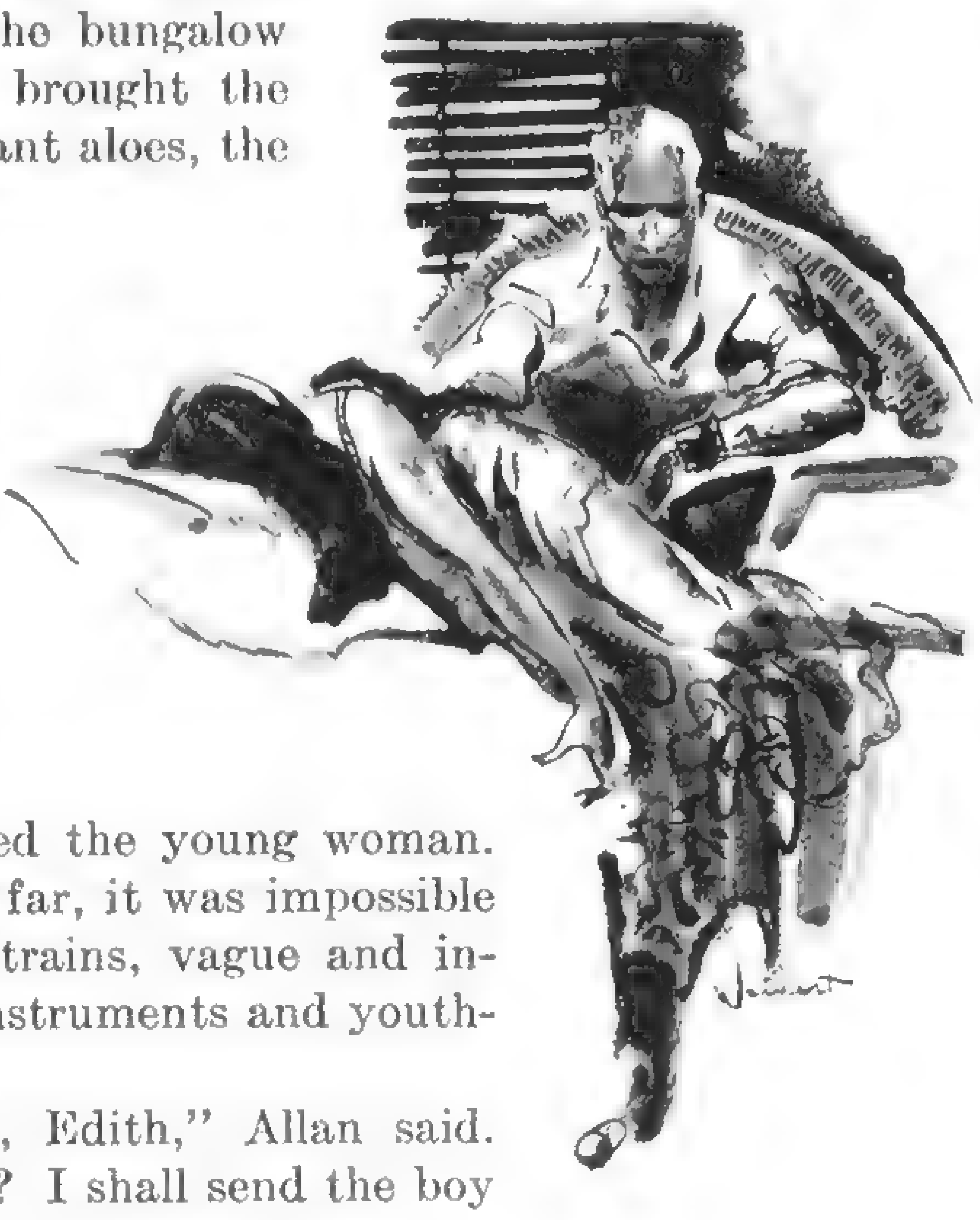
Hawaiian Confessions

The last ironic tenderness between a husband and wife each of whom had a secret

by JOSEPH KESSEL

• FICTION •

Her throat burned like raw flesh. She asked for another glass of fresh water from her husband. Allan quivered when he heard the sound of her weary voice.



She was stretched out near the wide open window. Wind laden with the odors of warm earth, of happy earth, filled the bungalow with its breath. It brought the bitter scent of the giant aloes, the sour effluvia of the banana trees and the salty aroma of the sea. The sun was rising over the island. Rose foam softened the ardent blue of the waves on which the new light darted at times like a golden viper.

"Listen," murmured the young woman.

Very near or very far, it was impossible to know, sang the strains, vague and indistinct, of ancient instruments and youthful voices.

"Hawaiian guitars, Edith," Allan said. "Do they annoy you? I shall send the boy to drive them away."

"No, please—they're doing me good."

Tired by the ardor she had put in her voice, Edith bent her head on one side. Her arms, which she had held folded across her chest, relaxed softly. After the pitiless night when her whole body had been one ache, one fire, she enjoyed the cool of dawn.

Under her half-closed lids, her glance wandered over the immense palms where the proud palm trees reared like sentinels, where the rarest flowers grew. Further, in the rice paddies, brown men already labored by the ditches.

And the heart of the young woman, beating laboriously, pulsated with even greater effort.

All that, the magnificent trees, the grass plots, the fields yielding wealth, fecundity and light, all that was the work and the property of Allan.

There was nothing in all this that was not his, as far as the coral hued reefs, on which broke, with raucous softness, the flood of the Pacific Ocean, nothing that did not bear the brand of his strength, of his will.

How many times, leaning by the luminous window, Edith had felt before this spectacle a definite dread invade her: How isolated she was, among these beauties at once bitter and generous, of which her husband was the sole master, and upon which toiled barbaric men with glittering eyes! The bungalow was as if surrounded by a mysterious kingdom, of which Allan alone was the voice and the law, and where, but for him, she was nothing.

Slowly, with a dull fear, she looked at him. He was seated near her, head bent low. She saw nothing except his coarse gray hair, his shaven, tanned neck. But in him everything was constructed with such precision and primitive equilibrium that it was as if she beheld his face, with its square forehead, vulture-like nose, the mouth firm and hard over the sharp chin. How could she have loved, ever, that face so like the mask of a bird of prey? How had she left San Francisco with this scavenger, to find the Honolulu plantation, which was in reality his only love?

She could not think more; a flaming pain raked her left side, spread and spilled into her whole torso. From her blue lips, a soft moan escaped.

Allan lifted his face at the sound, their eyes met. Those of the young woman were, despite her suffering, warm gray; those of the man green as almond husks, with thin, shining pupils.

"What can I do for you dear?" he asked in a low voice.

"Will the doctor come soon?"

"The city is far, and Cheng went for him only at dawn."

It seemed to the young woman that a strange glow of triumph passed within her husband's eyes.

The fear which often stirred in her before his hard mask now made her tremble, more intense, more penetrating than fever itself.

As if he had guessed her anguish, he passed his rough, long fingers over her forehead, caressingly. Startled at first by this contact, she grew at ease. Her dread was vain, foolish. Allan loved her. Roughly, doubtless, and clumsily, but with a deep and violent passion. She had always seen him attentive to her least desires, quivering with joy at her touch. Tonight, even, had he not watched over her with patient and tender care? Why fear him, when he belonged to her and when it was she who could, with a few words, wreck his life?

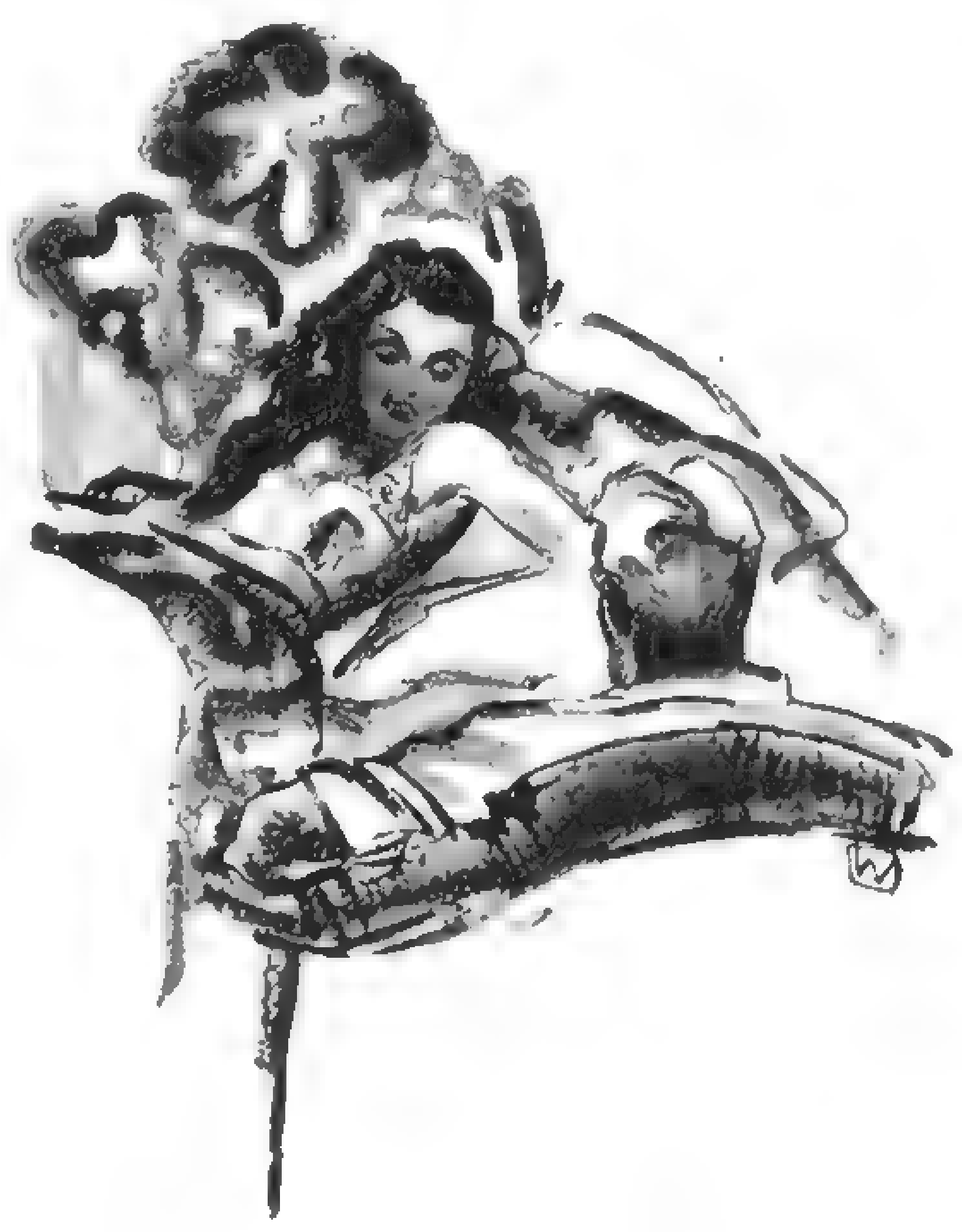
The weakness that crushed her young body, relaxed her distaste for Allan, softened her soul. Remorse awoke in her, soon driven away, but which gave her the wish to see with more indulgence the face she no longer loved.

She suddenly turned her head toward him, and as he had not expected the gesture, she cried out softly.

For upon those features ordinarily rigid, she had read intense distress, such desolate tenderness that she became certain that death was there, in this spacious room with its dainty furnishings, and that her husband knew it.

Seeing that she had understood, Allan turned his glance away, without speaking.

Human skins beautiful as bronze gleamed in the distance under the stronger sun. The wind brought richer, more subtle perfumes, and the ocean had turned to an ardent sapphire hue. Never had Edith felt such atrocious solitude as in this fatal hour. She felt the need of pressing herself against the only man who, despite all, was near to her now. But, that this communion might be gentle and consoling, she must tell him everything.



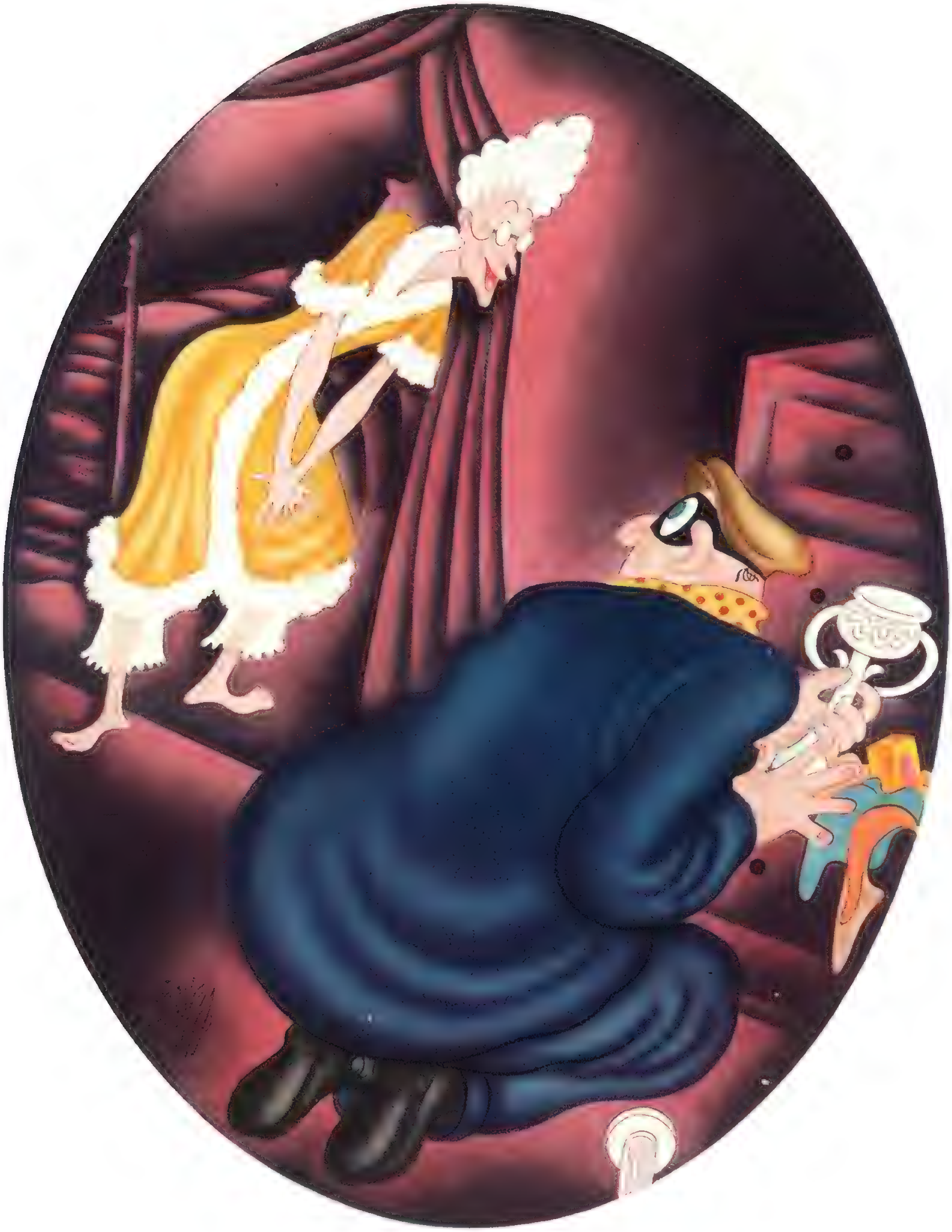
"Allan," she murmured in a voice already muffled by the râle of death, "I can not take away a secret without having your forgiveness."

She stopped . . . and drew breath: "I have not been faithful to you. Three days ago, a British warship left port. On her, there was — an ensign . . ."

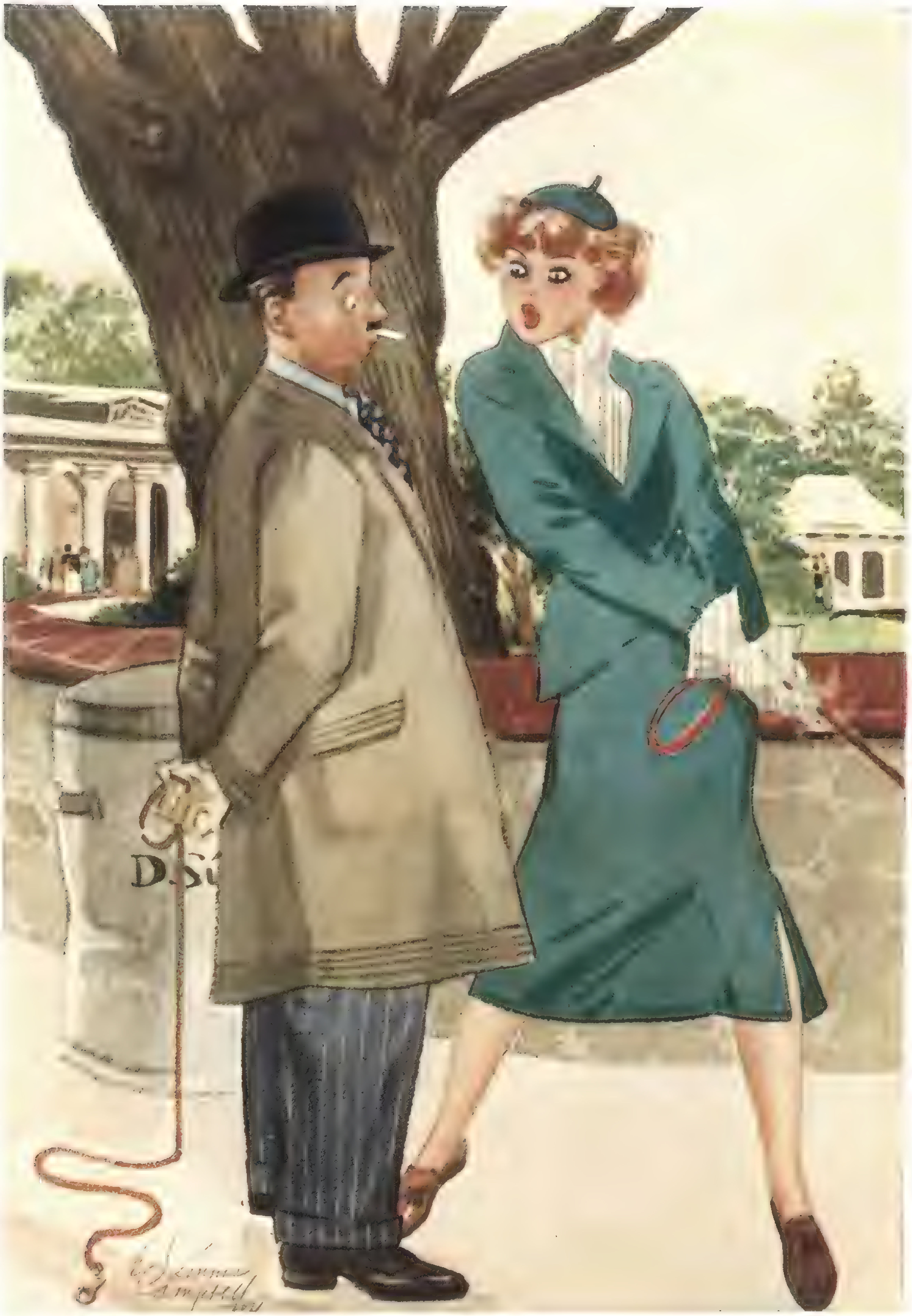
At the end of her strength, she faltered, was quiet. Allan contemplated her a long while, as she rested there, pale and suffering.

Then his reply came, in a calm, even voice.

"I also need forgiveness, Edith. I knew all. And that's why, yesterday, I gave you the Hawaiian poison of the natives." ⧺



"Boo!"



"Well do something—don't just stand there!"

Our Old King Cole

He may have been a bird dog but his master couldn't understand why he had to sing all the time

by DOUG WELCH

▪ SATIRE ▪

(While this is based upon fact, the names of the dogs used herein are, for obvious reasons, fictitious. If the name of any living dog is used, it is pure coincidence and because I am not much good at thinking up dogs' names—*Author's note.*)

King Cole of Devonshire, the claustrophobic bird dog, has just been taken away by a nice, trusting man who gave me fifteen dollars for him. And now, I think, I shall lie down and rest awhile.

But I shall keep the window shades drawn and neglect to take in the milk and newspapers (and straw ballots and breakfast food samples) so that when the nice, trusting man returns with King, as inevitably he will, to demand the return of his fifteen dollars, he will think I have fled. He may hammer briefly at the front door and he may write nasty, abusive words all over the sidewalk outside the house, but, in the end, he will have to go away and find a nice, trusting man of his own, just as I had to do.

I'm trying hard not to be bitter about King. Not all the fault lay on his side, by any means. Probably I never should have had a bird dog. Fundamentally I'm not the bird dog type of man. I like to lie abed Sunday morning and have breakfast brought up on a tray. I scarcely know one bird from another. Well, perhaps I might differentiate between a sparrow, say, and a robin or a stuffed squab (but not after two Martinis). In fact, after two Martinis it's all I can do to differentiate between two more Martinis. The only hunting I've done for birds has been confined almost entirely to ice boxes in the late evening, and I've never found the hunting very good, either. Someone else has always been there ahead of me, leaving only an old jar of peanut butter.

Bird dogs are quick as the Old Harry to read human nature and I guess reading my nature was child's play for King, puppy though he was. No one had to tell him I'm the kind of fellow who avoids drafts. Almost at once he assumed an attitude of suspicion and faint contempt. It was disconcerting to look up from time to time to find him regarding me narrowly from beneath a couch or behind a chair. I began to talk loudly of my chest expansion and of getting up early in the morning to exercise before an open window and of going for long walks in the snow. But King was definitely not impressed.

We had our first definite falling-out on the question of his sleeping on an old coat in a cardboard box next to the furnace. He disliked the coat, the box and the furnace. He seemed to think we all ought to sleep together in one great bed, King somewhere in the middle. We got him from a middle-aged uncorseted poetess on Vancouver Island, B. C. I think that King, his mother and the poetess (who writes lovely, fragile verse, and is sometimes published, to everyone's amazement, including hers) all slept together. Certainly the poetess *looked* as if they all slept together. Indeed, at times she looked as if she slept on an old coat in a cardboard box next to the furnace.

King was, of course, no ordinary dog. He was twelve weeks old when he came to us, a more dignified, high-stepping English setter I never saw. (That doesn't mean a great deal because I don't get around much among English setters.) But his father was Reaper of Suffolk of London, Eng. (you don't call a dog with a name like that, you send your card) and his mother was Lady of Kent of Victoria, B. C., who allowed herself to be patted on the head on alternate Thursdays. The family had a crest, too, I am told; a laurel wreath superimposed upon a section of picket fence.

King barked all night the first night we locked him in the basement. He was a little dog, comparatively, but he had a big dog's voice and delivery. He was a natural bass and something of a ventriloquist as well. Occasionally he sounded like *two* dogs and once or twice like *three* dogs.

"Good heavens," a distant neighbor commented the following morning. "You can't tell me you have only *one* dog locked up down there, because one dog would have had to stop for breath."

But that was like King. He didn't have to stop for anything. When he discovered he wasn't getting anywhere with what you might call "good standard barking," he improvised, introducing into every alternate measure a note of hysteria, working gradually up through the scale to a canine high C. This was most effective.

"I've got a new dog over here," I telephoned the man next door when I saw a light in his kitchen at two o'clock in the morning, "and I don't want you to think I am beating him. Shall I come over to your house for a Scotch and soda or do you want to come over here?"

"I know you've got a new dog," he replied, "and maybe beating him wouldn't be such a bad idea at that. Suppose I come over to your house for a Scotch and soda and then, maybe, we both of us will beat him a little."

But we didn't beat him. We had three or four Scotch and sodas, possibly five; then we went downstairs to reason with him. We pointed out what a fortunate animal he was, with a full stomach, a warm basement and a comfortable bed on a cold winter night. My friend from next door even got into the box to demonstrate how satisfied with it he would be, were he a dog. Somehow or other it got to be six o'clock in the morning and we stumbled upstairs with King at our heels for a huge breakfast of fried eggs and fried potatoes and suffered from indigestion most of the day.

The second night was pretty much like the first, except that King discovered he could amplify his barking by standing directly under the cold air intake in the basement ceiling. The third night he climbed to the toppermost fruit shelf and knocked down an even dozen quarts of preserved quince (ignoring, with a nice sense of values, an equal quantity of apple-butter). On the fourth night he found the coal bin and amused himself by spreading its contents throughout the cellar at an average depth of three inches. Barking all the time, too, mind you. The fifth, sixth and seventh nights he just barked. Not because he was lonely or frightened, but because he was opposed to basements on general principle.

Well, I was prepared to be generous about that. I'm stubborn about things, too. When anyone offers me a slice of Boston cream pie, for instance, I always say in my nastiest manner, "You mean Boston cream *cake*." And sometimes I say, "You mean *that cake* with the custard in it?"

But I couldn't be generous about his claustrophobia. I don't think claustrophobia becoming, either in human or dog. I belong to an old school (class of '28) which holds that doors were meant to be shut. I suppose I spend half my waking hours closing doors other persons have opened and left ajar. I like nothing better (except blondes) than to prowl about in the homes of friends, shutting doors which haven't had a good shutting since hung by the builders. Often I shut perfectly innocent folk into places like linen cupboards and broom closets, but that's the chance they take when they invite me over to supper, and they know it. Once, because of a spring lock, I spent five hours in total darkness with an umbrella and a pair of Size Twelve rubbers. But, damme, it's a principle and I'll fight for it!

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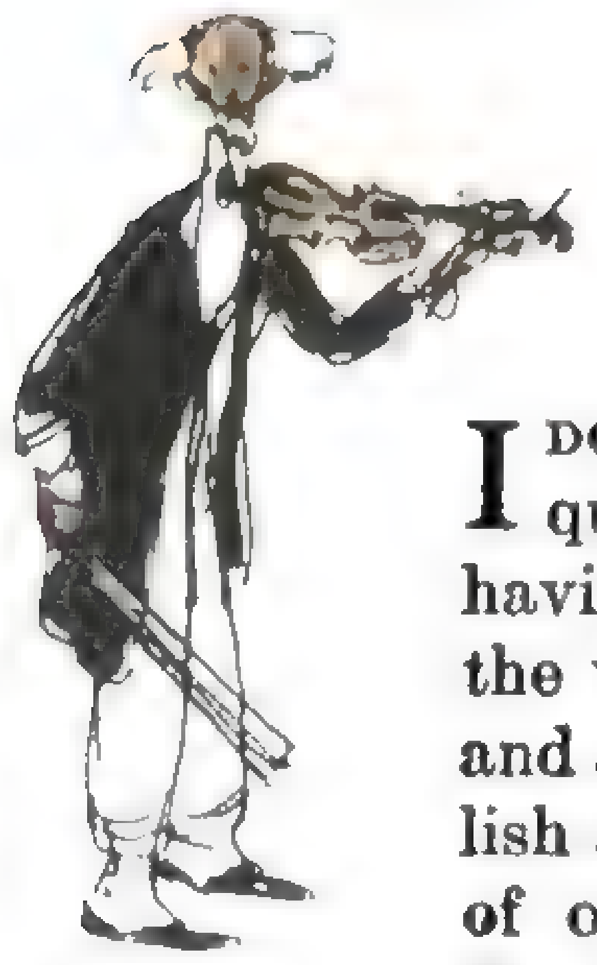
The Worst People in the World

Artists as a class are at the top when it comes to being at the bottom in human quality

by GILBERT SELDES

• THE LIVELY ARTS •



I don't suppose there is any question now that people having to do with the arts are the worst people in the world, and all that remains is to establish a rank, a sort of hierarchy of offensiveness among them.

Broadly speaking, a pianist is worse than the composer whose works he plays; among vocalists, the gradations are more complex, because you cannot make a broad generalization and say that tenors are the worst; concert tenors are worse than operatic tenors and operatic tenors are worse than choral tenors. A little above tenors—I think, but this may be only a private weakness on my part—rank sopranos, with the same distinction as to concert, opera, and cantata. Then you rise to the deeper voices, male and female, until with the basso profundo you arrive at an almost tolerable human being. It is strange that the lower registers afford the more agreeable executants: a cellist is much more amenable than a violinist, and I have known one bass (or bull) fiddler who was absolutely first-rate company. In the theatre you also have a few distinctions to make: stars are inferior to leading men and women (and here, in both cases, the male is inferior to the female), and supporting players are apparently humanized by their perpetual failure to become stars, and bit players are rather attractive. As for moving picture people, a certain heavy gloss or high polish has been so laid over them that they have virtually ceased to exist as human beings.

Two schools of thought exist as to the next higher rank. Some people say composers and some painters. On the whole, I think composers have the call because they not only complain about their fellow-professionals, but deride the interpreters who alone make their work known. I have heard one of the three most distinguished of living composers sneer in the nastiest spirit at the name of the one conductor who had made his work famous in Europe and even Strawinsky, in his autobiography, slurs over the name of Koussewitsky who has done so much for him in America. At a concert last year I was in the box with a young Russian composer while the first work of an American was being performed; three times in the course of a comparatively short piece the Russian walked out of the box and returned, and during the moments he honored us with his presence he sighed, rolled his eyes to Heaven, and uttered White Russian curses. This is called international courtesy.

It is a remarkable thing that composers are considered witty. A whole book of their *bon mots* has been published and as you look through it, you will discover that nine-tenths of them are delicate variations on the theme that so and so, as a composer, is a bastard. The prime satisfaction you get from reading these remarks is the knowledge that in nine-tenths of the cases, they are right.

Before you get to painters, you have to make a new sub-division, as to the precise limits of which you must exercise unusual discretion. Whether they are slightly better or slightly worse than composers, I do not pretend to be sure, but right in with them, way down the list of impossible (if human) people are music-lovers. The ordinary music-lover who can go to a concert, sit still, listen, and depart for a snifter afterward, isn't actually unbearable, provided he or she doesn't get that entranced look on the face which marks the superior listener. It is the learned, the erudite, the experienced music-lover, who knows where the fugue begins and the passacaglia leaves off and whose cadenza Heifetz played, who is really intolerable and in the next seat is the familiar of players and conductors who know why Serge took a certain passage lento affettuoso and why Sto put the bassoons to the left of the clarinets. Catch one of these experts off-guard, in the summer, for instance, and you may get a glimmer of ordinary human experience expressed in ordinary human terms; but from late September until some Tuesday in April, the words which issue from the expert's mouth are as technical as the jabber of a beginning aviator, and less comprehensible because two-thirds of them are foreign. They are all so damned moved by symphonies or chamber music (ha! the chamber-music fans are the best of the lot for an exclusive inhumanity) that they go off into a dream in the taxi and come to only after someone else has paid the check, when to their surprise they discover that very old brandy and a dainty collation have been consumed by their ethereal selves. Try mentioning a good movie, a hockey game, an amusing dirty book (if you know one, and if you do, let me know, too) or any event at home or abroad, and see the glazed look spread over their eyes until they return to their subject. It is a fatality that they hunt in pairs, like London bobbies and stenographers taking the perilous journey to powder their noses; the reason is (for the musicateers) that they have to have another of their kind beside them or they are lost. To this day some of them do not know what happened to Hoover. The visible world doesn't exist for them and to prevent you from intruding upon them, they have this bodyguard always in attendance. They never buy a single season ticket, even if they are solitaries in normal life, but always a pair, and parcel out the extra to anyone grateful enough to listen—not to the music, but to them.

You hardly ever hear a book-lover talk that way about books. Or even a baseball fan. I've known men and women with a passion for bowling who kept it decently quiet for ten years. I even knew one stamp-collector who kept his trap shut about his hobby. But musicians inspire an extra devotion. And painters, too, for that matter.

In their enthusiasts, the painters are happier for this reason: go to a gallery and you can begin the patter of the studios right there, with the picture in front of you, and if you have the latest dope on Dali, you are all set. The music-lover can't talk while the object of his adoration is being exposed. The best thing to be done after the concert, is the one thing *not* done in these days—hum the particular passage you are talking about, for purposes of identification. To hum, however, stamps you as one who likes a good tune which, as you know, means you are definitely out! You might as well praise a portrait because you

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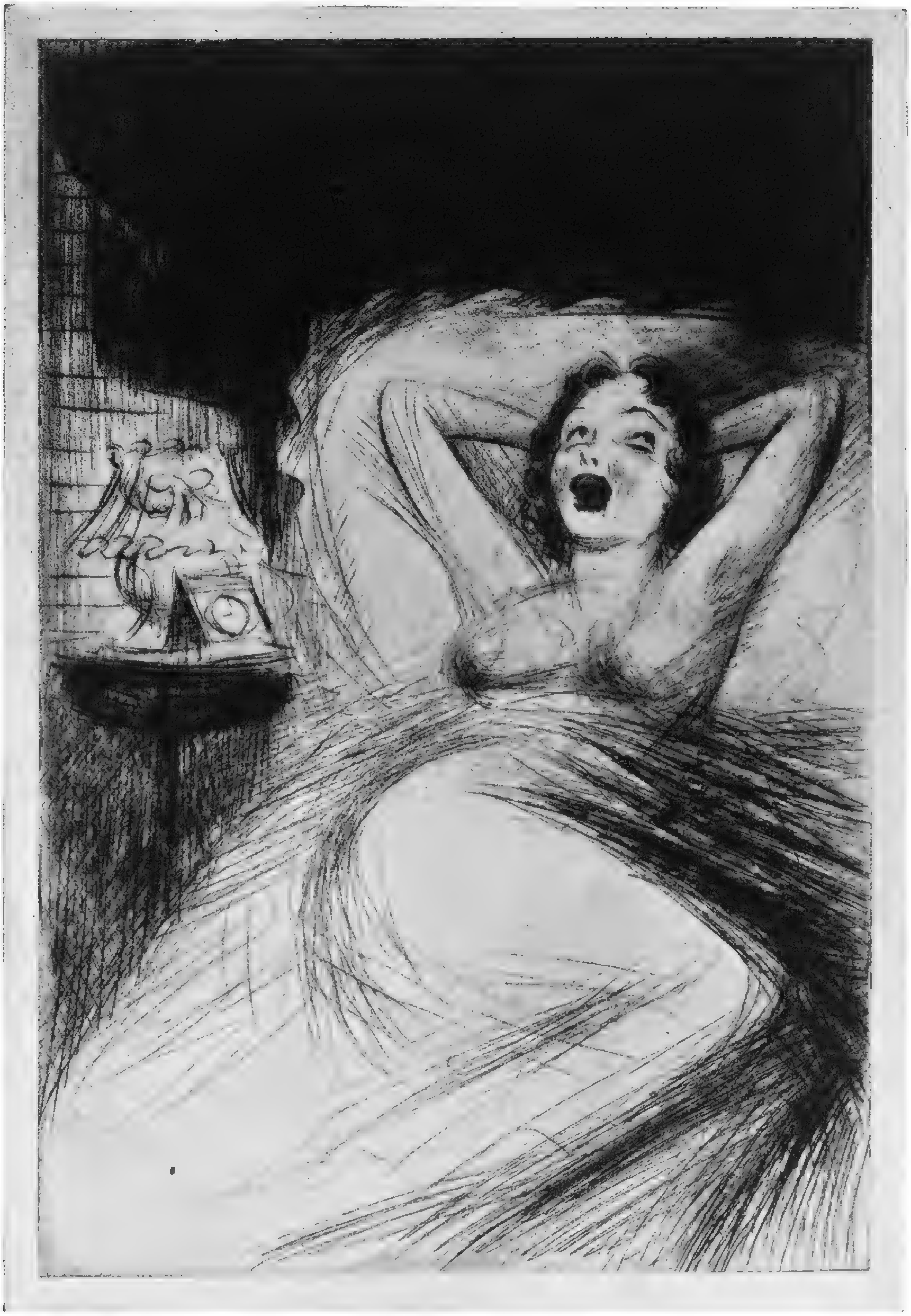


ETCHING BY HOWARD BAER

"Sometimes I think our divorce was a mistake"

A Shelter from the Storm

A man came back to Ireland, and none ever knew if he was that same man as had gone to America

by T. F. HEALY

FICTION

When the storm came up I made for the nearest house that squatted like a little gray partridge a mile away down the lower mountain-side.

God save all here!—My greeting was in the idiom of the country.

God and St. Patrick save you! The answering voice came from a corner where in the gloom a clod of darkness formed into the silhouette of an old man, the only other occupant of the room. I saw that I had stumbled upon an isolated, out-of-the-way inn, frequented only by the mountainy people.

The old man coughed. And would a young one like myself please to sit him down by an oldster for a bit of talk and a drop of the good stuff at the day's weary end? As he spoke a young girl entered, who seemed to act as barmaid and housekeeper; and serving us she left us alone.

My aged host was in a talkative mood from his drinks. And would I be a Yankee—from the States?

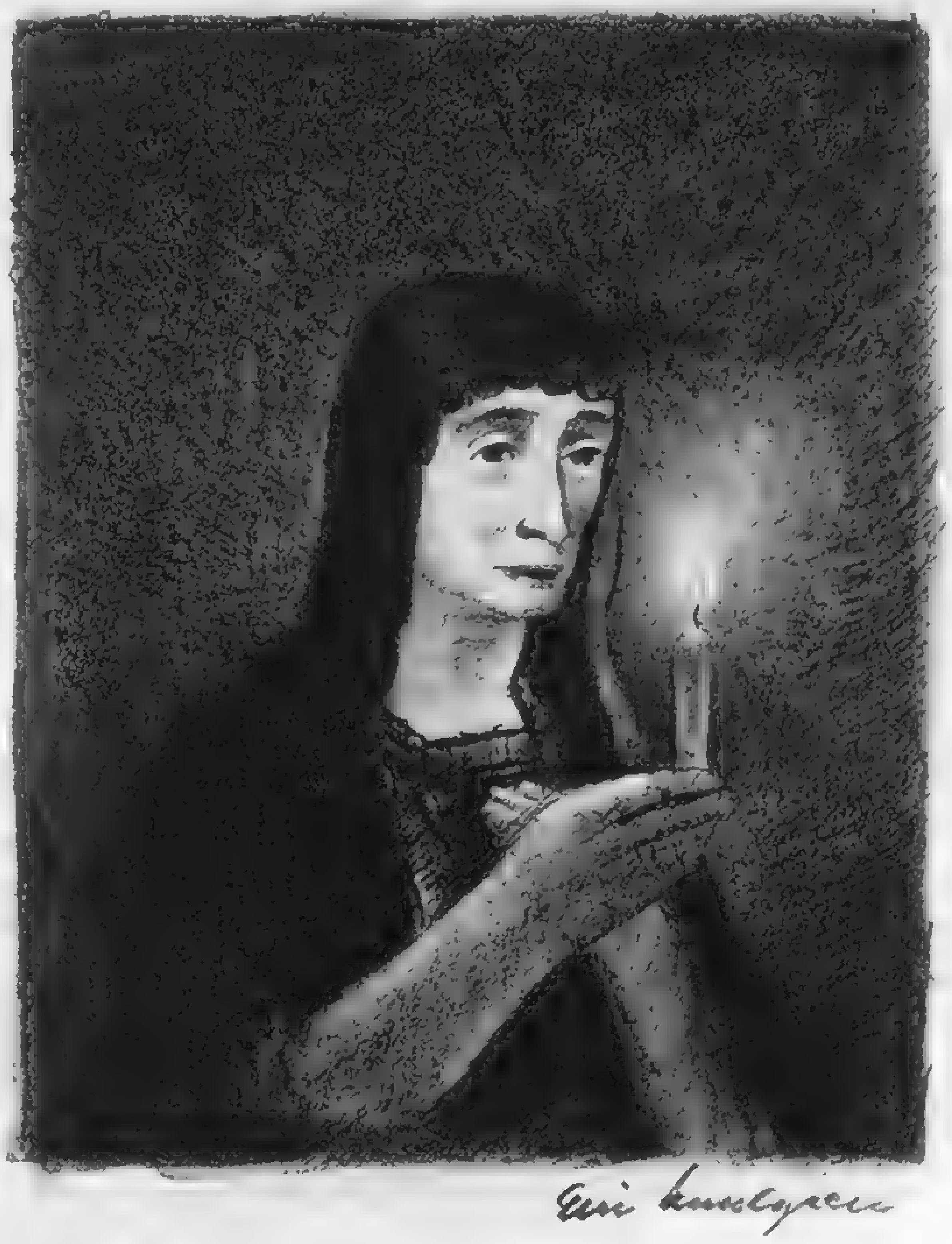
Yes, a newspaper man taking a rest from the daily round of murders, suicides, divorces and the like, from the common, everyday life as lived in the moiling cities of the Western world. So I had picked the quietest spot on earth among these hilly folk where nothing ever seemed to happen. I meant what I said too, for I had spoken with men of the fields and sensed their immemorial way of life lived here from dim origins, lived as if out of some deep below the shallow stream of personal impulse. I couldn't have picked a quieter spot anywhere on God's earth, and this old inn seemed the one place of all, so far removed it seemed from the life of human events, sheltered forever behind the shadows of the world. In fact, it felt like another world entirely.

The old man nodded. Right enough, he said. Nothing ever happens here as you'd write up in your newspapers, and there's only the telling of the great stories out of our long memories of the elder time, of kings and kings' daughters, though they be stories that do not die with yesterday's papers. 'Tis the best wine at that is the oldest and the best water's the newest.

I sipped my tumbler of whiskey silently, waiting for him to begin an old tale hoary with time. He seemed to have the traditional Irish gift of story-telling. But he disappointed me.

Och, he continued, 'tis the quiet spot as you say, and not like the States where the great things happen. Many's the man, many's the friend went there, a power of people. I knew a man went over and nobody ever heard from him again. It must be the big land entirely. Who was he, you ask? Och, just another of the boys looking for a job and his fortune in America, only whatever happened him over there no man will ever know.

Only I mind now that he left a wife behind him, a fine slip of a girl, with a race of curls of gold running round her head. The pick of the country-side she was and her father wanting to wed her off to a rich farmer of broad acres, only be damned if this young Andar McGillicuddy, that was his name, be damned if he didn't break into her house one night, knock her old man down for her and make off with her. But 'twas love at first sight they said, and they were let be. And next thing you know he was off to America to make his fortune and then to bring her over, and that was fifteen long years ago.



What happened her? Well, what do you think would happen a woman the like of that woman with but one love in her heart's core; and the joy of her life to be beating only in the fullness of her breasts. Sure, first she cried tears down, and then she pined and pined for him in the way that such women have with them, only never a word from him, for all his fine promises to send for her.

And a child was born and died. Maybe, 'twas just as well, for a wild goose never yet laid a tame egg. And the years went by, but they couldn't take the sharp teeth from her sorrow. 'Tis the way it is; of such be the tears of things. Och well. . . .

The old man paused and sipped his tumbler of whiskey. Sad enough, I said; whatever did happen him!

Och, that reminds me now. Did I say he didn't come back? Well, truth to tell I can't be sure even to this day. He did and he didn't and 'tis the strange story now that I think of it. 'Twas this way. I mind there was a man did come back and that was the funny thing. 'Twas the way he was looking for work from house to house, and he called at her house. And if she didn't run out into the road after him, throwing her arms around him, and she crying it was her husband come back to her after all the years, and she knowing he would all the time. Only he denied it, saying his name was Dermot Considine. Would she give him some work to do, anything at all around the house, and him homeless! That was all he wanted, and 'twas all the one to him where he stayed, and him tired of wandering the crooked ways of the world with neither shelter nor drink nor a woman's ear for him for many a day.

Only a place to stay he wanted with a bed and a bit of oaten cake and a mug of spirits now and then, and him having never stopped long enough in any place to see the green leaves come where he had seen the old leaves wither or the wheat harvested where he had seen it sown. Sure, he touched her heart with his story.

Well, by the sceptre of St. Patrick, if he wasn't Andar McGillicuddy he was the dead spit of him, him to the life in face and hair and eyes, more like him than a twin. Only mind you, not the fine cut of a man that left years before, only more like the ghost of him, a shell of a man, a famished thing. He was like a man went seeking something over the world only to be licked by life and come home at the heel of the hunt to die; and there was the dust of many roads on his feet and the two tell-tale spots bright with peril in his cheeks. But anyway she put a welcome before him, she did, and

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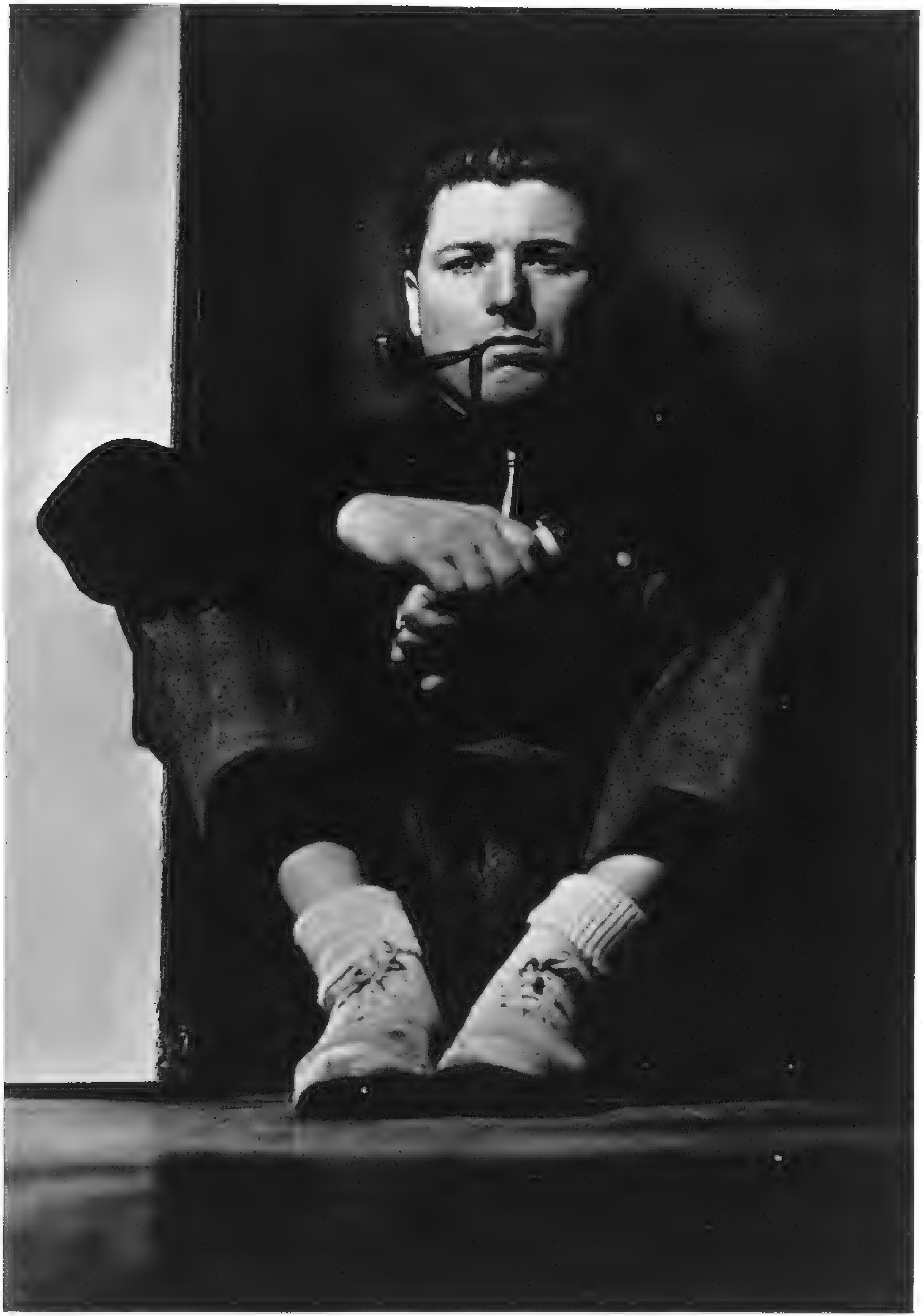


SELF-PORTRAIT HURRELL

HURRELL: CAMERAMAN WHO CAPTIVATES HOLLYWOOD

That a man with a camera should cause any commotion in Hollywood is, in itself, news. Short of the proverbial ice-boxes to Eskimos, it is hard to think of anything harder to sell than still portraits to the motion picture people. Accustomed to the loving care of cameramen who make a business of photographing them at their best, screen actors and actresses are the most critical subjects a portrait photographer can encounter. But George Hurrell, who went there as an unknown portrait painter, remained to win international acclaim as Hollywood's favorite portrait photographer. For a Hurrell portrait is to the ordinary publicity "still" about what a Rolls-Royce is to a rollerskate. The difference lies in the painter's eye, the painter's feeling for form and composition, that brings black-and-white magic out of Hurrell's darkroom. The first of a series of Hurrell portraits, Paramount's Carole Lombard, appears overleaf.

The Ring and the Swastika

The Bayreuth festival proves Wagner's own remark about the public's stupid seriousness

by CARLETON SMITH

▪ MUSIC ▪

SOME inquiring reporter in the shades should ask Richard Wagner what he thinks of the proceedings that now take place two summers out of every three in his Stage-Festival-Play-House on the hill north of Bayreuth. Doubtless, he would oblige with a long-winded discourse and, even if he were groaning inwardly with disgust, we'd hear that these performances are "the best in the world." No one knows better than he the effectiveness of proper exploitation. For he started this Festival business, after all, and there's damn little about its inner workings today that he would need to be told.

For over half a century under Kaisers and generals, Kings and house-painters, visitors have flocked to his "temple" from all five continents, coming in good weather and foul to great and lousy performances alike. And when all other music-festivals, that for a year or two may eclipse it, pass into the limbo of forgotten rackets, the Bayreuth Festivals will be continuing full-blast.

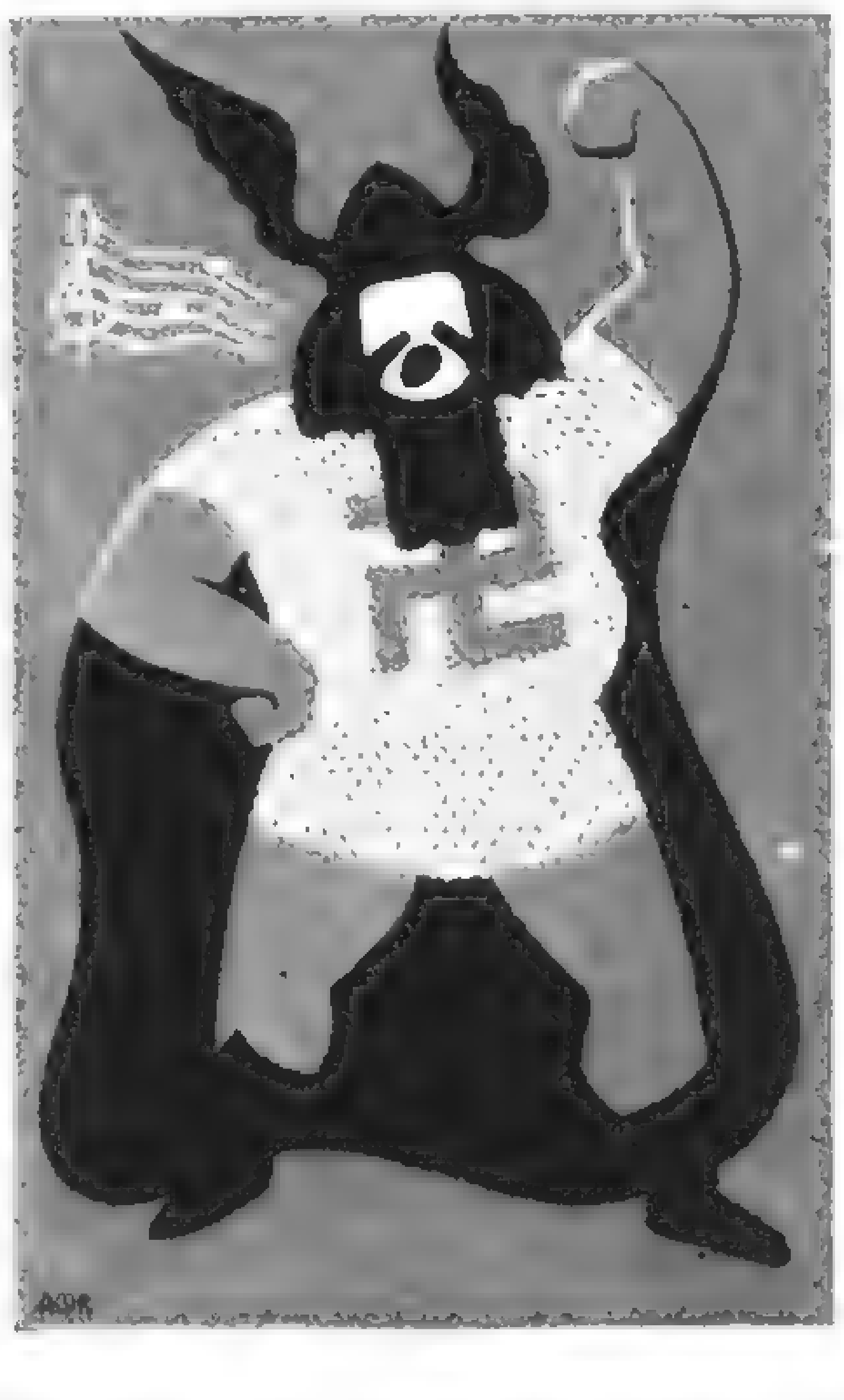
The inexhaustible Richard knew from times of old that people like to make pilgrimages and that most of them will do so on the slightest provocation. He had observed, also, that they not only put up with but enjoy every conceivable inconvenience. So he chose to build his theatre in a small, dull and rainy Franconian village in the most inaccessible part of his patron Ludwig's kingdom, with nothing to recommend it except that it could not (nor can it today) make comfortable those who would come to attend performances there.

When I arrived on the opening day of the 1936 Festival, the train being an hour late just as reports say it was in 1876 and 1882, there was a hustle-bustle at the station and not a taxi in sight, nor even a wagon. Two men strapped my luggage to their backs and panted over the hills to a lodging house. Upper-class English guests who had paid Cook's prices for hotel accommodations *with bath* were sent off to private dwellings where running water is reserved for a later and purer generation. All bathing had to be done by inches. We renewed our acquaintance with primitive sanitation, and walked miles to the ungainly brick theatre in rain that fell on an average of four days out of every five.

In Wagner's day a visit to Bayreuth was an equally disagreeable experience. The fifteen hundred who came to the first festival sixty years ago had difficulty in getting food. In Lochmüller's, then the principal restaurant, the customers gave up hope, pushed aside the waiters (one of whom suggested he would sit down and let them wait on him), besieged the kitchen and grabbed whatever they could find. Tschaikovsky, who suffered not only from hunger but from the music, reported that trains couldn't take him back to Russia quickly enough.

The excuse for all this was that only in such a remote and primitive place away from the routine of a regular opera house would the artists and workers, not to mention the audiences, devote themselves sufficiently to the work in hand. Wagner, ever the egoist, wanted a place where he and his work would be the whole show. He didn't relish the idea of any other attractions, even side-shows; and it must be stated with due credit to those who managed his trust that to this day there are *no side-shows* in Bayreuth. In Salzburg, Vienna, Vichy, and elsewhere, any comer who feels like it may rent a hall and perform during festival weeks. Not so in Bayreuth! The Wagner music-dramas begin at four in the afternoon and are one's sole occupation. On the days when the Festpielhaus is closed, visitors spend their time twiddling their thumbs and giving proper reflection to the works of the Master.

In having his own theatre, Wagner had in mind a monopoly. The building on the hill, which, in his own words, "it must be impossible for the whole modern theatric world to copy," was to be the only home of his last music-dramas. He intended that neither the four dramas of *Der Ring des Nibelungen* nor *Parsifal* should ever be heard outside its four walls. Circumstances forced him in order to pay his bills, to grant the performing rights of the tetralogy to other theatres; but *Parsifal*, as long as its copyright lasted, was heard only in Bayreuth. The Germans made a serious effort to amend their copyright laws and keep outsiders from touching the score. The first performance at the Metropolitan was spoken of as the *American Theft*, and sentimental Teutons still refer to it as "a sin against the Holy Ghost of German art."



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Somehow or other the notion is current among credulous people that Richard Wagner didn't know how to get on in the world, that he was neglected and misunderstood, much the same as Mozart and Schubert and all the old Masters. Let there be no mistake about it: The man who one day wrote the editor of the Bayreuth newspaper not to mention his name or regale citizens with gossip about his own highly-esteemed self, and the next was acting, in the capacity of the most talked-of musician of his time, as godfather for a wool-workman's son, who happened to be born on the day when the Festpielhaus cornerstone was laid, could teach our current political campaigners a few tricks.

No first-rate artist ever lived who knew better how to get what he wanted, or got more, than Richard Wagner. As he himself wrote in the report of his first festival performances: "Never had an artist been so honored; for although one had heard of such a man being called to emperors and princes, nobody could remember their ever having come to him."

He could have had his theatre built in Berlin, Leipzig, Nürnberg, Darmstadt, or half a dozen other cities. Chicago, even, in a desire to celebrate its renasence after the Great Fire, offered to build him a theatre according to his own specifications and staff it with his own personnel. He made great capital of this, incidentally, throwing it in the face of anyone who didn't do what he asked: "Great Heavens! Such sums as I should have earned in America . . .!"

Wagner preferred, no doubt wisely, to have his Festivals where great and small would come, as indeed they do, as an act of homage to him and his works.

To achieve that end, he organized Societies of Patrons who sold lottery tickets for the admissions to his first performances, went barnstorming around Germany with Frau Cosima, "music corps to the front of us, music corps to the rear of us, all blowing the Bayreuth horn!" and enlisted the aid of energetic, subscription-hunting women who begged from all and sundry including the Khedive of Egypt and the Sultan of Turkey.

After endless postponements and trouble in finding suitable singers, he opened his doors in 1876, much to the surprise of all concerned. His deficit was nearly $40,000, and when he began to seek contributions, he found he had few patrons, but only spectators at high prices. He sold a march to America for pocket money, the first time in his life that he had to write music before any poetic idea had come to him. With an

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They're Nice Girls

They take you home, and you meet their folks, and it's all right because they're so poor

by VICTOR LOWENSTEIN

FICTION

When we came out into the street after the debate, Robbins and the rest of the home team were waiting for us. The boys were all feeling pretty cocky about having come out from the big city and shown these small time folks how to argue. But I thought it was pretty crude.

Because the town was Mountain Glen, in the anthracite region of Pennsylvania, and the debate had been about the advisability of a government dole for the unemployed. We, of course, had to have the negative and it was Dick's impassioned rebuttal—he really seemed to mean it—that apparently had convinced the judges that the country would be better off without it.

Anyway, I thought it was pretty raw stuff, since anyone who reads the papers knows that Mountain Glen is thick with unemployed miners whose families, if it weren't for a certain amount of coal bootlegging, would have starved to death long ago.

The others didn't seem to mind it though, and I didn't really count, being only a sort of alternate and a reporter for the school paper, who covered debating activities. Frank was captain of the team and president of the senior class and pretty smug about it all, Red was a track man, and Dick, as phlegmatic and self-sufficient a fellow as you could find, certainly wouldn't be bothered by any such detail.

When we reached the street it was ten o'clock, and since our train back to the city didn't leave till 12:45, we weren't in any hurry. We strolled casually down the street from the hall in twos and threes, getting acquainted and looking over the town. I was immediately struck by the forlorn dilapidation of the surroundings. You got the impression of being in an old boom town that had completely collapsed, but—and this was the important point—without the inhabitants having moved out.

I was walking with one of the local fellows named Davidson, an awfully decent and friendly chap—the whole crowd of them were, for that matter—and he was telling me all about local conditions and his own life; about how he had worked on the school paper his two years at Lehigh, and how he had to quit when money ran out at home. His father had been a bookkeeper in one of the mine offices and was out of work for five years. Davidson was a cub reporter on the local paper—"getting experience," and, I gathered, helping to support the family. Things were pretty rough all around, he told me, not one of the eleven mines in the vicinity being in steady operation, and most of them closed altogether.

The basic difficulty, I think, and the thing that none of us had realized before that night, was that these were not depression conditions, but were the inevitable result of a situation that went back some ten years to the big anthracite strike in the early twenties. That winter when the country was supposed to be heatless, the people began to learn that oil was extremely satisfactory as a domestic fuel. The depression was merely the straw that broke the miner's morale.

We were close to Main Street now and the rest of the crowd was waiting for us as we came up. It seems that Robbins had suggested calling up some girls—to sort of compensate us for the long trip, I guess. Red wasn't much interested. "I'm in no mood for parties," he said.

Robbins pointed out that there wasn't much danger of that. Nobody had money to waste on frivolity.

"That's not what I meant," Red began to explain.

"Well that part of it's all right too," Robbins told him. "In fact, it's exactly what I did mean. Of course, you'll have to give them something. But you see—" he went on hurriedly, "—they're nice girls. They're not whores. They're nice girls. Things are tough in this town. Their fathers and brothers are miners out of work. There are no jobs around for anyone and they have to—they have to pick up money where they can. If you weren't all decent—"

"I see," Dick cut in.

"That's how it is," one of the other fellows said, "we don't talk about it any, but when we want dates, why we just—we just—"

"O. K.," Red said. "Bring 'em on."

"How about you?" Robbins turned to Frank.

"All right."

"And you two?" He turned to Dick and me.

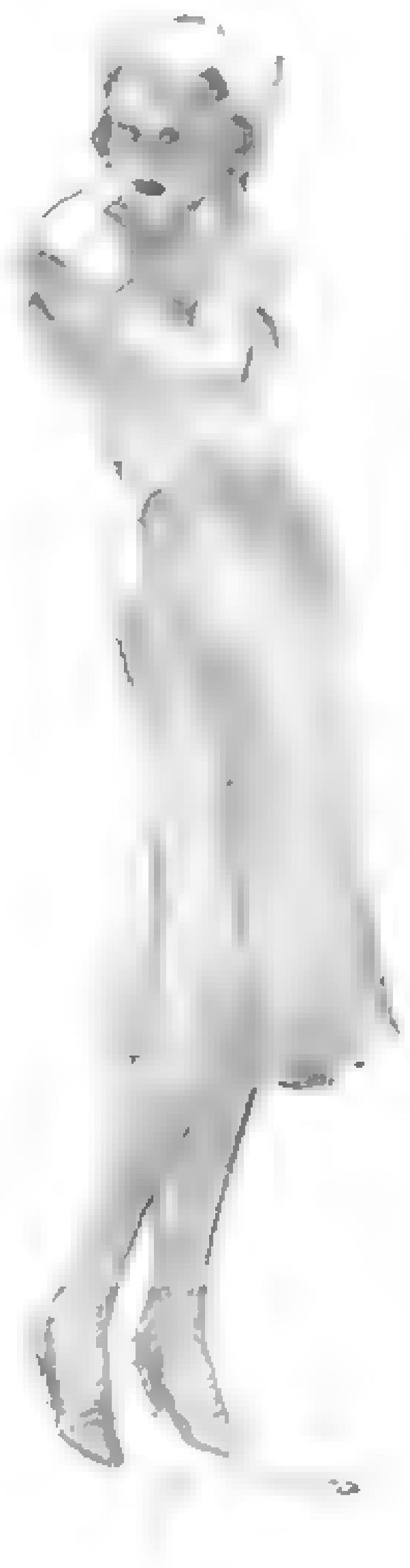
Dick said, "Certainly." I didn't know what to say, and when I said nothing, he must have taken my silence for acceptance.

"All right then," Robbins said, "I'll phone from here and we'll meet them at the cafeteria." And he went into the cigar store on the corner.

Davidson went home, being broke I guess, and when Robbins came out and said everything was set the rest of us went on down Main Street to meet the girls.

We went into the cafeteria and sat talking a while over our coffee. After a while the girls came and Robbins introduced them around. We got more coffee and sat down in pairs to get acquainted. They were all rather ordinary and uninteresting looking. My girl was disconcertingly young, wearing an old dress that had never been expensive, and quite plain looking, but she had experience in her eyes, a clean odor, and a good figure. Her name was Rose.

Conversation was general and unimportant, but I wasn't paying much attention to the rest of them any more. Rose was reasonably friendly, though rather quiet and reserved, and everything went smoothly enough, 'til finally Robbins suggested we'd better be going since we had a train to catch.



We left the cafeteria and started down the street. I didn't know exactly what was expected of me. The girls all had families, Robbins had said, so they didn't live alone. I supposed there were hotels in town. At the first corner, however, Rose said, "We turn here," and took me up the hill and away from the business section. We were alone now. It seemed we were going to her home. I tried to make conversation but it was rather difficult. She answered my remarks pleasantly enough and asked about my school career and ambitions for the future. I didn't have much to say on that subject, and somehow it was difficult to swing the conversation into more intimate channels. This was comparable, at least, to a seduction, and it seemed to me there were certain things to be said, but it was tough getting started.

We walked along several streets, passing groups of similar looking houses, many of them untenanted. Except for an occasional automobile and a few street lights, the way was dark and quiet. We passed no one.

"Do you think you can find your way back to the station?" she asked.

I looked back over my shoulder and nodded. "I suppose so." Then I looked at my watch. It was not quite eleven.

Finally she led me up one of the identical walks along an unused driveway and into the house. I was cordially greeted by her father and mother and an aunt who lived

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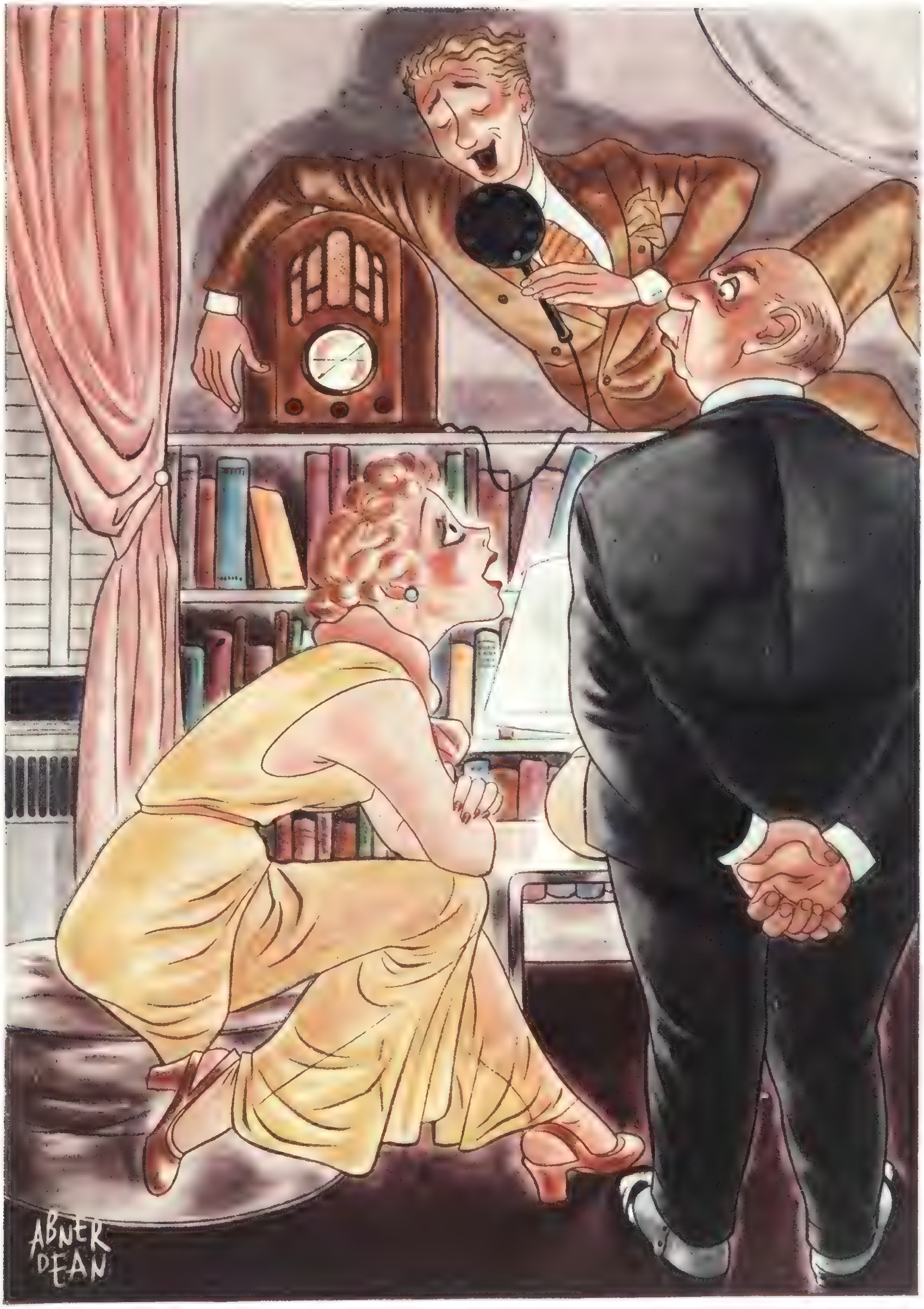
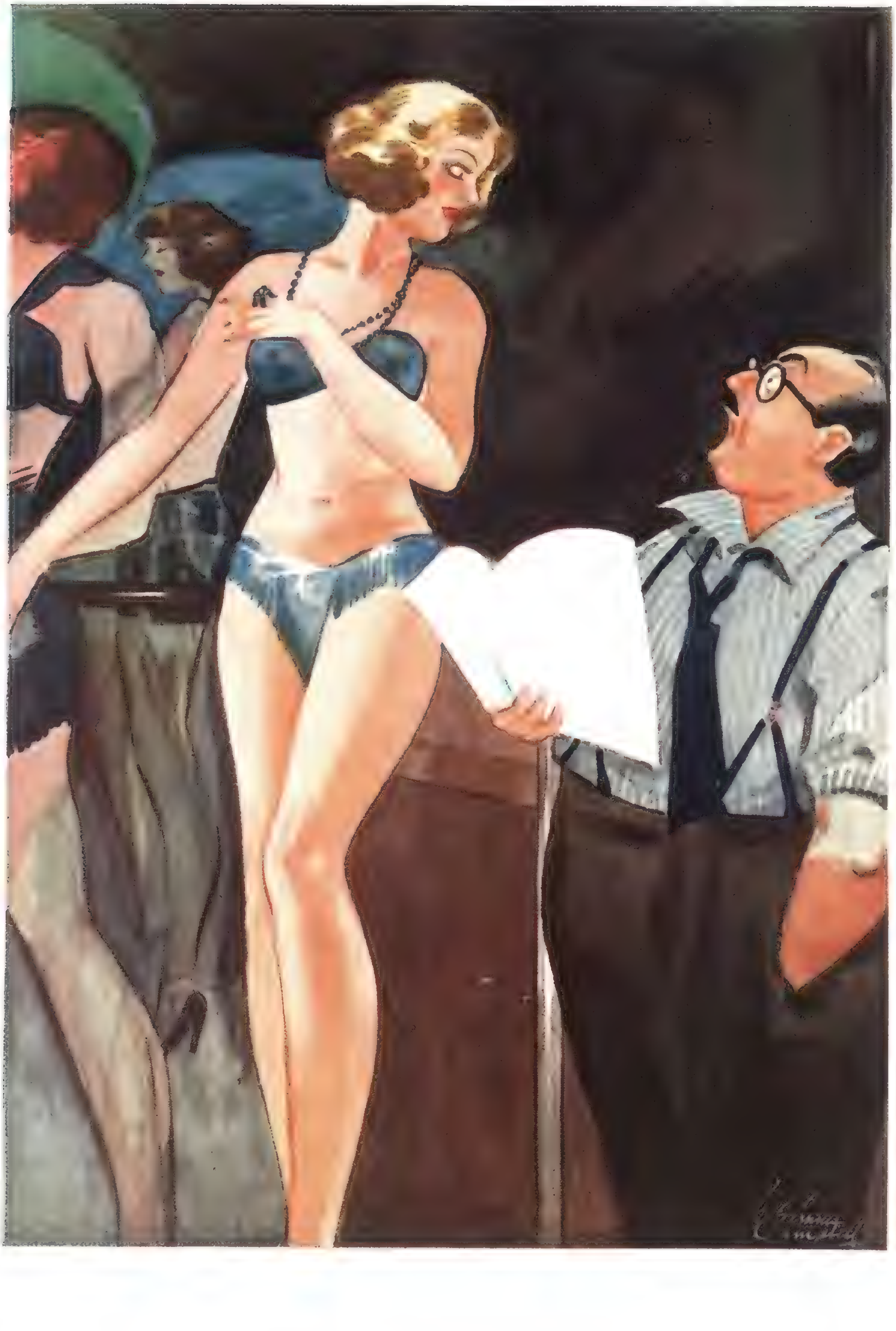


"I hired an unemployed crooner—they're cheaper than new tubes!"



"Take off them beads—they ain't in the script!"

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Doubting the sincerity, or the sanity, of the eternal devotee to Gilbert and Sullivan's cult

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

• THEATRE •

Disturbing as it may be to the sensibilities of those Savoyphiles who consider Gilbert and Sullivan as necessary to their very existence as bread, water and a belief in the infinite goodness of God, it seems to me that our theatre is beginning to overdo the business and, in the process, is somewhat unduly boring the rest of us. That Gilbert and Sullivan were and continue to be matchless in their field only a squintsconce would deny, but that the persistent dose of them which we have been getting in the last few years isn't a bit fatiguing even to those of us who enthusiastically admit their eminence only a glutton for repetition, in turn, will affirm.

There are some persons, true enough, who never can get enough of a good thing. Or, to put it perhaps more accurately, there are some persons who like to pretend that they can't get enough of a good thing. And when you say to them that you suspect their entire honesty in their professed unquenchable Gilbert and Sullivan appetite and in their statement that they could enjoy hearing them seven days a week and fifty-two weeks a year, they ask you, by way of confounding you, if *you* get tired of hearing your favorite grand operas however often they are repeated. The obvious, truthful and wholly satisfactory answer to this, of course, is that you do get tired, at least for a spell, of hearing your favorite operas constantly repeated, as they are repeated at the Metropolitan. But there is a deeper critical reason that distinguishes between the tedium of endless repetitions of the Gilbert and Sullivan operettas and the great operatic works. And this is it.

As Polichinelle's most stupid offspring knows, the Gilbert and Sullivan works are extremely witty. And as the same stupid offspring also knows, there is not enough wit in all of grand opera rolled together to challenge even a single scene in one of the better Caillavet and DeFler's comedies. Now, even Polichinelle's most stupid offspring's Polack bootblack appreciates that nothing with frequent repetition becomes duller than wit, dazzling originally though it may have been, and that the smiles over it and the laughter over it become steadily and progressively less broad and less lusty the oftener it is reiterated. That, therefore, there is something peculiar about persons who profess to be able to roar with increased mirth every time they hear a sample of old Savoy wit is something to be confided to their family psychiatrists.

The same thing is true in the case of the Gilbert and Sullivan extremely clever lyric rhyming. I will admit for argument's sake that it is very entertaining for maybe the first ten or twelve times one listens to it, but that it continues to be inordinately jolly the fortieth or fiftieth time, as the chauvinists stoutly insist, seems to me, if I may be so bold, to be faintly doubtful. The man, accordingly, who assures me that he can still, after listening to it for thirty-odd years, bust his galluses over

But as I'm engaged to Ko-Ko,
To embrace you thus, con fuoco,
Would distinctly be no gioco

impresses me as a liar, or if not a liar, a fellow with a very static sense of humor. And the man, who, in the same way, avows that, though he had heard it a thousand times, he still throws a fit laughing at

I'm very good at integral and differential calculus;
I know the scientific names of beings animalculous

or at

I know our mythic history, King Arthur's and Sir Caradoc's;
I answer hard acrostics; I've a pretty taste for paradox—
I quote in elegiacs all the crimes of Heliogabalus;
In conics I can floor peculiarities parabolous—

impresses me equally as one suffering from arrested humorous development. It isn't that the lyrics are not uncommonly adroit; it is simply that nothing is so eternally amusing as all that.

ACT I
SCENE 2
AWR

The present theatrical season opened with still another dose of Gilbert and Sullivan repertoire, making I can't remember how many in the last five or six years. The D'Oyly Carte troupe was again brought over from England to repeat its last season's chore and, despite the easily discernible critical fact that its performances left much to be desired, the accustomed ecstatic responses of the Broadway Savoyards were not lacking. Even a number of the critics themselves continued to live up to tradition with the old hooey that "no one can ever get enough of Gilbert and Sullivan" and that "if it were in our hands, we would see to it that there was a Gilbert and Sullivan operetta on the boards of the New York stage every day in the year." As for those old frauds who show up on every G. and S. occasion, some of them carried in on the arms of their nurses, others carefully guarded by uniformed attendants from the neighboring asylums for the mentally deficient, their mirth was so unrestrained and excessive on hearing for the hundredth time that the names of three Japanese girls were Yum-Yum, Pitti-Sing and Peep-Bo, on hearing for the two hundredth time the pre-Shavian crack, "It so happens that if there is an institution in Great Britain which is not susceptible of any improvement at all, it is the House of Peers," and on hearing for the three hundredth that a policeman's lot is not a happy one—their merriment, as I say, was so exuberant that the actors themselves periodically stopped dead in their tracks and wonderingly scratched their heads.

We have had enough of Gilbert and Sullivan now, anyway for a while.

* * *

Since the deadline for this month's department doesn't seem to have influenced the managers to put forward a little the dates of their first dramatic productions, I shall attempt to entertain you in the interim with a few philosophies bearing upon our theatre in general. The first of these has to do with the oft-proclaimed disappearance from our stage of romantic glamour.

When folk remark on this disappearance of romantic glamour, what they doubtless have in mind is its disappearance not so much from the stage as a whole as from the women who figure as part of it. The American stage itself, what with its greatly improved and often beautifully contrived drama, has gained a new romance and a new glamour in recent years. The better-grade motion picture audience that is rapidly deserting the screen parlors and returning to the theatre is but one straw which shows the way the wind is reblowing. But that, at the same time, there is some justice in the contention that the romantic glamour that once was the portion of the women of the stage is seldom theirs any longer is more or less evident. And the fault lies not so greatly with the women themselves as with our producers and directors.

Theatrical romance and glamour are delicate things and must be handled delicately. Their seeds lie in trivialities, just as their effect is largely in the forced and bogus fancy. But producers and directors are rarely privy to these secrets, and it is due to their carelessness in small and even laughable details that one of the chief desiderata of the stage has been lost. It could and can be recaptured;

Continued on page 187

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

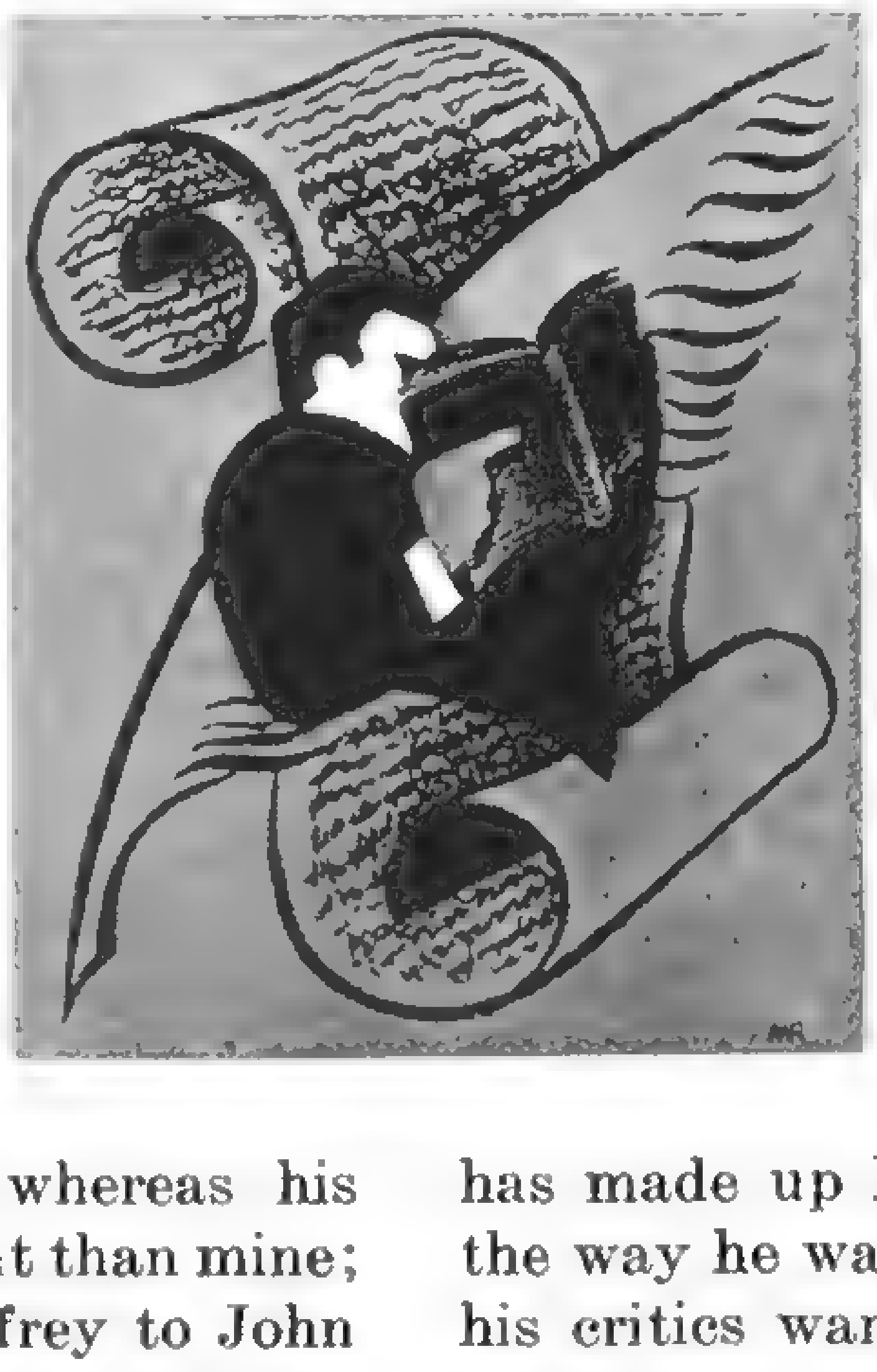
A critic's retort to his editor, who thinks that poets live longer than the critics who kill them

by BURTON RASCOE

■ BOOKS ■

The late Percy Hammond, the drama critic, had an inveterate device he used when he wished to annoy somebody in print. He purposely misspelled the person's name. He would ring the misspelled word and on the margin of his copy would write "Stet," thus instructing the linotype operator and proofreader not to be so misguided as to correct the spelling Hammond had used or to change Joseph Brooks Krutch to Joseph Wood Krutch or J. Wood Atkinson to J. Brooks Atkinson. For some strange reason most people feel deeply affronted when their names appear incorrectly spelled in print. If I were subject to this stimulus to annoyance, I should be a veritable Donald Duck, because the frequency with which my name appears as Roscoe is high and because "Roscoe" (I learn from Maurice H. Wessen's *Dictionary of American Slang*) is criminal slang for "pistol." It is also used on Broadway, both for a "stooge" which Professor Wesson defines as "a stage fool," and (as Professor Wesson omits to mention) for a credulous, incompetent fathead, on stage or off. So long has my vanity suffered from misspellings of my name that it has callouses and cauliflower ears; but Percy knew that with most people this is not the case. So he delighted to make people wince at the idea of being so negligible in Percy Hammond's mind that he didn't even know how to spell their names correctly.

Arnold Gingrich has a similar rhetorical device, as appealing as Hammond's was arrogant. It is so appealing that it is most unfair of him to use it against an opponent, who has never been clever enough to employ the sweet uses of humility. Arnold is a learned man, who was once destined for a professorship, but it pleases him, when he wishes to put me at a disadvantage before our common public, to pretend that I am a highbrow whereas he is just one of the boys. He classes me with the "long-haired" literary gents, whereas his hair is longer and more abundant than mine; and, lastly, he makes me a Jeffrey to John Dos Passos' Keats and pretending to forget Jeffrey, Lockhart and Wilson, he suggests that a hundred years hence I shall be as forgotten as Jeffrey, whereas Dos will be known to everybody as well as Keats is now.



This is what comes of my trying to be helpful. It's a mugg's game, this trying to be helpful and I am always a bust at it like everyone who tries it. I swear off.

Last month I thought I was trying to be helpful to the readers of ESQUIRE. Arnold had already written of John Dos Passos, "He is an author who ought to be read by everyone and could get along without being read by his admirers—we mean that he has a tremendous following among the long-haired audience and deserves to have it among all readers of books." I, too, thought Dos ought to be read by the general book buyer instead of almost exclusively by those who have literary pretentions. But Dos has made reading his work so difficult for the average reader, that it would appear that he had made up his mind he had rather not be read by the general public. I cannot understand this because Dos' sympathies are democratic and equalitarian; but there it is. Time after time I, like other critics, had hoped that Dos would drop the barriers between himself and the public. But he continued to keep them up, and on all sides I have heard people tell me that they have found Dos Passos much too difficult going, they can't get what he is driving at.

If the mountain wouldn't move to Mahomet, I proposed to lead Mahomet to the mountain. I began by informing my readers that Dos Passos had obviously made up his mind to write his novels the way he wanted to write them and not the way the critics wanted him to write them. I said this, not in criticism but as a fact, in preface to my helpful little plan to get people to read John Dos Passos, whether he wanted them to or not —by showing them that they could read Dos' novels easily and comprehensibly by not reading them the way he has written them; at least they could read some parts of them easily and comprehensibly: I myself can't read his "newsreels" easily or his "camera eye" comprehensibly.

Arnold says my opening statement of fact, that Dos has made up his mind to write his novels the way he wants to write them and not as his critics want him to, sticks in his crop because my mature decision is that the critics are right. "This is a strange decision, coming from Burton," writes Arnold, "who knows that there was a man named Keats who persisted in writing his stuff the way he wanted to write it, and not the way his critics wanted him to. Now, probably, because he is a scholar, Burton knows the names of those critics who, at the time, put Keats in his place. Perhaps he even knows the names of the magazines in whose pages they did the job. But who else does, a hundred years later? Yet everybody, today, knows Keats."

I shall return in a moment to the legend of Keats and his critics, because it is often used as a club with which to whang the critics and, although it is mainly a legend, it is none the less effective. But, meanwhile, Arnold's last sentence reminds me of an observation by the late John Macy in *The Spirit of American Literature*. (That book is still the soundest, most interesting and the most entertaining single volume on the main stream of American literature. It is available now only in the Modern Library reprint at 95 cents.) In his essay on Whitman Macy wrote: ". . . the great public, common humanity, the 'average man' whom Whitman loved and knew better than did Wordsworth or Shelley or any other poet, seems to deny its own prophet. That is, the multitude do not read him, thereby negatively attesting that they hold him the equal of Dante and Milton, whom also they do not read."

It is my fear that Dos Passos who, like Whitman, is the champion of common humanity, will suffer, through his deliberate obscurantism, the fate of Whitman and that, in time, the multitude who do not read him will thereby negatively attest that they hold him the equal of Whitman, whom also they do not read.

Arnold's statement that "everybody, today, knows Keats" is hyperbole. Nearly everybody has heard the name; but those who *know* Keats are also those who know the critical work of Francis Jeffrey of the *Edinburgh Review*, John Wilson and John Gibson Lockhart of *Blackwood's Quarterly*. Even in the academic mind, however, the three names, Jeffrey, Wilson and Lockhart, are often associated, because of the legend, as the "critics who killed Keats"; although the facts are these: (1) the verdict of the critics had nothing whatever to do with hastening the death of Keats, a legend created by Byron's lines on Keats in *Don Juan:*

> "Strange that the mind, that very fiery particle,
> Should let itself be snuffed out by an article";

and in part by Shelley's *Adonais:* (2) far from being misjudged in his lifetime Keats had the championship and admiration of the greatest literary figures of his day, even his rivals among poets, Byron, Shelley, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Leigh Hunt, and Southey, and of sundry influential figures in other arts as well, like Edmund Kean, the tragedian, Charles Lamb, the essayist,

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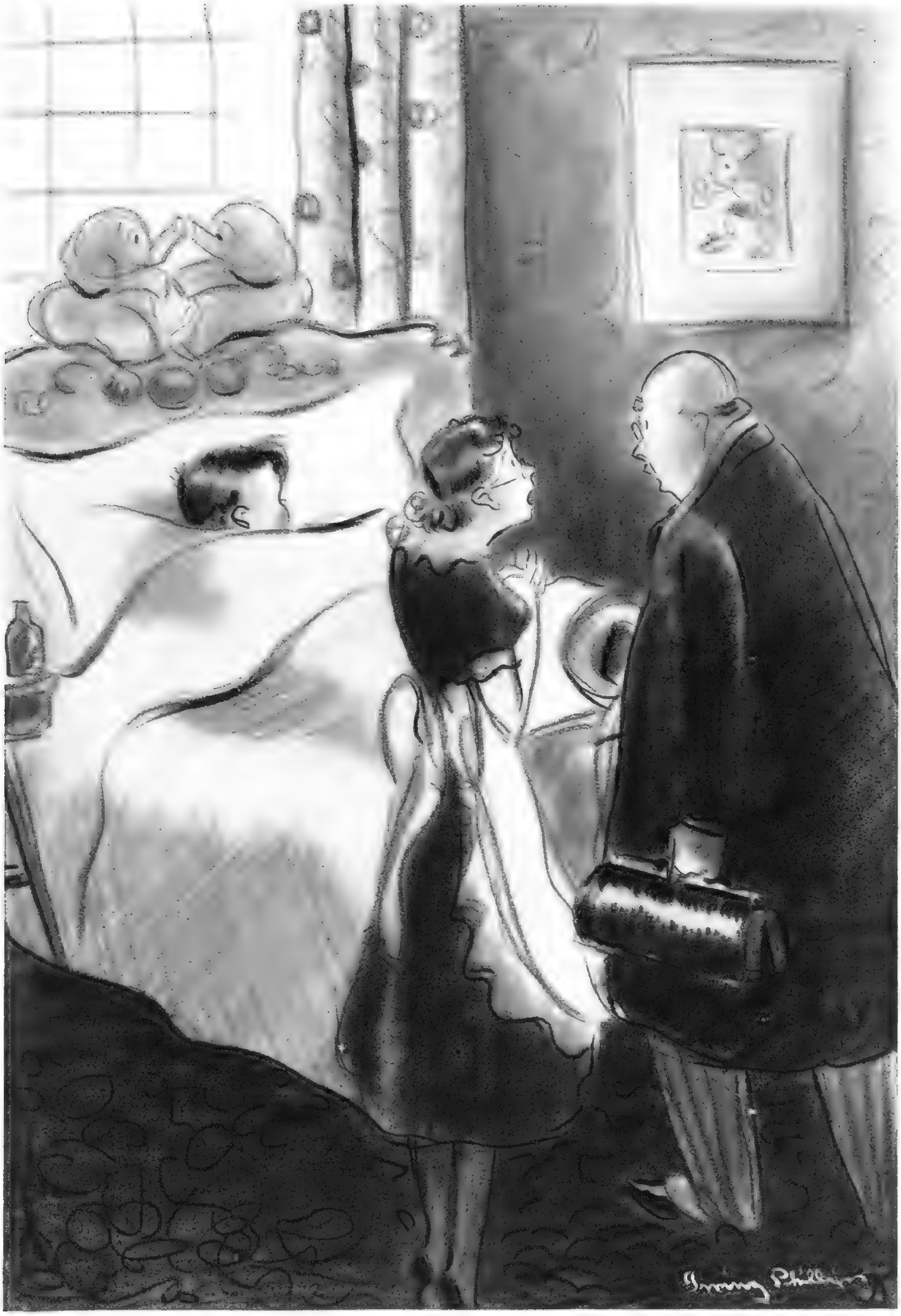

Irving Phillips

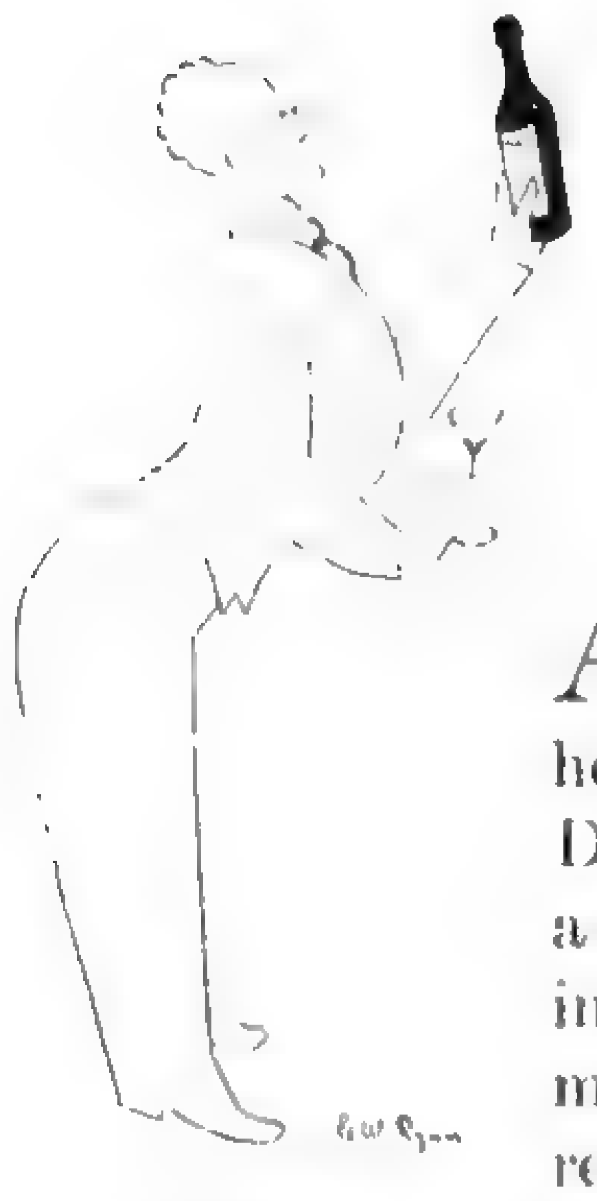
"He must be delirious Doctor—he keeps asking for castor oil"

A Man's Cellar Is His Castle

Tabloid versions of the ancient caves, designed for bachelors, young widows, and the married

by MURDOCK PEMBERTON

• POTABLES •

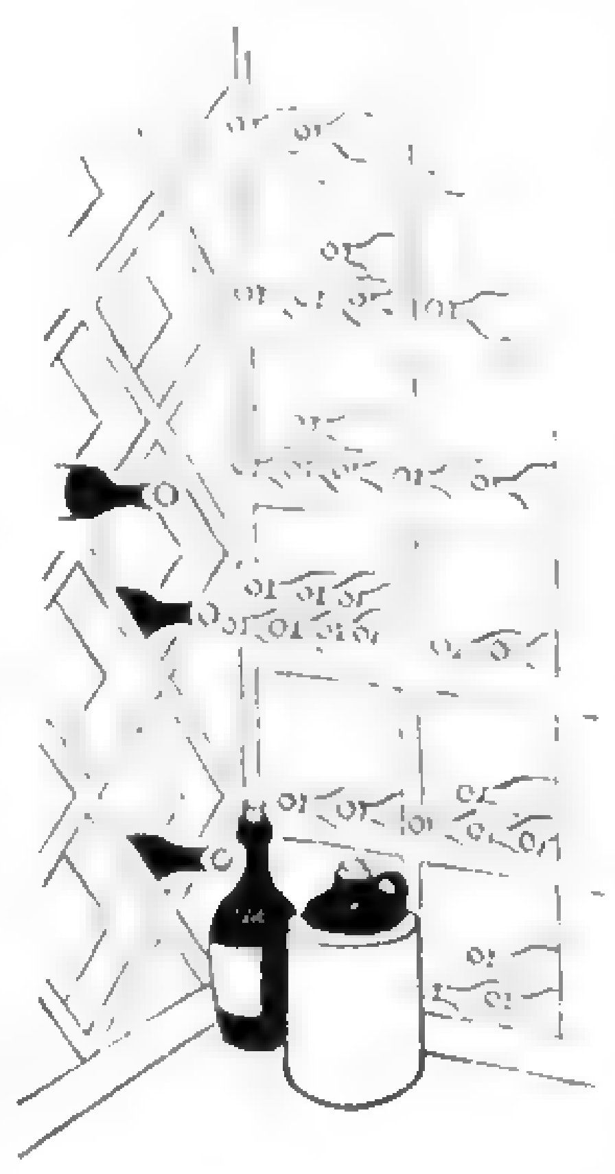


A FRENCHMAN once told us he wanted a daughter so that he could name her "Cellar Door," the pleasantest words in a strange language. He was going by ear, not knowing their meaning. Imagine his added regard if he had lived with us during the noble experiment when the hearthstone of a home was usually the basement floor.

There are a good many reasons for laying down a cellar of things to drink. If you are not fascinated by the connoisseur's delight, or if you are not even moved by the collector's chance of buying and holding for a rise in value, then perhaps you can be reached by the old Scotch idea of thrift: you can save a lot of money by purchasing in case lots, no matter what you drink.

The drawbacks to a cellar for the apartment dweller have largely been overcome by ingenious gadgets. There is on the market a honeycomb sort of arrangement that can be fitted into any hall closet to hold bottles at the proper angle so that they wash the cork. These units are inexpensive and do very well for the modest cellar. Better equipped houses have provision in the pantry for air-conditioned closets large enough to hold a month's supply. Then some of the progressive dealers have adopted the plan of taking care of your cellar for you. This is a fine arrangement, if you live in the heart of the city. Your potables have been purchased at discounts, perhaps under the guidance of intelligent liquor men, and they will be cared for by experts. Your only task will be to telephone in time for the delivery of the bottles you wish for the occasion.

The home owner has no problem. Any place in the cellar, away from the furnace, where the temperature is even during the year (fifty-five to sixty degrees is right), will do for the bottle racks. If you are the sort of man who can not change your own automobile tire you can have the local carpenter run up some racks for your private cellar. The place should have no outside light as sunlight is death to most sensitive wines. Of all the cellars your correspondent has snooped around in, two or three stand out in memory.



Along about the time of the great war, the Hotel Plaza had a proud cellar running the length of the hostelry, under Fifty-ninth Street. In addition to the regular daily stock there was a division for rare vintages. Much of this had come from the Chicago World's Fair of 1893! The various French exhibits had been purchased and laid away. Special customers came in once or twice a week and called for a favorite vintage. One bin had been reserved for a retired South American dictator. He was down to one a month; there were but thirteen bottles left and when these were gone he said he would shoot himself.

We visited these cellars again during prohibition and wept at the long rows of canned tomatoes and stringed beans.

One evening sitting in the window of a Fifth Avenue house, watching the Hoover grass grow in the streets, a literary gentleman of the town (the only one who sports a pink beaver) sighed for some good old Irish whiskey. The hostess said he could have it, as a matter of fact he could have anything on earth he wanted to drink. So he began a game. From long travel and much reading he knew them all. But the hostess was his match and ordered up bottle after bottle. Finally he broke down and we all demanded to see this magic cellar. The room, in the sub-basement, was forty feet square. It contained the most complete private cellar I ever licked my lips at. Thousands of bottles of champagne, case after case of vintage wines, hundreds of cases of the popular brands of Scotch and rye, gins and rums. Then there was a sound assortment of every known liqueur or cordial. The owner finally moved and the stuff was sent to storage. She, by the way, never drank a drop in her life.

One of the popular restaurants in New York proudly shows the cellar that baffled most of the revenoors during the dark ages. You are taken into a closet that holds canned goods and after sticking a hairpin through a hole in a brick wall, the mechanism starts and the brick wall swings back. Beyond is the cellar. Most of the stuff will be there always; it was a purchase from an old estate and the heirs had treated it carelessly. Little of it is potable. During prohibition it brought twenty dollars a bottle.

If you are selecting a considerable cellar it is wise first to select an unimpeachable dealer. He can save you much misery and indigestion. Many of the younger generation who are accumulating their first cellars have gone about it slowly and sensibly. They begin by sampling a different wine each week and by elimination, arrive at the types that suit them best. They also test the likes of their guests and lay by a subsidiary cellar for entertaining.

The emphasis will naturally be on French wines for some years to come. Although I have had some American vintages, notably from the finger-lake regions of New York, that can hold their own with French wines. But these have to be sought out and learned.

Above all, beware of the processed wine. If you have ever stood around a vineyard when they were harvesting or crushing the grape, you need no warning about "processing." There is something about a grape ripened on a hillside, naturally fermenting to an ambrosial nectar that fortunately can not be duplicated in a factory, the handbills to the contrary. Recently we were led around a typical American wine factory. There were no peasants there singing as they crushed the grape, no pride of Chateau grower in his product. But there were hundreds of thousand-gallon tanks holding a mash that had been sent on from the Coast, after it had been dehydrated, and mixed with free sugar and yeast, was stewing itself into a sort of pop that was to be bottled and sold as wine. We tasted some of the wash and six months later tried it again. Although the bottle had been opened all that time, the "wine" had not changed. Open a good bottle of wine and it will turn to vinegar in twenty-four hours. The owner of the wine factory was proud of his conveyor belts, his pasteurizers, his sales force. He could turn out fifty-five varieties at the rate of thirty-five thousand gallons a week. He has a staff of chemists laboring to steal another march on nature. He did not depend on seasons or the sun; he said he could put his wine through a twelve-hour process that would age it three years, all the maturity he wanted in his product. We didn't even envy him the money he was making. We bet he can not sit down and enjoy a Romanee Conti or a Grand Pouilly. His palate as well as his mind is probably processed by now.

If you are going about getting a cellar that will be a practical adjunct to your living and not merely a hobby to exhibit to friends, it is well to begin with your needs. Consider the formal meal of five or more courses as the basic unit and order your cellar from your customary menu. Some regions, where game is plentiful, lean more to fruits of the hunt than do the city folk where there are too many restrictions.

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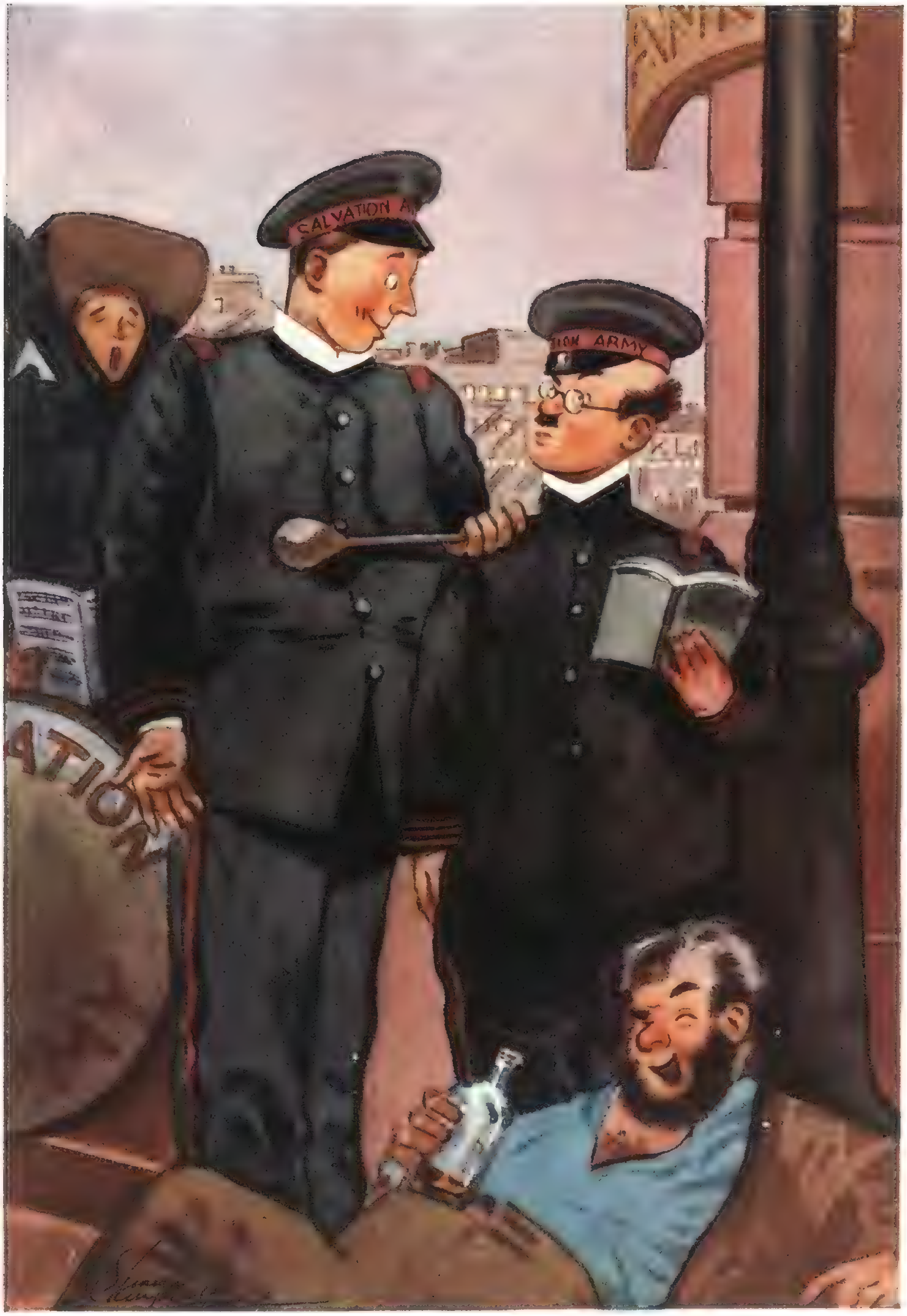
SALVATION A
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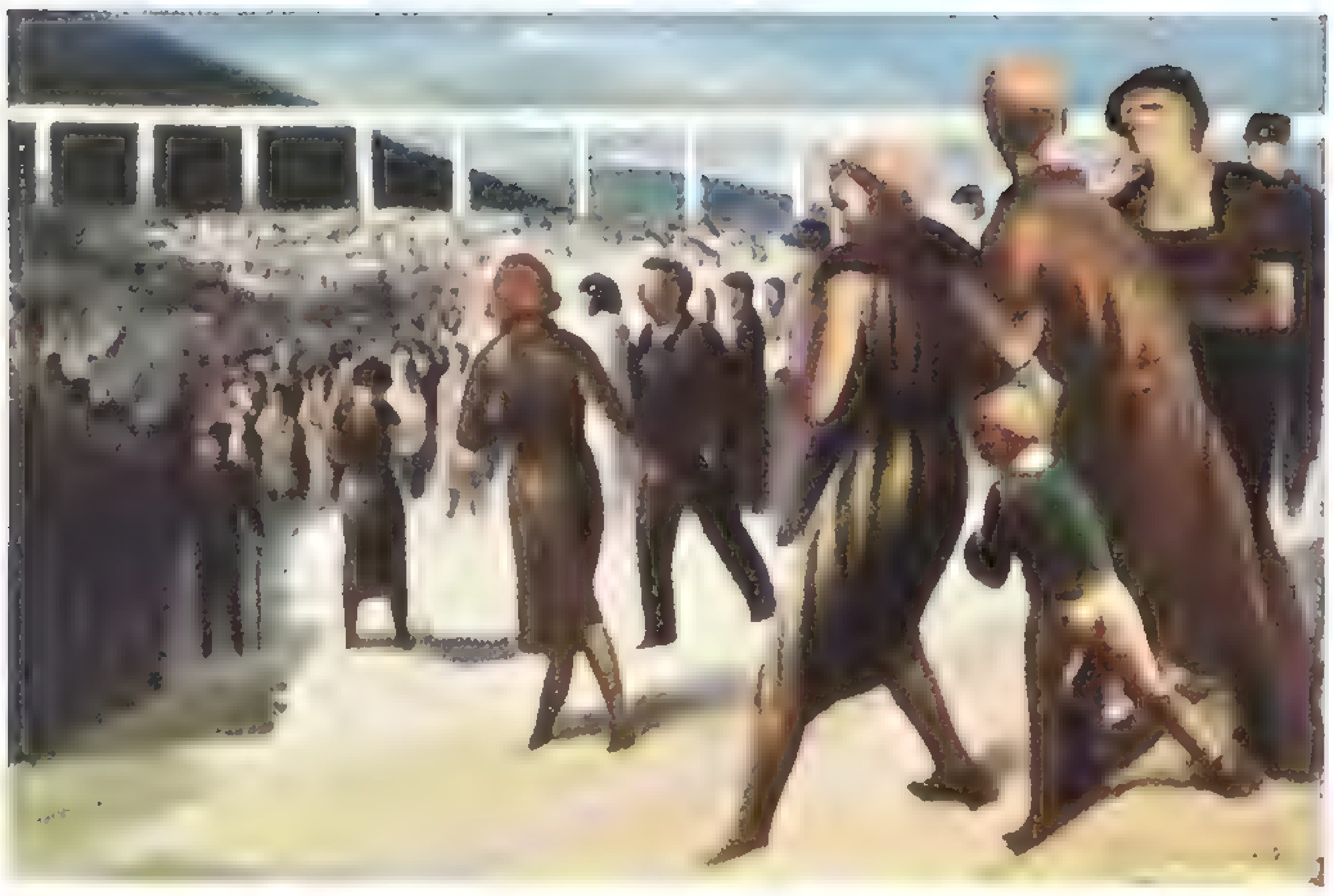
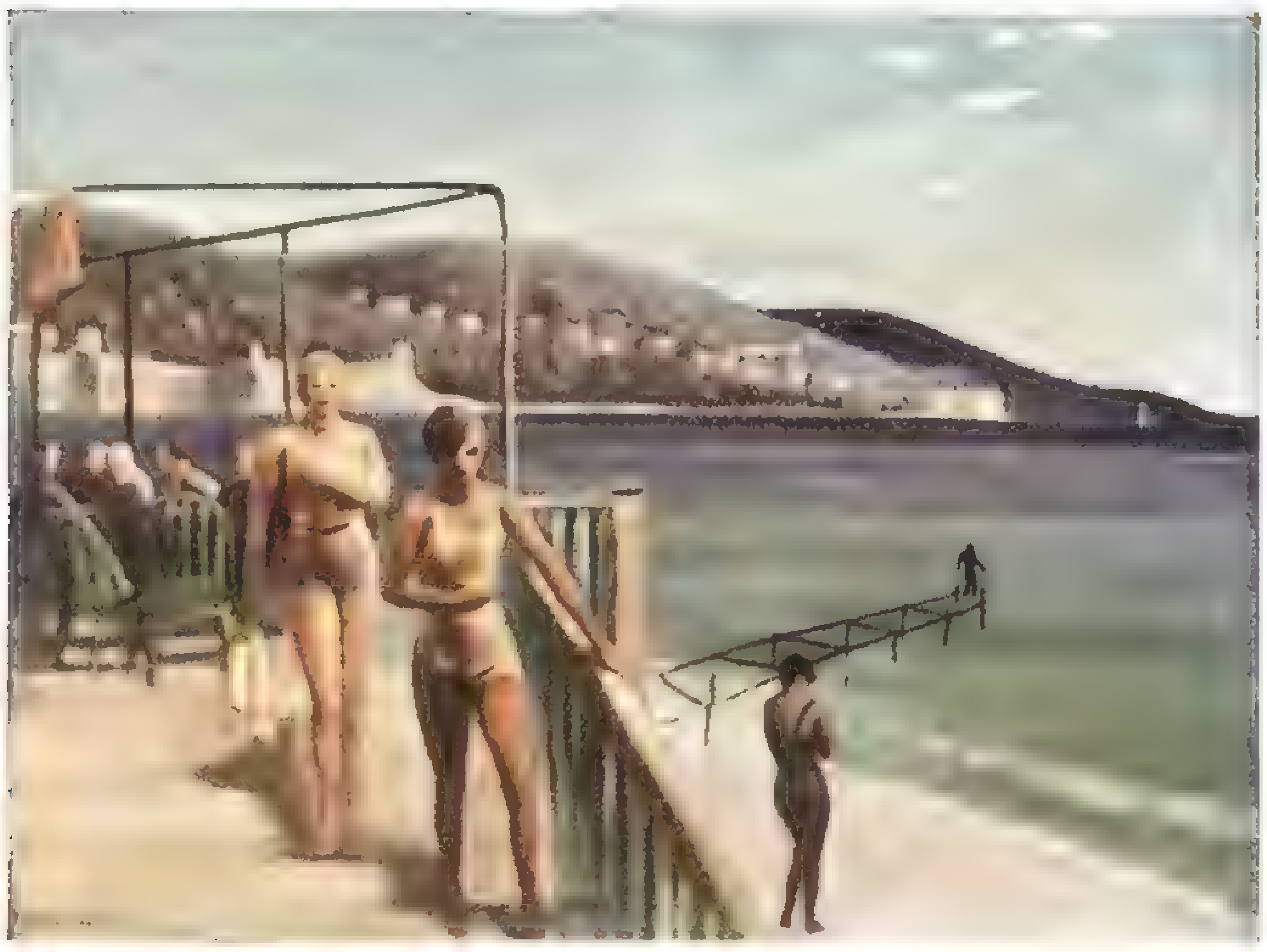
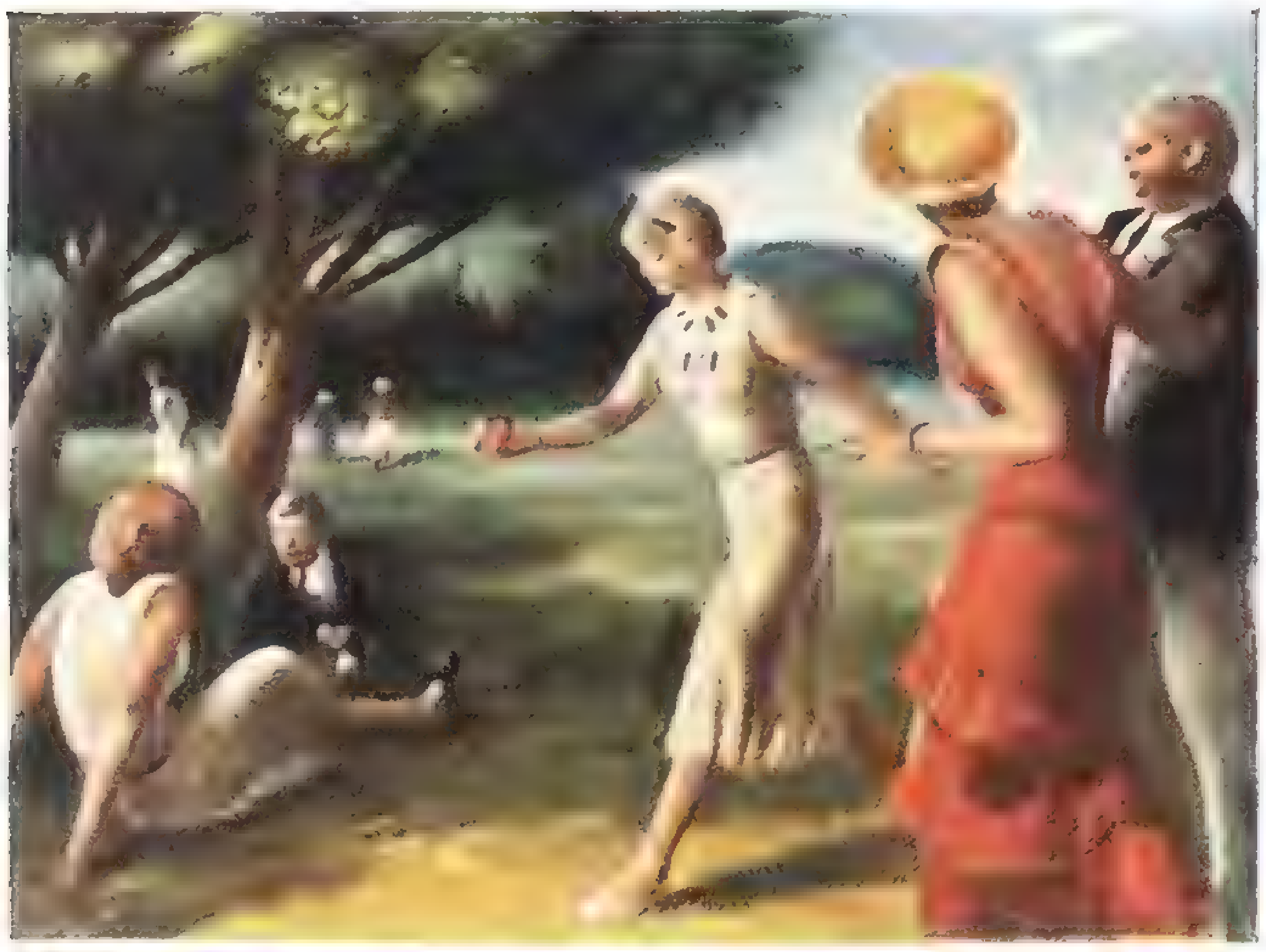
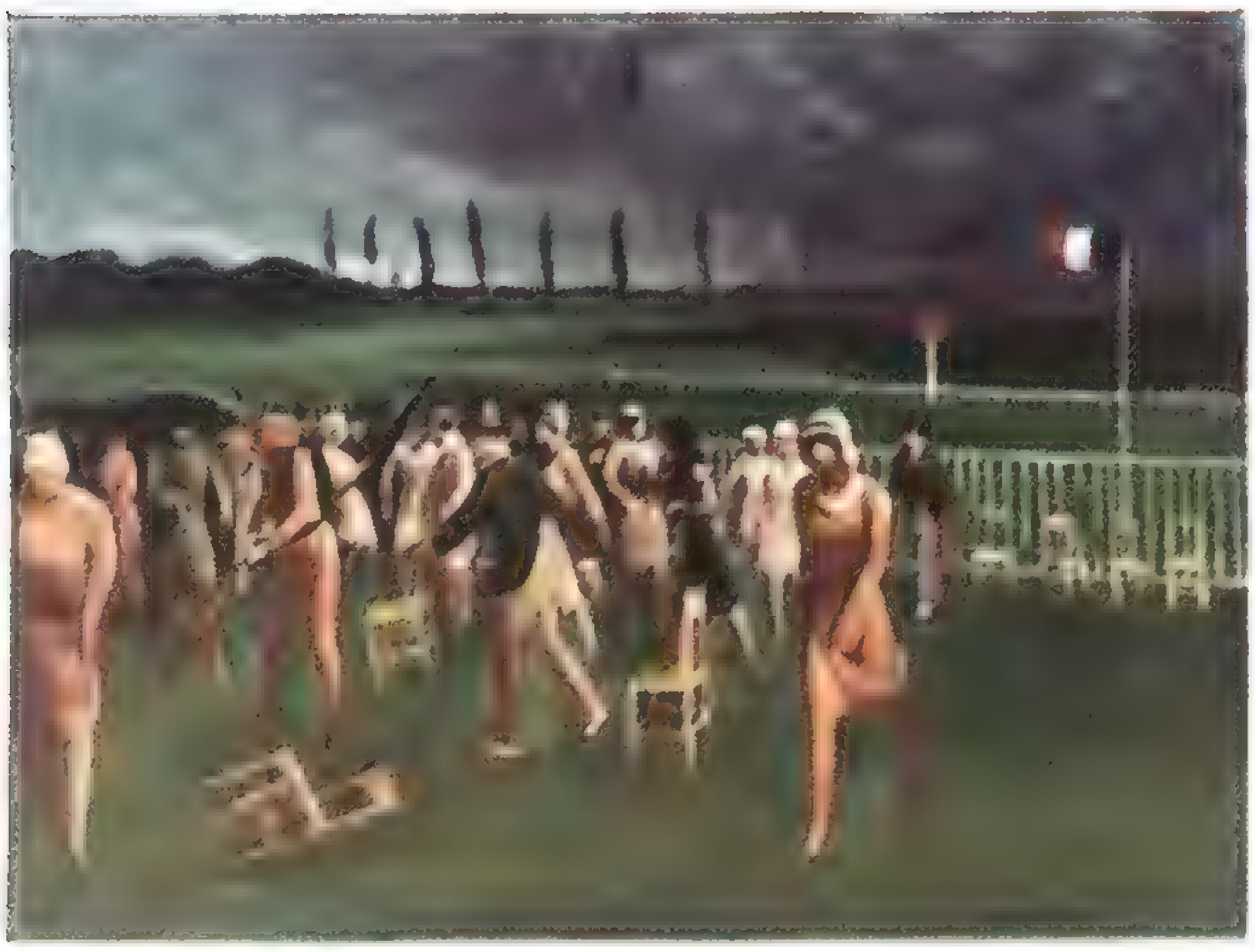
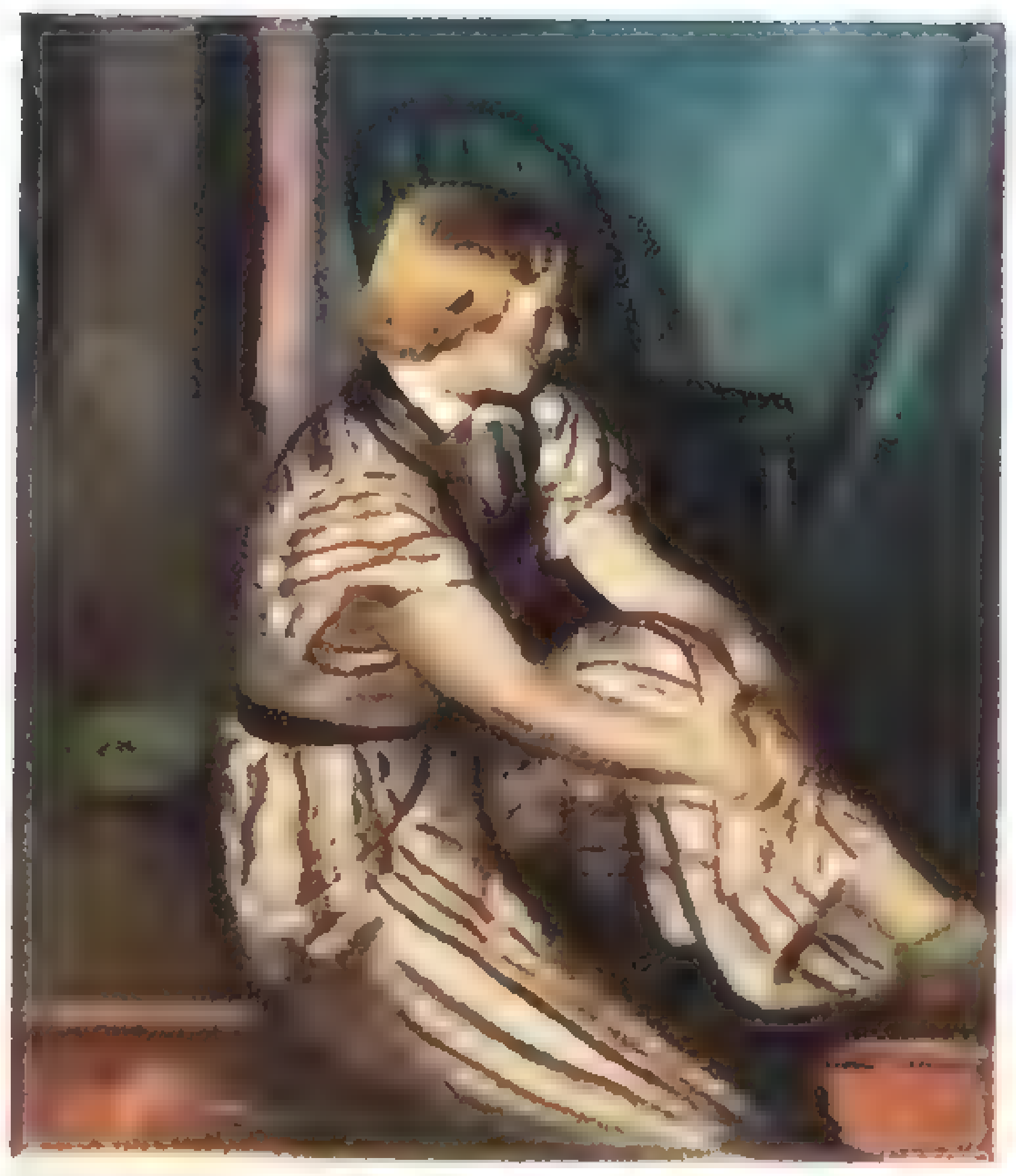
"Y'know—sometime I think it might be fun"


THE CROWD


GRANDE BLEUE, NICE


THE PARK


APPROACHING STORM, RACETRACK

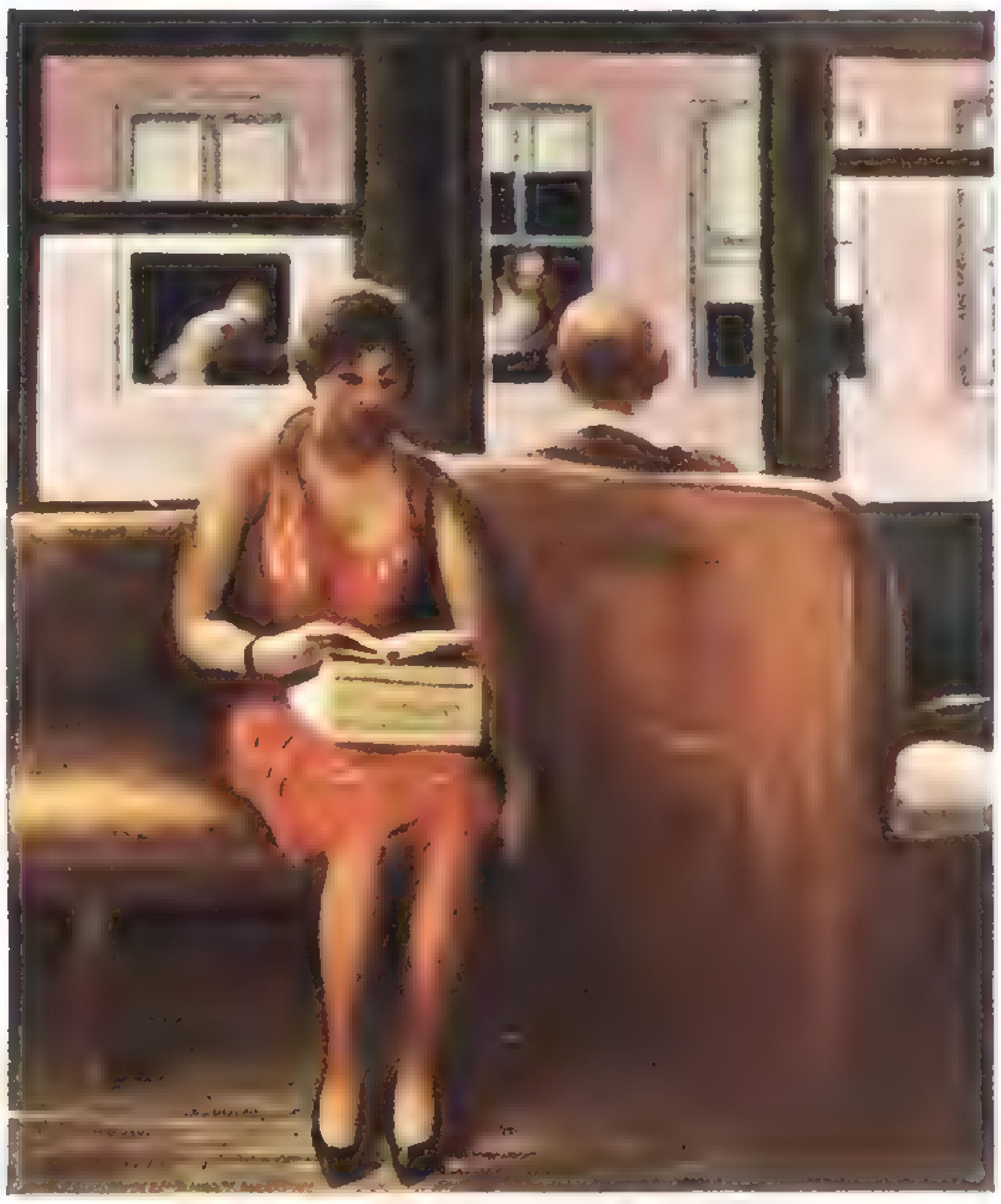

MARTHA IN PAJAMAS

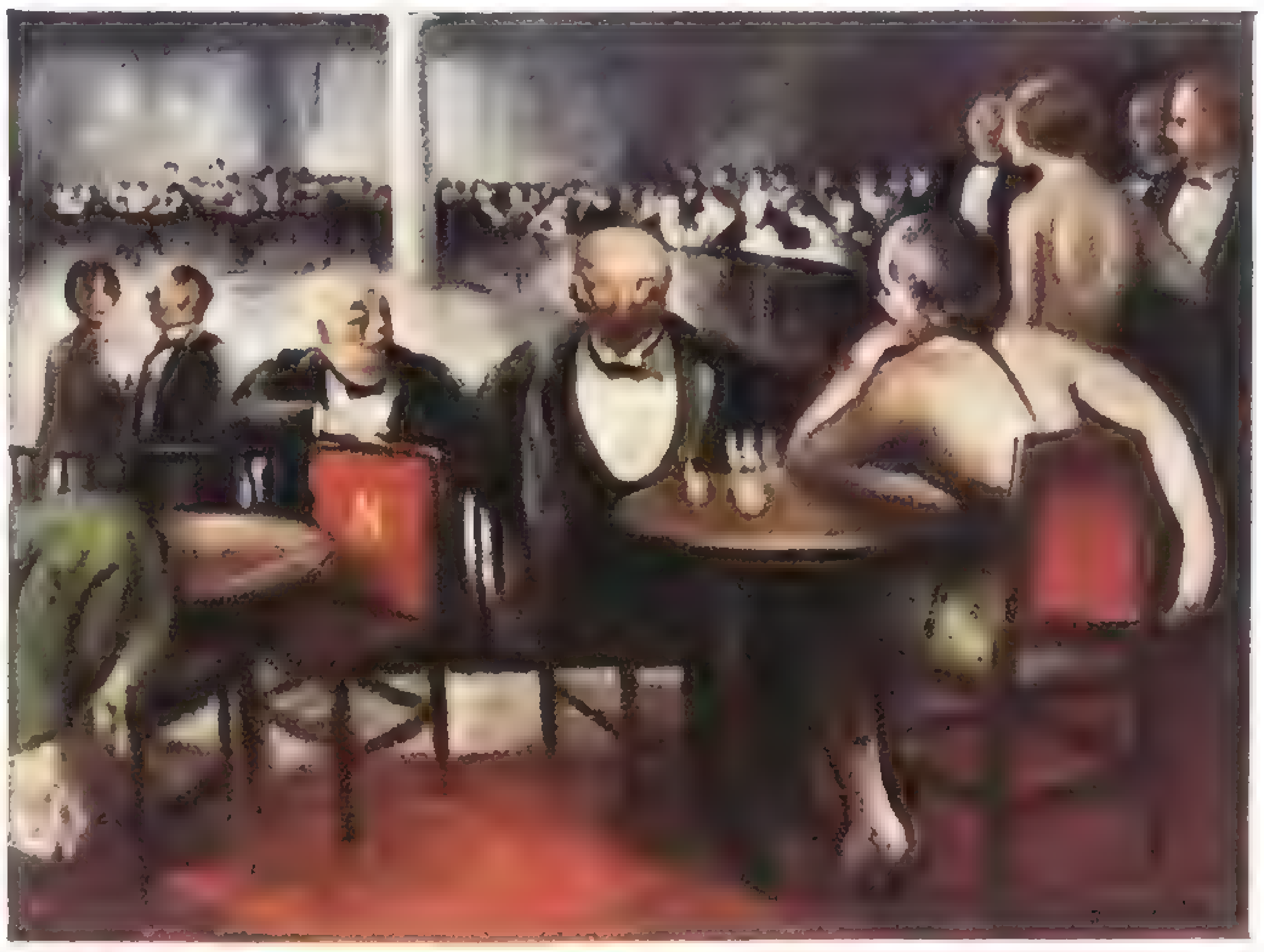
Paintings reproduced in Chicago through courtesy of C. W. Kraushaar Galleries, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York, where they are permanently on exhibition and sale.

PAINTINGS *by* GUY PÈNE DU BOIS

A Continental American

HIS name sounds as French as his paintings look, and it is pronounced with the French *Gee* rather than the American *Geye*, but Guy Pène du Bois is, paradoxically, "more American than any other artist of his generation, while at the same time the most continental." Mr. Salpeter makes it all come clear in the article accompanying this portfolio, which begins on the opposite page.


GIRL IN THIRD AVENUE ELEVATED


NIGHT CLUB

High Life in the Garret

The critics thought Du Bois was satirizing the rich when he drew them as he liked them

by HARRY SALPETER

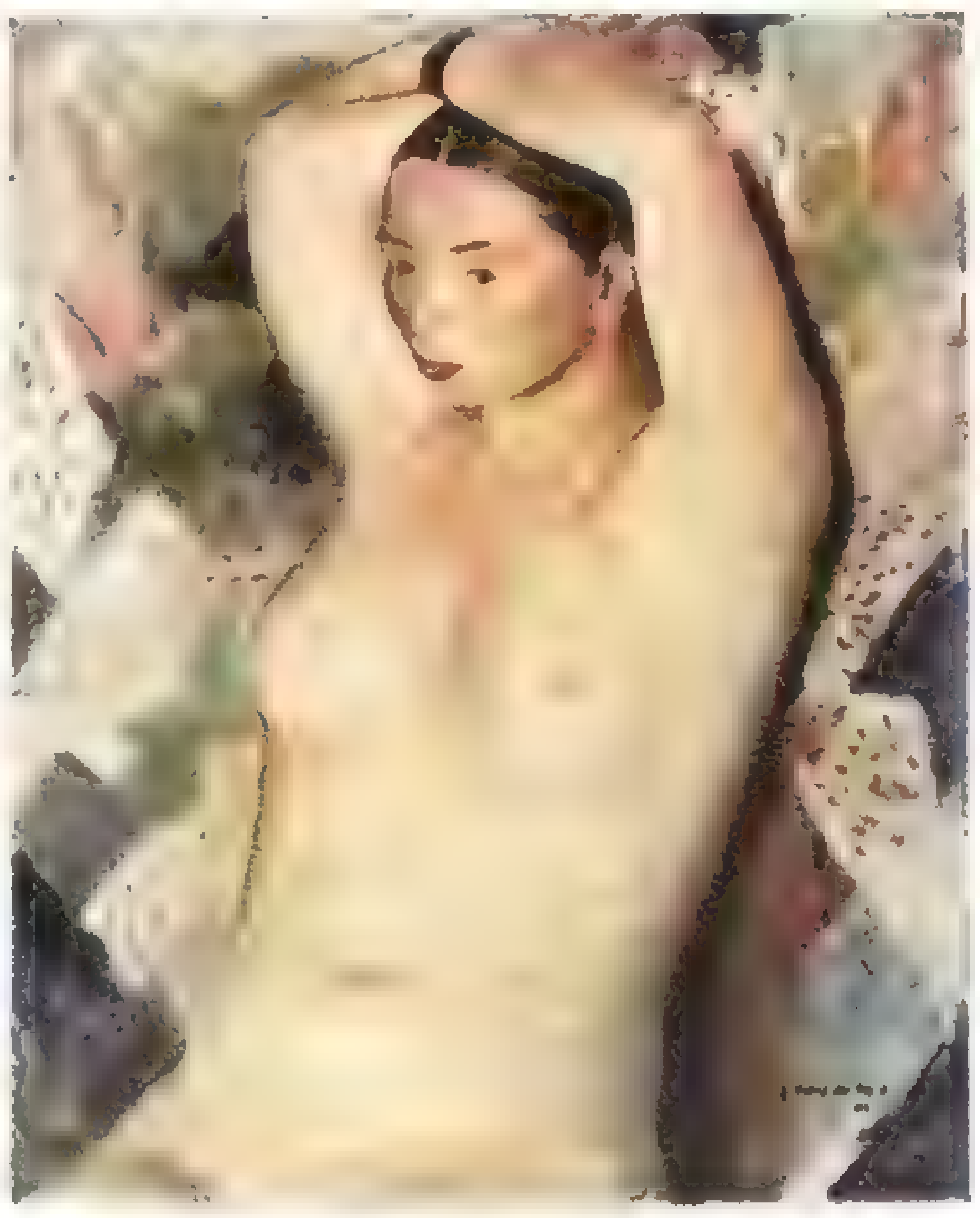
• ARTICLE •

IT HAS been the fashion for more than a generation for American painters to turn their backs to the East and their faces to the West—to deny Europe and to affirm America. Winslow Homer and "Pop" Hart were natural natives, many of the others affected. Yet "Pop" Hart was so sure of himself that he could travel all over the face of the earth—Europe, Africa, the South Seas, Central America and elsewhere—without fear that his native impulses would be contaminated or adulterated. George Bellows, more self-conscious, made it a point never to set foot outside the United States but behind this implied assertion of 100 per cent Americanism there was perhaps dread of what Europe might do to him if he gave it half a chance. Despite the blatancy of his self-assertiveness, George Luks would not—might not—have reached first base had he never looked upon, been influenced by and borrowed from the Dutch. There are American painters who literally fear the Masters, Renaissance and Modern, just as a budding author might fear to become lost in the forest of books that is the British Museum. Even so classical an American painter as Kenneth Hayes Miller, whose designs frankly and proudly derive from Rubens, Titian and Watteau, is far happier in the purlieus of New York's 14th Street than in the Louvre or the Vatican.

When Thomas Craven wrote *Modern Art* and therein glorified the painters of the Midwest school—Thomas H. Benton, John Steuart Curry and Grant Wood—he was simply reporting, nailing down, a fashion, not inaugurating it.

Whether the din of nationalism in art is in your ears or not, the name of Guy Pène du Bois, American painter, must fall upon them as an anomaly, for even his first name is pronounced in the French, and not the English, manner. More American than any other artist of his generation, he is at the same time the most continental. He is continental in his painting as in his private tastes. In France he is the happy American expatriate and in America he is at home, but unhappily. If one may believe the press clippings, he once told a reporter that he was glad to return home but his English is not so thickly overlaid with the accent of the Champs Élysées that I had any difficulty in understanding the expression of his nostalgia for the other side of the ocean. (Lest misunderstanding arise let it be known at this point that he is, in English, one of the most lucid writers on art, his apprenticeship having been served under William Randolph Hearst, for whose New York *American* he was police reporter and music and art critic many years ago.) Pène du Bois is an aesthetic Colossus with one foot in France, while the one in America is aching to cross over at the earliest opportunity. He makes no secret of the fact that his face is turned, yearningly, Eastward.

But it won't do to denounce him and tell him to go back where he came from and to organize a boycott against his pictures and services, for by virtue of continuous residence in this country, the family of Thomas H. Benton, whose grand-uncle was a Senatorial big-wig in Andrew Jackson's time, is a parvenu compared to the Pène du Bois outfit. By all the rules he belongs to America, even if he feels and thinks that he belongs to the other side of the pond. There's the irony.



TORSO

That is, if New Orleans is in America. It was to that Paris of the New World that his Breton ancestors came, way back in 1738, or 38 years before the Revolution. The painter's great-grandfather, Nicholas, architect and builder, survived the Battle of New Orleans but died fighting the Mississippi in flood upon his lands near that city. Another ancestor, a great-grand-uncle, Ulysses Lartig de Montgruer, built the Cathedral of New Orleans. The plantation around which the life of the Pène du Bois family has centered for two hundred years is in Gonzales, Ascension Parish, and a grand-uncle lives on it today, but it is not so large as it used to be, for the painter's grandfather was one of thirteen sons among whom the land had to be divided but because that worthy was the eldest he inherited the house.

Guy Pène du Bois is proud of his family and proud too of his son and daughter and happy in telling about them, but of himself, who is by cold reckoning of prestige, most eminent member of the family, he will not talk, except under terrific pressure of questioning.

Of his father, Henri Pène du Bois, music and art critic, bibliophile and scholar, author and Bohemian, he will speak most readily and with most filial loyalty. One has only to hear son speak of father to realize that there was conditioning here if not actual physical yielding to paternal authority. There is a good deal about him not only in the painter's conversation but in a novel in progress "Father studied so much that he believed nothing. There was no definition that could not be contradicted." He had studied Hebrew and was deep in Sanskrit at the time of his death. The painter's father had been interested in learning and in the arts all his life and had acquired substance in the insurance business, devoting only his leisure to books and music and pictures, but from the moment a story of his won a prize offered by the New York *World*, he abandoned his business and devoted himself exclusively to being a man of letters and a critic of music and art. Among his works are *Four Private Libraries of New York* and *American Bindings in the Library of Henry William Poor*, $25 books that the public rarely hears about. When French painters and writers came to America, there was welcome for them at the Pène du Bois home in Brooklyn, where Guy was born, and in Staten Island, to which the family later moved. In such a home and in such an atmosphere Guy learned early what was what, for neither was he excluded from adult conversation nor was he talked down to. He was informed and sophisticated beyond his age, if not beyond his capacity. His first name is today pronounced in the French manner because he was named after Guy de Maupassant, admiration and friend of his father. Shortly after his birth the author sent the child a letter and thereafter inscribed for him such volumes as *Chansons de France*, intended to keep alive in the boy's heart the feeling for la belle France which beat in the breasts of his ancestors. Mr. Pène du Bois no longer possesses the master's letters and inscribed books for in 1887—when he was three—father dispersed his collection of books and letters and etchings at auction, the sessions of the sale lasting fourteen days. When de Maupassant died, his Franco-American namesake wept. After all these years he remembers that.

Perhaps it was a case of a young and susceptible American lad being sacrificed on the altar of his father's Francophilism. The painter remembers that he spoke and understood French years before English became familiar to him. He was nine before he could converse in his native tongue. Perhaps he became culturally enriched by hyphenation. He gladly reads French works today and his written English is peppered with French

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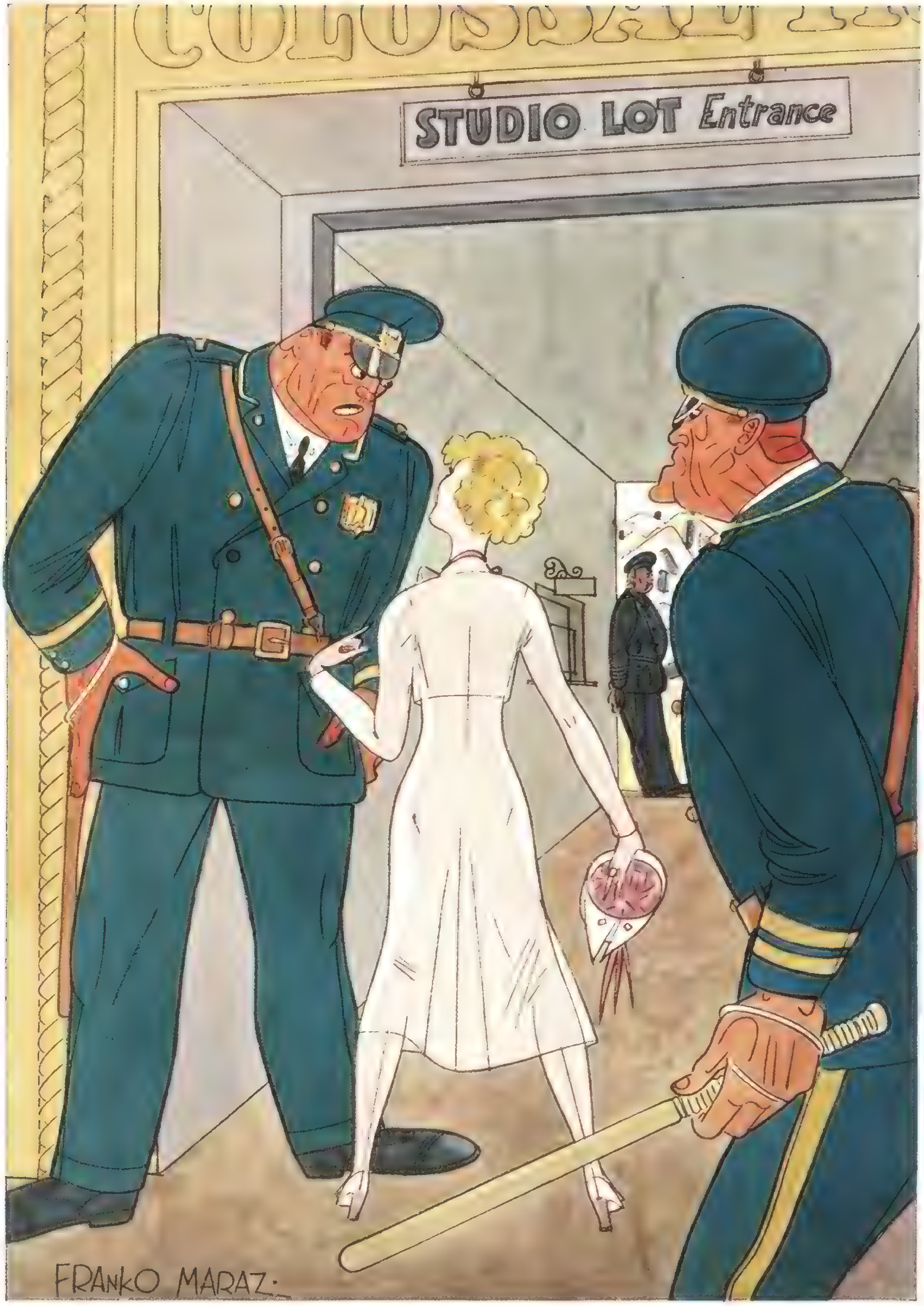
COLOSSAL
STUDIO LOT Entrance
FRANKO MARAZ

"I want to get a screen test—what do I do—just walk right in?"

The Candid Cameraman

Hollywood producers submit to foreign dictators, incidentally giving America war-minded films

by MEYER LEVIN

• MOVIES •

A Man's Guide to the Movies

GO OUT OF YOUR WAY TO SEE

Swing Time: The new Astaire-Rogers contains a little scene that is tops for subtly sophisticated realism, whether accidental or on purpose. Ginger bounds into Fred's dressing room, to kiss him on a dare. She gets bashful, and love-dizzy; at the start of the scene her bust is quite smooth, but at the close—well, see Mr. Nathan's remarks on the clothing of romantic heroines . . . While not the best of their works, this ranks high among the intimate musicals of Astaire-Rogers. And this has Victor Moore who should skyrocket to the top ranks of film comedians. The story revolves about a magazine for men. Thanks.

GO ALONG TO SEE

Craig's Wife: Very competently done character study of the wife who has a perfect-house mania. Closely follows the play, which is not a bit dated. Rosalind Russell does an impressive job.

The General Died at Dawn: Reminds one of *Shanghai Express*—and why must Chinese melodramas always be set on a moving train? A few flossily philosophical speeches mark the dialogue as by Clifford Odets. And in spots he contributes his dialogue trick of using irrelevant slang expressions to contrast the high emotional excitement of a character. It's a form of stylization which the Group theatres actors got away with, but in the films it smells just a little. Reminds one of a British peer exhibiting his command of Brooklynese. Also, there's a feeble success in fooling Hollywood and getting over a bit of people's revolution propaganda. Gary Cooper is helping the people get ammunition to overthrow their war-lord. The film is excellently directed, acted, and lighted.

The Texas Rangers: A workmanlike job on a glorified western.

GO ALONG IF YOU MUST

Bengal Tiger: Life and death of a one-legged animal trainer and his pet killer tiger.

Love Begins at Forty: Small town homey comedy with Hugh Herbert as the hen-peck who captures the bank-robbers and thenceforth smokes in the parlor.

A Son Came Back: Mary Boland does surprisingly well in a straight and heavy mother role. She's so sincere that she even gets away with the hokum scenes. If this was a tryout for her as a successor to Marie Dressler, she should be marked okay.

WASTE

Follow Your Heart: Marion Talley looking thin and not so wunderkindish. A very dopey opera.

FOREIGN MARKETS

Hanging doubled over blasted window casements, with an arm, or half a head shot off, are the bodies of Spaniards who defended their homes against an invading army of mercenaries. Today they are still fighting at Irun, and the papers say that the hired Moors in the rebel army have to take the town house by house. First the houses are shelled by cannon out of reach of the defenders' muskets. Then trench mortars are brought in for closer shelling. Tanks go through the streets, crushing the barbed wire entanglements hastily put up by the defenders, splintering the barricades composed of beds, chairs, and homely workbenches. The tanks spray bullets into the homes of the citizens, and efficiently clear the way for the troops of foreign legionnaires, those devil-soldiers, heroes of story and song and cinema, so toughly disciplined that, given the order, they would, like the guard in *The General Died at Dawn*, turn their guns upon their own comrades, and annihilate each other. There are soldiers for you! There is the blind perfection of the military idea! And so these hired soldiers, the professional soldiers who know their business to the last turn of the bayonet in the stomach, these men drilled in the desert to carry machine-guns on their backs, now follow the tanks into Irun. They fling hand-grenades into the houses, adding the pretty decorative detail, let us say the surface-painting of military art, to the basic destruction of form already accomplished by the cannon balls and trench mortars. And then the hired soldiers rush into the wrecked homes, converge upon the last-ditch snipers who have waited, knowing this death was coming, and "soon another gun is silenced."

The fascist attack is conducted with beautiful technique. All of the implements of modern warfare are used with classic exactitude, in correct order. Like Mussolini's army in Ethiopia, this "rebel" army in Spain proves the superiority of man's invention over man. But in this case there is an added irony. The hired army is attacking the people who are, in the last analysis, its legal employers. For this army is supposed to be in the service of the Spanish government, of the people!

What can we say to that, except to recognize it as a betrayal? But the military never betrays! It is an honorable profession! That stiff-backed virtue, Honor, is the most precious possession in the kit of the professional soldier. Every schoolboy knows that an army man holds Honor dearer than life; a virgin of the Lillian Gish era could not be so mortally concerned for her Honor as is a corporal for his chevrons. Man's noblest profession, the military, is based upon an inflexible code of Honor, even a prince cannot report for parade with his tunic unbuttoned, and anyone who is unfamiliar with this universal quality of the military soul may learn of it by attending the German movie, *The Making of a King*, which has resurrected Emil Jannings and enlisted him to teach the world the glory of Prussian military discipline.

The attack on Irun will be history by the time this appears, and in a journalistic sense it will be ancient history, and a skillful journalist would cast forward a few weeks, skipping the mere news of the day. But some of us are pretty sick about Spain these days; we can't pass a newsstand without gulping the headlines, only to find that a night club entertainer's flight to England is of more importance to this world than the bloody war in Spain.

By the time this appears the "rebels" may have taken Madrid, or the government may have smashed the invasion; whatever happens—we may be sure of one thing: the victorious faction will immediately begin to build its army, to store war materials, to acquire airplanes in great numbers, to prepare for the counter-revolution. The military will be lifted to a new peak of glory. A sneer against a uniform will be a capital offense. The war fever in Europe will mount another point.

And what has this to do with us? We can keep in mind the reality of war, we can keep the horrors of the last war before us in book, and song, and film. There is a terrific public sentiment against any kind of war, here in America. Europe can't befuddle us again, with bunk about fighting for our honor.

The fact is that even today, the single universal medium capable of influencing the world-mind, the film, is lost to the peacemakers. The fact is that even today, when the American public is receptive to the idea of peace, and may wish for peace propaganda in its films, such films cannot be made. This is because our films are made not for America, but for the world market.

Continued on page 211

Brotherly Love

The tender art of torture finds new refinement in the hands of American cops and Russian Cheka

by JAMES W. POLING

• ARTICLE •

The gentle art of torture is one of the most venerable and least recognized of mankind's accomplishments. Like sex, it has reared its ugly head through all the pages of recorded history. The tortures of the Spanish Inquisition, the Middle Ages, the French Revolution and other notable eras are commonplaces accepted by everyone. But few realize that torture is one of the essential, even if minor tools of our present day boasted civilization. There is today one nation whose torturers would make even the experts of the Inquisition blush for their own ineptitude. However, this is not generally true and the fact is that the noble and ancient art of torture has for the most part fallen on meager days.

The survival of torture to the present was, as has always been the case, accomplished with the connivance of various religions and through the not always openly admitted assistance of criminal law. Also, torture even more than ever before has become an invaluable weapon of politics.

In the Western world the cultural centers of torture are, in the order named, Russia, Germany and Italy, and our own, our native land. If my rating is at all unjust I can only blame the exceedingly efficient censorship bureaus of the countries I have slighted.

The methods of torture most highly favored are in the main classical in their conception. True, a few innovations have been introduced but none of them are very startling and we can only conclude that our ancestors knew their stuff.

The Nazis and the Facisti, while they may not be blood brothers politically, show a strange and unimaginative kinship in the realm of torture. Both specialize almost solely in castor oil and in prolonged beatings.

That castor oil can be an instrument of torture is obvious to anyone who, as a child, over-indulged his appetite for green apples. The favorite dose is from one pint to one quart and the immediate results are what you might expect. The true beauty of this form of torture lies in the fact that such a dose will cause an internal rupture and hemorrhage that will bring about a death within three or four days which can neatly be written off as "death from natural causes."

The really serious business of torture, in both countries, occurs in the concentration camps (prisons for political offenders). Regrettably enough little artistry or variety is displayed. Solitary confinement and starvation, the ever-present castor oil, and beatings in various forms constitute the larger part of the program.

While these beatings may lack the refinement we might logically expect to find in a civilized nation the following quotations from the lips of Wolfgang Langhof, who spent thirteen months in a concentration camp, prove that the treatment is not ineffective:

"Their faces were battered all over, their ears torn, their lips split, their eyes bloodshot and discolored. . . . Their truncheons rained on me, blood ran in streams from my body, nose and mouth. I was unable to move, my neck and arms were swollen, all my front teeth were gone, my whole body was purple, blue, black, green and red, and all swollen . . ."

That should give you the general idea.

My most ironical torture story from out of Germany concerns the fate of a young Jewess who made the grave mistake of having sexual relations with an Aryan. The Nazi council in her city learned of this and was quick to recognize the monstrous nature of her crime: she was threatening the purity of the whole race, her flesh was a blight on the very flower of German manhood! Five of these flowers were ordered to teach the young lady the error of her ways.

A ritual of torture is specified for this particularly horrible offence. The victim is first stripped and then flogged; her head is shaven and she is forced to drink a pint of castor oil and, finally, obscene phrases are painted on her bare flesh in an indelible fluid. The naked girl is then left to her own devices.

Our five avenging angels of the swastika called on the young Jewess in question and escorted her to a secluded woodland dell. She was stripped—and it was at this point, I assume, that inspiration came to the ring-leader. He had a hurried and whispered conference with his colleagues. They agreed that his was a splendid idea. And so, with Teutonic precision and thoroughness, the five men, in turn, soundly raped the girl. They then proceeded with the rest of the ritual and, having done their duty and having fought the good fight for the Fatherland, departed, complacent in the thought that they had taught this Jewess that her body was anathema to every brown-shirted and right-thinking man. Leaving behind them, I don't doubt, a slightly bewildered young lady.

The Italians are responsible for only one notable advance in the technic of pounding a man to pieces. They have evolved *Bastonatura in stile*, a highly specialized school of bludgeoning. The weapon is a specially made cudgel, weighted in the end and rather flexible. Those who wield it are trained in barracks where they first practice on dummies.

Blows from the bastinado are inflicted on the lower part of the face. Care is taken not to fracture the skull, in order to avoid death, and great artistry is displayed in shattering the jaws; thus laying the victim up for months and in such a shape that he can't conveniently speak harshly of his benevolent dictator.

Considering the crudity generally encountered in Germany and Italy it is encouraging to find this isolated proof that there still exist in those countries people who are endeavoring to restore torture to the dignified and artistic position it once occupied.

In turning to the land of the free I am forced to admit, unpatriotic though it may sound, that we in America have not taken advantage of our opportunities. In the realm of torture we are a backward nation, more notable for our vim and vigor than for our finesse.

Torture in America might never have made even the meager strides it has, had not the early scientists in the field found a convenient guinea pig for use in their laboratories—the American Negro. One of the most zealous scientists was one Southern gentleman who used to pass a dull afternoon lashing naked slave girls. When this bored him he would seal the gashes he had made with blazing sealing wax and then see how many strokes of the lash it took him to knock the hardened wax out again. His daughters were always interested and appre-

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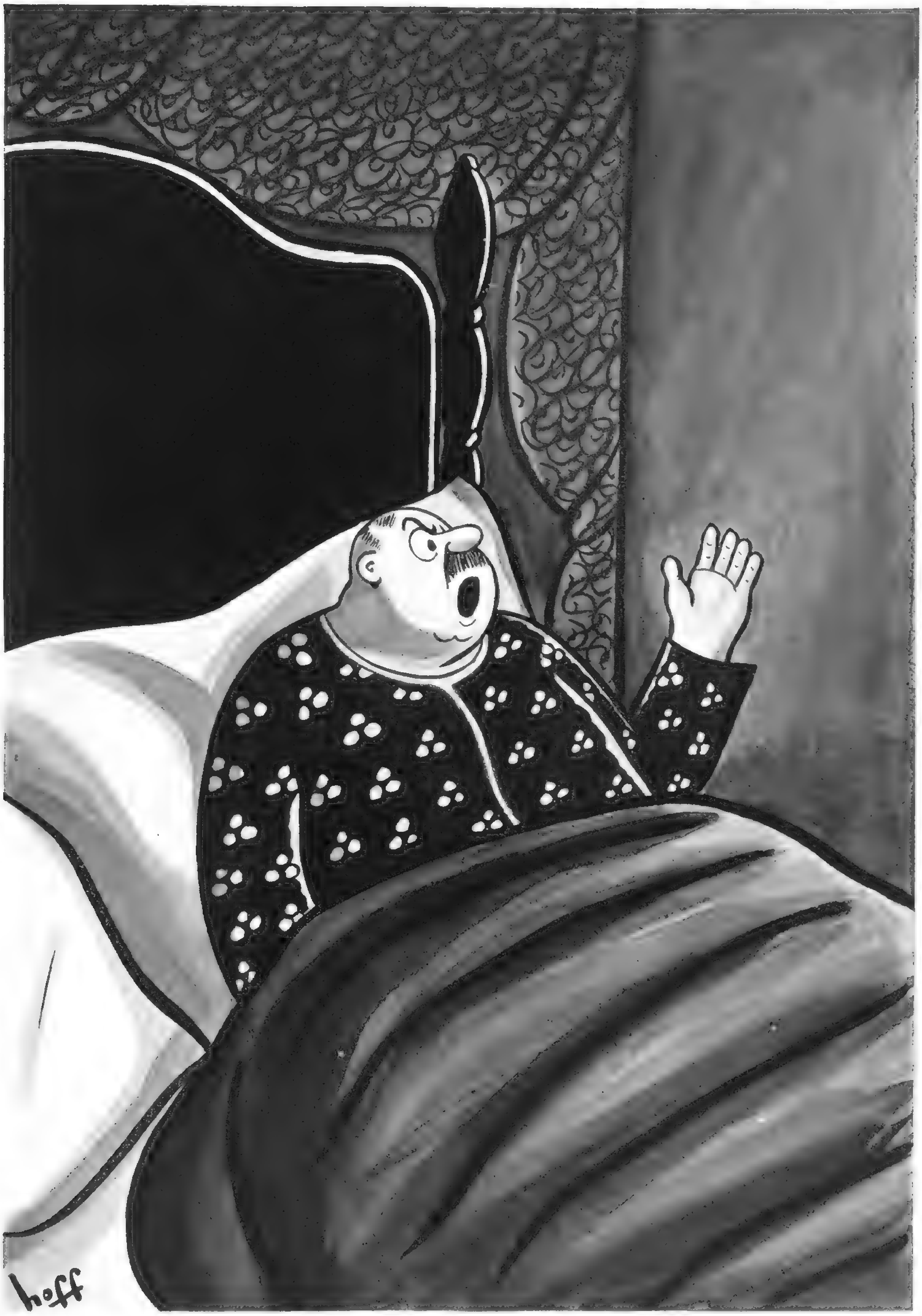


"Well, if you're not in the mood you're not in the mood!"

Cooking the Kill

Continued from page 64

met with accidental death. You can safely invite the game warden to lunch, tell him it's guinea hen and he'll roll eyes and tongue, smack his lips and allow that maybe it is.

Serving *croûtons* with the wild biddy may seem but an effete, inconsequential detail. It's not. As a matter of fact it's the essence of the whole matter, because the juices of game are the very life blood of the dish and not one drop can be sacrificed. So serve crunchy toasts and browned crusts always, all sorts and varieties of sippets and soppets, rusks, fried breads and flaky *vol-au-vents*, any kind of crisp dunking bit to sop up the salubrious sauces.

Especially is this true with the smaller birds.

Every bit of reed birds, snipe and woodcock are indeed so precious that only the feathers and whistle are discarded. The fact is, their toothsome little bodies are never even opened, but cooked and eaten whole. And those in the know esteem the brains as the most delicate morsel.

Now don't get squeamish, remember your own forefathers in England ate grouse so high that the bones had turned green and powdery, and some of us descendants still do, chomping them down, bones and all. The best Mayflower families dined on skunk, after trying out the oil, often telling the uninitiated that it was chicken.

And our barbarian French cousins who thrive on frogs and snails dress up in *chasseur* costumes fit for a safari when they're only out after song birds. They actually eat cunning little figpeckers raw, first warming them under their comical hunting caps, then ripping off feet and feathers and popping them into their mouths like roast chestnuts. But then, Australians consider kangaroo tails kosher, Brazilians fry ants for the table, Mexicans roast armadillos in the shell and our own Alaskans simply dote on breaded bear paws.

Here's how to handle your next bear: hack off his paws and set them to soak in a salty, winey marinade for two or three days. Then stew with ham trimmings and tasty vegetables for seven or eight hours; cool them, dry them, slice lengthwise in four parts, pepper with cayenne, roll in melted lard and bread crumbs, broil half an hour, serve with red-currant jelly and who's afraid of the big black bear!

But let's stick to commoner game.

In any of our forty-eight States and in every season of the year we're likely to chance on a haunch of venison, a brace of ducks, partridges or pheasant, squirrels, rabbits, snipe, perhaps a plump possum.

So even if we don't bring 'em back dead ourselves, let us be prepared.

Here are some basic rules of the game: No furred animal or feathered fowl should ever be fried.

Small game of any sort is best broiled or roasted, except rabbits and squirrels which are stewed like larger game, geese, big ducks and venison, or made into "salmis" and pies. Any game reheated for hash is fine, but it must never be recooked, only warmed up.

In broiling, a strip of salt pork or thick bacon should always be tied tightly over the breast for automatic basting.

Birds, be they tiny teal or tremendous wild turkey, must always be plucked dry. Scalding them kills the flavor; and equally, in cleaning the carcass no water should ever touch the insides. Wipe with a towel dampened in spirits, vinegar or wine, depending upon personal taste.

How "high" game should be or whether the trail of small birds should be eaten is also a private matter, yet it is true that long hanging improves the flavor, gives that gamey taste. So no duck should be cleaned too soon and a rabbit shouldn't be opened short of three days.

Citrous fruits go best with birds and tart jellies with furred game, while corn, on the cob, as stuffing for quail, or in the luscious form of green corn oysters is as perfectly suited to all wild flesh as it was when it accompanied the first barbecued hump of buffalo.

Even folks who never go hunting with anything more deadly than a kodak should know how to make a squirrel pie. It's easy once they're skinned, cleaned, all hairs and stray ants wiped off with a wet cloth. Save the blood, for the blood of squirrels and rabbits is as precious as those last drops of any game gravy caught by the *croûtons*. To keep the blood from curdling pour a little vinegar or lemon juice into it. Use the heart, liver and kidneys too. Cut the rest up in joints. Mix a pound of finely chopped beef suet with a pound and a half of flour, lots of salt and plenty of pepper. Stir in cold water to make a pie crust dough. Then butter an earthenware dish and line it with the dough, almost an inch thick. Lay in the meat and giblets, pour the blood over and enough water to fill the pie-dish half way. More salt and pepper, much more. Then put a dough cover over all, exactly as you would with a wood-pigeon pie; wet the edges and make them stick tight so not a bubbling drop of gravy can get out, but leave a little safety valve in the middle for the steam. Bake about two hours in a moderate oven. When the top crust is yellow-brown put on buttered paper to protect its complexion. Take it to the table in the dish that made it, and when the pie is opened the squirrels begin to sing.

You may not feel up to stewing one wild duck in the pressed blood and raw juices of its mate, as they do down in New Orleans where wooden duck presses are as necessary sporting equipment as cork decoys. So instead, stuff one with sage, onion, bread crumbs, butter, salt and pepper; and roast its mate without either seasoning or dressing. This makes a palatable contrast when a little of each bird goes on every plate. But a great way to do a duck is Hunters' Style—*Salmi de Canards Sauvages à la Chasseur* as the menu-makers say. Just clean and wipe a brace of canvasbacks, cut off the legs, wings and breast and set them aside out of reach of the cat while you lightly salt the carcasses and giblets, bake them about the length of time it takes to smoke a cigarette and then hash all together, put even the bones into a stewpan, pour in a couple of glasses of beef or veal broth, add a snugly tied herb bouquet and set to simmering for fifteen minutes or so. In a separate saucepan melt a ball of butter about the size of a tame duck's egg, lightly season the legs, wings and breasts and brown them for a few minutes on each side. Squeeze over them the juice of a lemon and toss in the whole rind, grated. Then put in a cupful of strongly flavored meat broth and strain in all the gravy from the cooked carcass and giblet hash. Sauté for fifteen minutes and serve surrounded by diced butter-fried *croûtons*. A big bowl of sliced oranges makes a swell side dish. Oranges and duck are so much *en rapport* that some recipes, such as Teal *à la Bigarade*, take their name from the local sour orange, of which both the juice and grated rind are used in the cooking. Serve with the same wild rice the birds feed on.

But we haven't yet done with cooking the ubiquitous rabbit that every hunter bags and even humble housewives know how to handle almost as well as a French Canuck guide. The trouble is there are more than a hundred standard recipes and each one quite as tasty as its brother. So, in season, consult the handiest cook book and try to choose for yourself between Braised Rabbit with Pistachio-nuts, bunny civeted, colloped or curried, devilled or epigrammed, jugged, stewed, minced and mumbled, good old *Hasenpfeffer*, Rabbits *au Gratin*, in *soufflé* or plain pudding. So many, many succulent styles they get in your hare. Even rabbits' ears are deemed delicious by diplomaed *degustateurs*. Almost equal, indeed, to nightingale tongues, or the tip of the partridge wing.

For ourselves we'll roast it with oysters. A dozen will do, chopped together with a good-sized sponge cake to make the stuffing for Brer Rabbit.

With butter of course and a mere *soupçon* of cayenne. That's all. Just stuff 'em, roast 'em an hour and eat 'em in ten minutes, with a sauce of the oyster liquor and butter simmered together with a little flour for thickening, more cayenne and a touch of cinnamon. And by the way, oysters are equally excellent when heated through in the melted butter served in the sauce boat that goes with boiled birds.

Venison, though in many camps as common as cotton tails in village graveyards, is quite another matter.

There are not as many ways to make it fancy, but it's so good it doesn't need many. It's best when killed in autumn after fattening on fall berries. And of course it should be young, but even if it's old, it is still the quickest cooking flesh there is. You roast a haunch the same as you do beef, only not so long, and moistened with a whole cup of water. Garnish with watercress and serve with currant jelly, or better still, wild grape. Ten minutes to the pound is the rule, although a doe cooks faster than a buck.

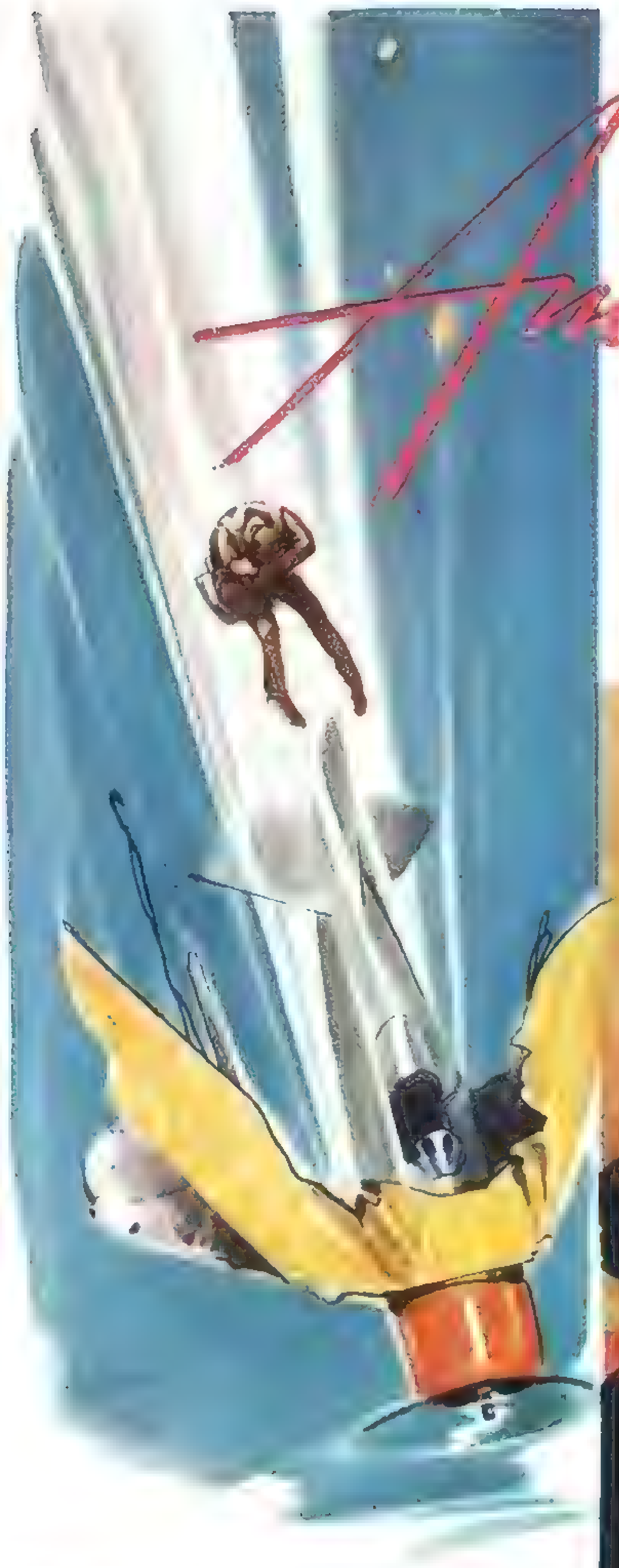
But no matter which sex, it's best eaten piping hot.

A venison steak is cooked to perfection when covered thickly with damp salt, just as the Indians use clay to keep all juices in.

Broil it, then crack off the crust of salt and you've really got something.

But most folks choose the saddle, which must be well larded before roasting. Steaks and cutlets are fine for broiling and the rougher parts are stewed with mushrooms, herbs and a clove of garlic.

And finally as to the possum. It's as fat as the deer is dry. So best skin it, for a good deal of the fat comes off in the process, and besides, you can get four bits for the hide. In true hill-billy style boil it tender in well salted water right in the iron camp kettle, with the red hound dog who treed it looking hopefully on. Lift the boiled possum right into the baking pan and go get you a bundle of green sassafras twigs. Tweak off the tip ends to toothpick size and stick them an inch deep into the meat and so thickly you can tell a tenderfoot it's porcupine. Use butter and a little water in the bottom of the pan so it won't burn whilst baking. Sprinkle well with pepper and dot with butter. Bake to taste, either light or dark brown. Boil sweet potatoes, peel, lay them around the possum and let them finish baking with him. Munch corn bread with the feast to bring out the full sassafras flavor, and it's good enough to make you lick all ten fingers: ##



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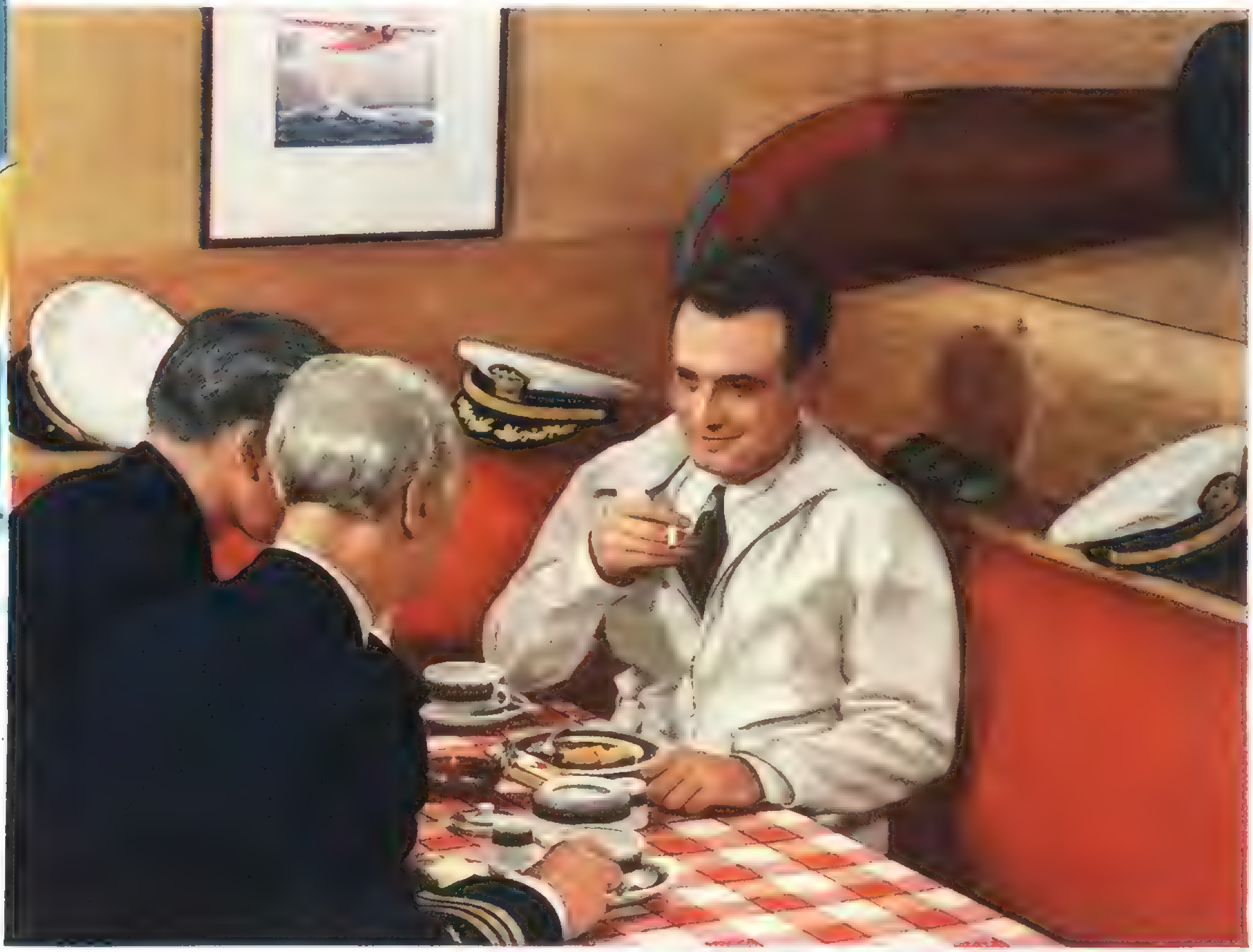
stands terrific strain in his meteoric power-dives and blinding pull-outs, as planes disintegrate in mid-sky!



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STRAIGHT DOWN from 4 miles up—Gehlbach tears earthward at 400 to 600 m.p.h. At the bottom of the dive—a sharp pull-out wrenches plane and pilot to the limit. Such tests make planes safer. Just a tiny flaw—and the plane can fly to pieces. But Gehlbach eats heartily and *enjoys* his food. Note the Camel in his hand—one of many Camels Lee enjoys at meals.

"SMOKING CAMELS HELPS TO KEEP MY DIGESTION TUNED UP AND RUNNING SMOOTH"—SAYS LEE

"CAMELS set me right!" Gehlbach says. "You know, chance is only 10% of my business. Keeping alert and in the finest possible condition is the other 90%. I smoke Camels with my meals and afterward—for digestion's sake. And when I say Camels don't get on my nerves, it means a lot."

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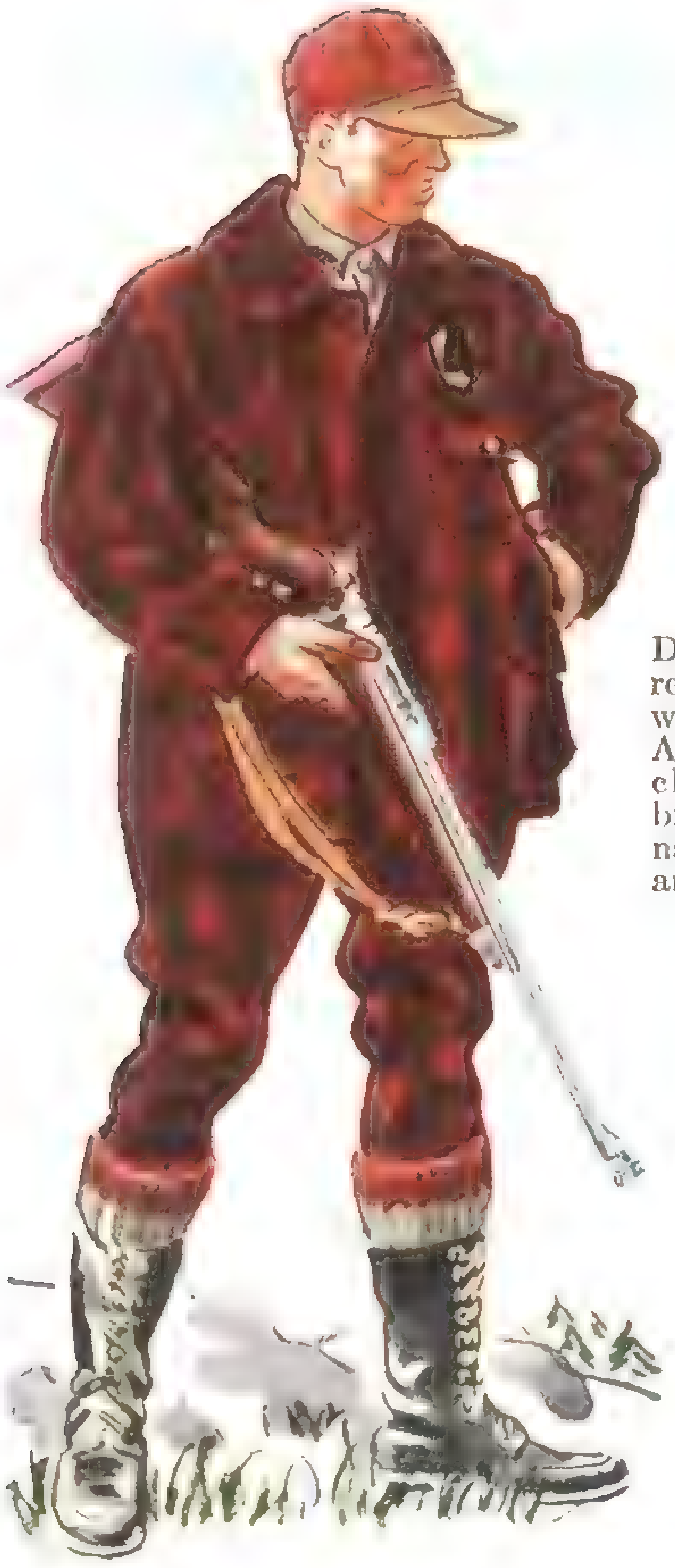
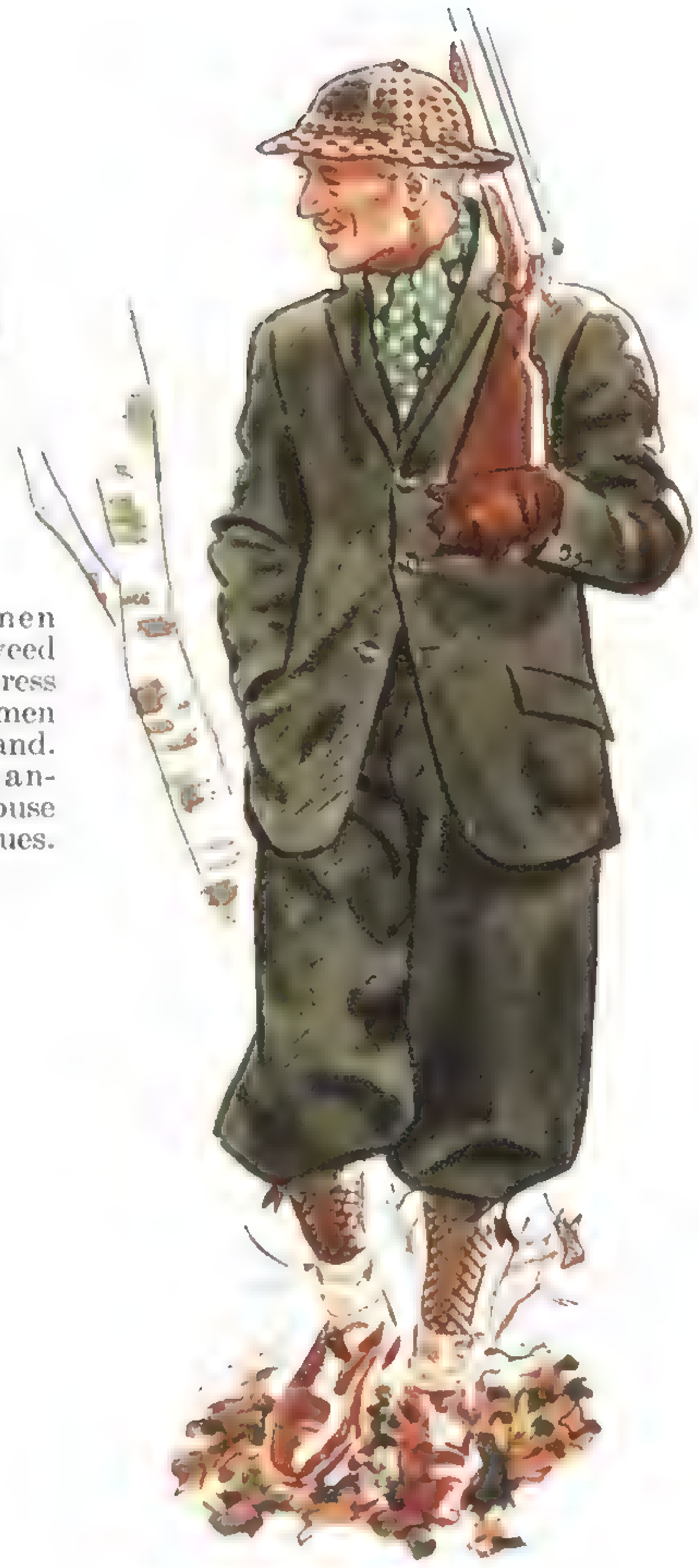
For Digestion's Sake . . . Smoke Camels

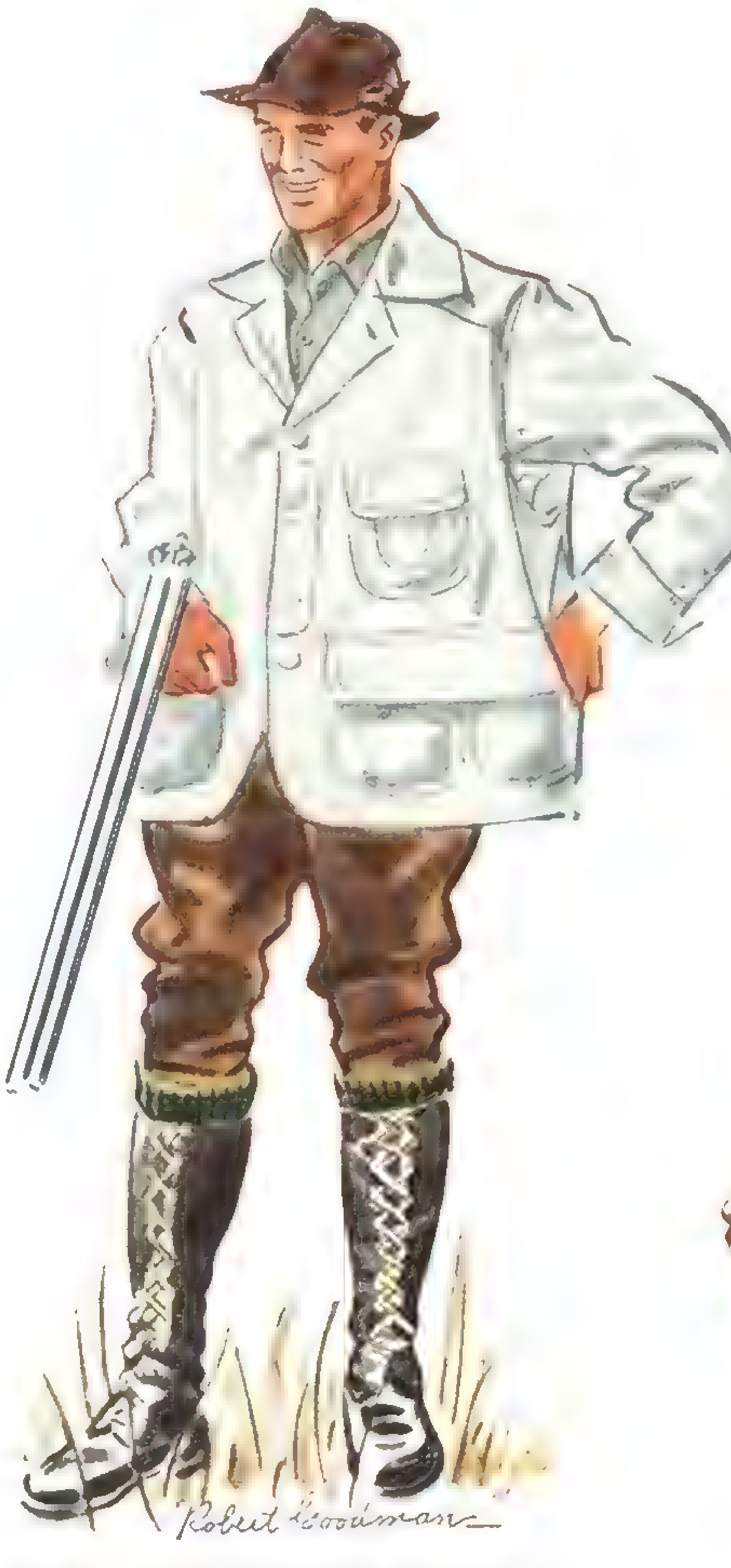
Clothes for Hunting and Shooting



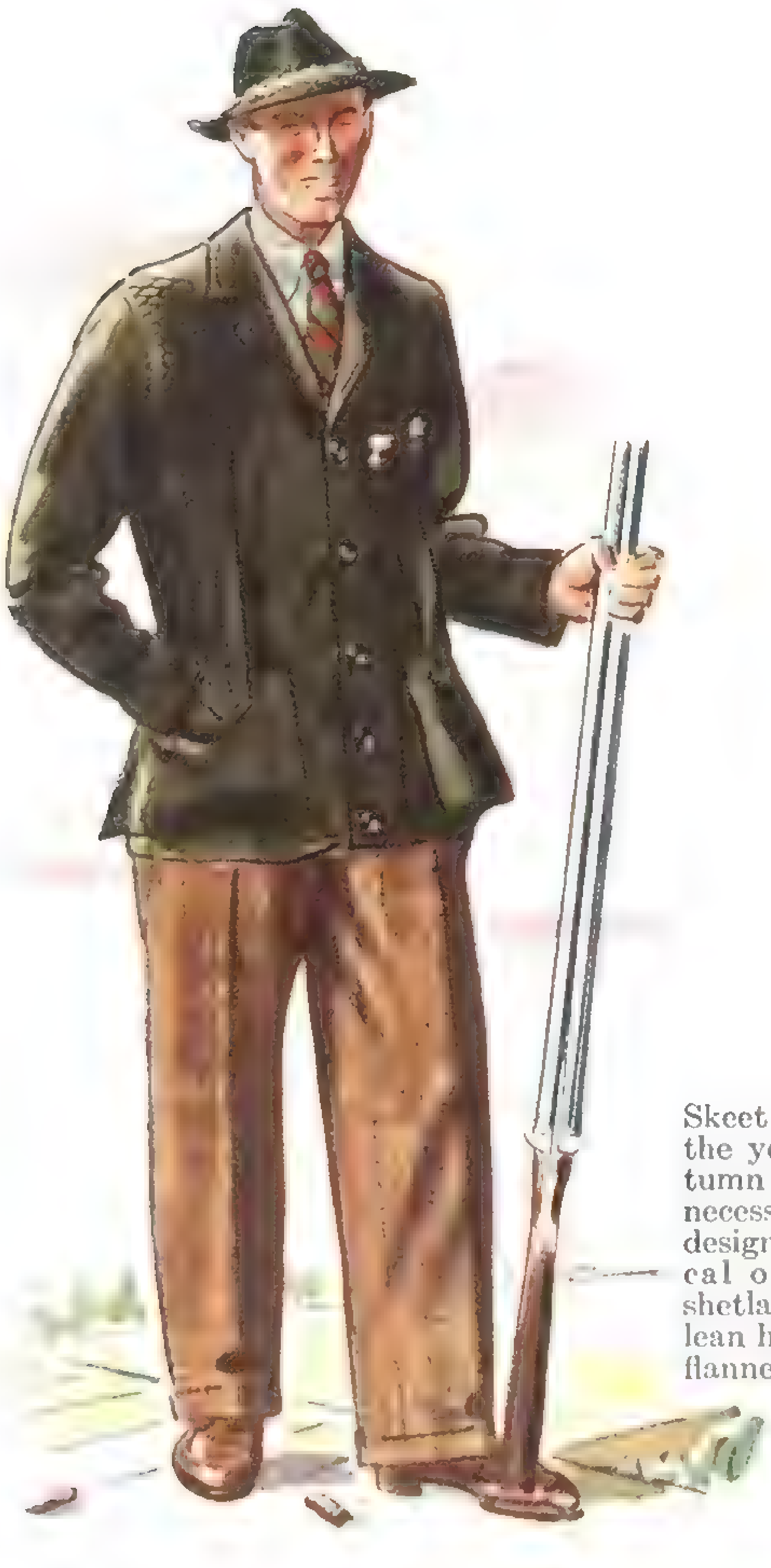
Deer shooting: the bright red cap is a favorite of men who shoot in the big woods. A practical ensemble includes shirt, coat and breeches of a heavy Mackinaw cloth, moccasin boots and two pairs of wool socks.



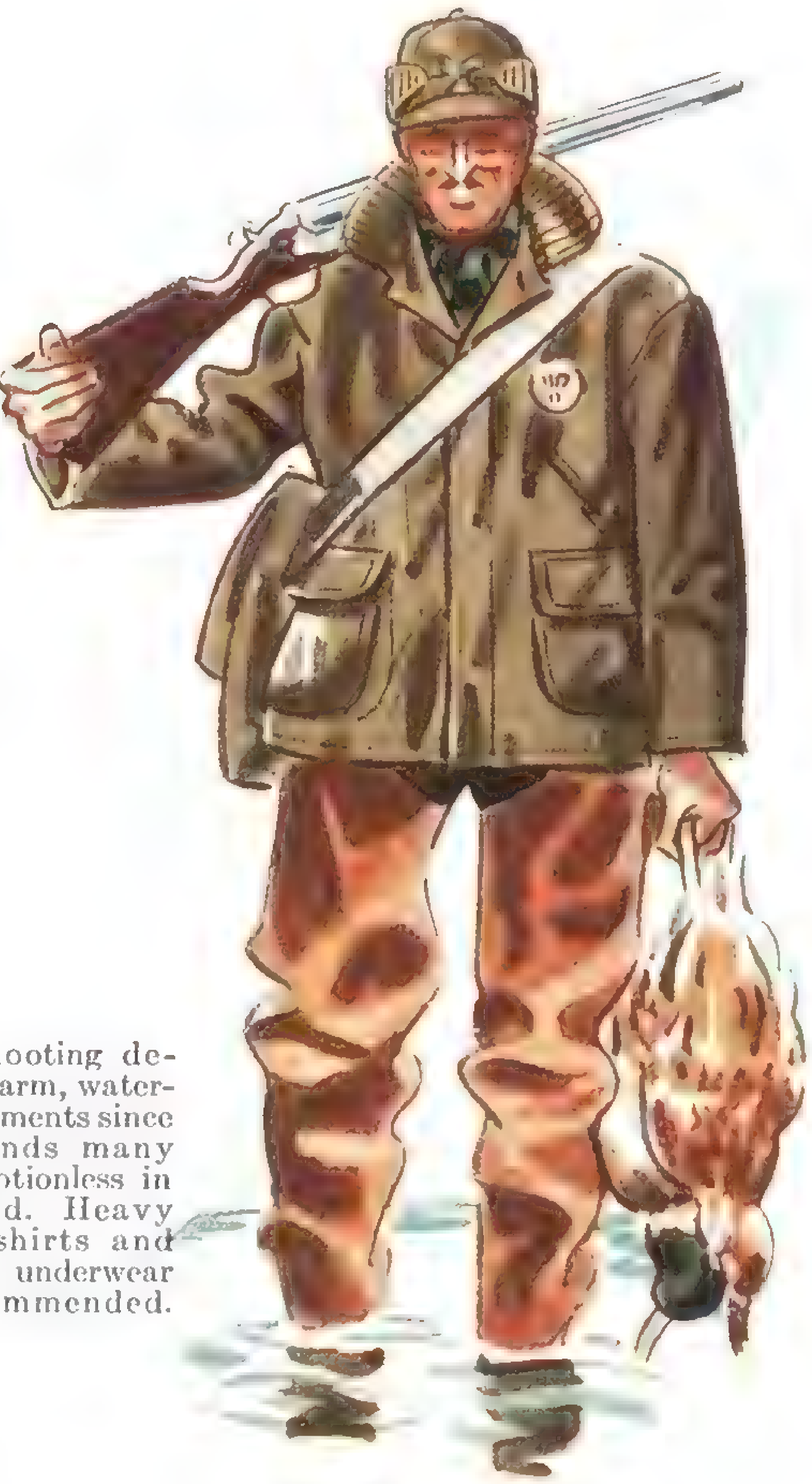
The majority of men at field trials wear tweed knicker suits and dress similarly to the men who shoot in Scotland. Note the canvas anklets, the tweed grouse helmet, heavy brogues.



Upland shooting usually takes place in warm or temperate climes. Many men wear the white duck shooting coat with khaki breeches, highboots, flannel shirt and a felt hat.



Skeet shooting takes place the year 'round, but for autumn wear a heavy coat is necessary. A skeet champion designed this most practical one. Worn with it are shetland trousers, green Tyrolean hat, heavy brogue shoes, flannel shirt and striped rep tie.



Duck shooting demands warm, waterproof garments since one spends many hours motionless in the blind. Heavy flannel shirts and chamois underwear are recommended.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

The Worst People in the World

Continued from page 108

like the sitter. (But remember, for chic, that you may praise the subject-matter of a sur-realiste picture provided you can find out what it is and can discuss it in terms of morbid psychology.)

Painters, again, are better fellows because most of them still have some interest in the tangible world. It is a very superficial interest, but it exists. The one thing which has saved writers, in the past twenty years, is that aestheticism, which made them brood on themselves, has been defeated and now if they brood at all they have to brood over the wrongs of the masses (which is an excellent subject) or the coming Utopia and why it didn't come sooner (which isn't quite so good). Novelists, particularly, have been forced by the spirit of the times to become more like reporters, and the results, pretty good for novels, have been excellent for the writers themselves. You can identify the holdouts by their vast gloom; the best of the reporters, the natural ones, like Sinclair Lewis, are all cheerful skates. The poets have been so long tracking down the elusive soul that they are unfit for decent company, but there's been a reasonable improvement here, too.

Nearly as good company as plumbers, mailmen, and taxidrivers are the architects, seldom considered as pure artists, virtually engineers themselves. They go around with decorators, but they are pleasant-spoken and interesting fellows.

Now that should suggest the reason for the social impossibility of all artists, by which I do not mean that they haven't good manners, but that they are so absorbed in themselves (not in their work) as to become boorish and uninteresting companions. The architect partakes of practical work; he knows he is doing something which a specific client wants. Other artists are obsessed by the fear—all too justified—that no one wants their product. (They squirm when you call it a product, anyhow.) In the romantic era they made a virtue out of their not being wanted, and proclaimed themselves so superior to others that their work could not be understood and appreciated and, consequently, that they themselves were homeless wanderers of the spirit, but so delicate, so full of soul! You have seen the same thing happen when a child quarrels with his gang; he wanders aloof, tries to look superior, and pretends to read a very grown-up book. It is all a bluff. And the artist is bluffing, too, because in a world which is compelled to grow up, he remains a baby. Worse than that, an unwanted child.

Running side by side with all of the classes I have mentioned there is another: cabaret singers and instrumentalists, composers of jazz, actors in vulgar movie comedies, cartoonists and comic strip artists—all of them constituting the veritable salt of the earth as far as good company goes, all of them without side, all agreeable. For awhile I thought they were nice because they were intimidated by the great arts which they mimic or burlesque, but that isn't the true explanation. They are doing something desirable in the world, don't mind getting paid for it, try to get more, and simply haven't developed that fantastic complex about not being wanted in a world inferior to themselves. Compare, for instance, an easel painter with a mural painter; the latter is a gross jovial person like Rivera who never in the world would consider that the worst philistine or the worst bum passing a corridor where a mural appeared was incapable of understanding what the painter had put there.

Once you get this clue to the artist: that he knows he is doing something fundamentally not worth doing—a lot about him is explained. I have met as many businessmen as I have artists, and never found one of the former as absorbed in business as all artists are in art. Why? Because the businessman assumes, perhaps incorrectly, that he is doing a desirable thing and the artist knows in his heart that he isn't. So the artist has to build up a vast secret vocabulary, a series of technical devices, and a sort of mystery about his work which no baseball player or aviation-mechanic requires. So he has to give himself the illusion that the whole world is at his feet by permitting no one in his entourage to speak or think of anything or anybody but himself. He is jealous of political events, sports records, scientific knowledge (hateful!), and such minor phenomena as the rising of the sun and the movement of the tides because these cannot in any way be made to minister to his own significance. You seldom hear artists discuss the weather, except as a pretext for giving a bad performance.

Nothing will save them. As exploiters of their individuality, we have found them out. They are exploiters of infantilism. If they immerse themselves in the mass, they lose their rapture about themselves, and, what is worse for them, they are committing suicide. For their art rises, it appears, from some fundamental dislocation in society. And as soon as society is perfected, they will all disappear.

For that we will have the Communists to thank, as they seem to have a monopoly on perfection, and we ought gravely to consider whether we are right in fighting them. It is true they will destroy the capitalist system—but their offer to pay us back by destroying our artists is a pretty good one. #

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Where the Canaries Sing Bass

—and we manicure our nails in cigar cutters

by "BUGS" BAER

Famous Author and Humorist

An ungrateful child is sharper than a serpent's tooth. But it is dull compared with a Gillette Blade, which is so keen that a giant lightning bug couldn't find its edge even if he had two tails.

I am Mayor of Rufftown, which is so tough that the canary birds sing bass and we manicure our nails in cigar cutters. Nobody in our town ever shaved until the Gillette Blade was invented. Now we all shave twice a day, including the children, Aunt Ella and the iron deer on the lawn.

But don't forget, nobody wants to saw his whiskers with a blade that is rougher than a lumberjack's table manners and duller than a lecture on the medicinal properties of slippery elm. That's where the Gillette Blade comes in. We'd get rich if we had the edge on contract bridge like Gillette has the edge on the rest of the blade world.

We all want nice, smooth, enjoyable shaves and we've all got a right to them. The Constitution of the United States guarantees that in the paragraph about the pursuit of happiness.

To get the lowdown on this shaving thing, I took a cruise through the Gillette factory in Boston recently and watched a blade go through 180 minor steps so that a shave would not be a major operation. I discovered there isn't any microscope powerful enough to see the shaving edges of a Gillette Blade.

I have been using Gillette Blades for twenty five years, man and boy, so I ought to know what I'm talking about when I say that the Gillette Blade gives the world's cleanest, most comfortable shaves.

* * *

In his inimitably humorous way, "Bugs" Baer certainly has hit the nail right on the head. Like Frank Buck, Grantland Rice, Graham McNamee and many other famous men, he agrees that the Gillette Blade is the finest that science can produce. If you have strayed away from Gillette Blades, may we suggest that you now buy a package, and get ready for a new thrill in shaving! You will be surprised how easily and quickly it whisks off stubborn bristles without pull or irritation. This is because the Gillette Blade is especially processed for shaving tender faces. Buy a package and slip one into your razor tomorrow morning—see why millions of men will use no other blade.

With these important facts before you, why let anyone deprive you of shaving comfort by selling you a substitute! Ask for Gillette Blades and be sure to get them.

Tune in on Gillette's sensational new radio program—CBS network—Coast to Coast—Sunday night—10 P.M. E.S.T.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

A Pell-Mell Iron Man

Continued from page 77

of play. At $8 a racquet, you get an idea of why the game hasn't gone democratic.

The history of the racquet ball is intriguing. Some of them have been in play for from fifty to a hundred years. After being used in a tournament, in which they may be hit only once or twice and then discarded, they are reserved for practice and instruction matches. When the cover is full of nicks, the ball is sent back to England to be re-covered. The balls are all made in England by the firm of Jeffries Malling in an old two-story house in Woolwich. Mr. Pell told me that on a visit to Woolwich he saw balls being made of red flannel which had been cut from British uniforms worn in the Crimean war. Also he saw two slabs of stone upon which the balls are bounced to test them, and each of the slabs had a big depression made by the striking of countless numbers of balls upon it for years and years.

Not all of the balls are uniform in hardness and speed. The best of them are commonly supposed to go to Queen's Club. The next best are shipped to America, while the squashy ones find their way to India. Yes, the game is played there, too. Jamsetji of Bombay won the world's championship in 1903 by defeating Gilbert Browne of England at Prince's and Queen's by 5 games to 1.

It was from Jamsetji that Charley Williams won the title in 1911 by the same score at the same clubs. Jock Soutar took it from Williams in 1913 at Queen's and Philadelphia, successfully defended it against Charley in Philadelphia and New York in 1922 and lost it to Williams in 1929 in Philadelphia and Chicago. Charley held it from 1929 until his untimely death in 1935, which was a terrible shock to his many friends.

Incidentally, Jock and Charley served their apprenticeship together as junior markers at Prince's, Knightsbridge in 1904. Their senior there was Punch Fairs, who was to win the world's championship in court tennis and who came to America to serve as Clarence H. Mackay's private instructor in the quarter-of-a-million-dollar court which the Postal Telegraph tycoon built in his chateau above Roslyn, L. I.

But to get back to our discussion of the game. The method of play in racquets is as simple as in handball. Fifteen points constitute a game, except when the score reaches 13-all or 14-all, when extra points are "set", and the play is for the best three out of five games, or four out of seven in world championship matches. There are the usual boundary lines on the court, as in handball and squash racquets, including service lines on the front wall and the floor, and out-of-bound marks on the walls. At the bottom of the front wall is fixed a wooden board extending 27 inches up from the floor. To be a fair shot, the ball must be hit above the board, which is commonly called the "telltale", as in squash racquets.

For those who play squash racquets, which is a tremendously popular derivative numbering tens of thousands of devotees in England and America, racquets may be described as a game of the same pattern played with a hard ball in a court almost twice as big. As may be imagined, racquets is far faster, chiefly because of the great difference in the speed of the ball and the larger surface to be defended. Not only is it faster, but it is far more expensive, because of the number of balls used and the havoc raised with the bats, and it is also far more hazardous, particularly the doubles game.

In a match played in the national doubles in Chicago a few years ago, Mr. Pell was struck in the back of the head by a ball and knocked unconscious, necessitating a postponement of play for two days. Another winner of the championship had to give up the game after being struck in the eye by the ball and thus blinded.

Mr. Kenneth F. Gilmour of Montreal, in his *Memoirs of Rackets in Canada and the Montreal Racket Club* (the British use the "rackets" spelling) records the pluck of Major Erle, who was to become General Erle of Majuba Hill fame, in a match in the Montreal court. The ball, coming fast from the racquet of the Major's opponent, struck the socket of the officer's eye. The eyeball dropped at his feet on the floor of the court. Major Erle clapped his hands to his face and, turning to the spectators in the gallery, said with a smile, "The ladies won't look at me now."

Because of the tremendous speed of racquets and the punishment the player takes in hurling himself across the huge court and coming in bruising contact with the stony confinements—not to speak of the wear and tear on his feet on the cement floor—one would judge it to be a game entirely for the young man. That is why the record of Clarence Pell calls in such clarion notes for superlatives.

Mr. Pell is not the only player of seniority to make his mark in racquets. Lord Aberdare in England, Stanley Grafton Mortimer, who ruled the game with Pell for fifteen years in America; Stanley Pearson of Philadelphia and the veteran professional Jim Mullins of Boston all have been outstanding. Charley Williams was still world's champion at 48 and the late Harry Boakes, professional of the University Club of Chicago, was still playing a good game at 77.

But taking into consideration the span of his career—extending thirty years—the amount of play he engaged in and his supremacy over so long a period, Pell is truly to be regarded as one of the real iron men of sport.

It was as a mere boy that Clar-

Continued on page 134

● (Right) Mr. Cutter, Mr. English, and the guide oblige while Mr. Whitney brings his own duck gun—this time a Kodak Bantam Special—into action. (Below) The old marksman, Allen Whitney, about to record one of his vivid impressions of the day.

Sportsmen's Snapshots

of a day with the ducks on Shinnecock

● (Above) First build the blind—and here they are at it, on the heels of the darkness that has just fled over the horizon. (Below) Then rig out the decoys—Step 2 in Progress on a day with the ducks. Snapped by Mr. Cutter.

● Will they swing this way?... A study in watchful waiting from the talented camera of Mr. Whitney.

● Your confirmed duck hunter really lives during the season, simply dreams about those dank, raw mornings the rest of the year.

This hard-bitten trio, Allen B. Whitney, John Eliot Cutter, and William D. English, had the foresight to mix snapshooting with their point shooting on Shinnecock Bay, Long Island.

It was a great day even if the bag was small—and it was a wonderful day with the camera. The latter circumstance, as so many sportsmen have discovered, makes any day with rod or gun or horses something to look back on with no loss of detail in the recollection. Snapshooting, it seems, is increasingly a part of every other sport.

● Completing their snapshot story of a day well worth remembering, Mr. Whitney snaps Mr. English in the act of snapping the bag.

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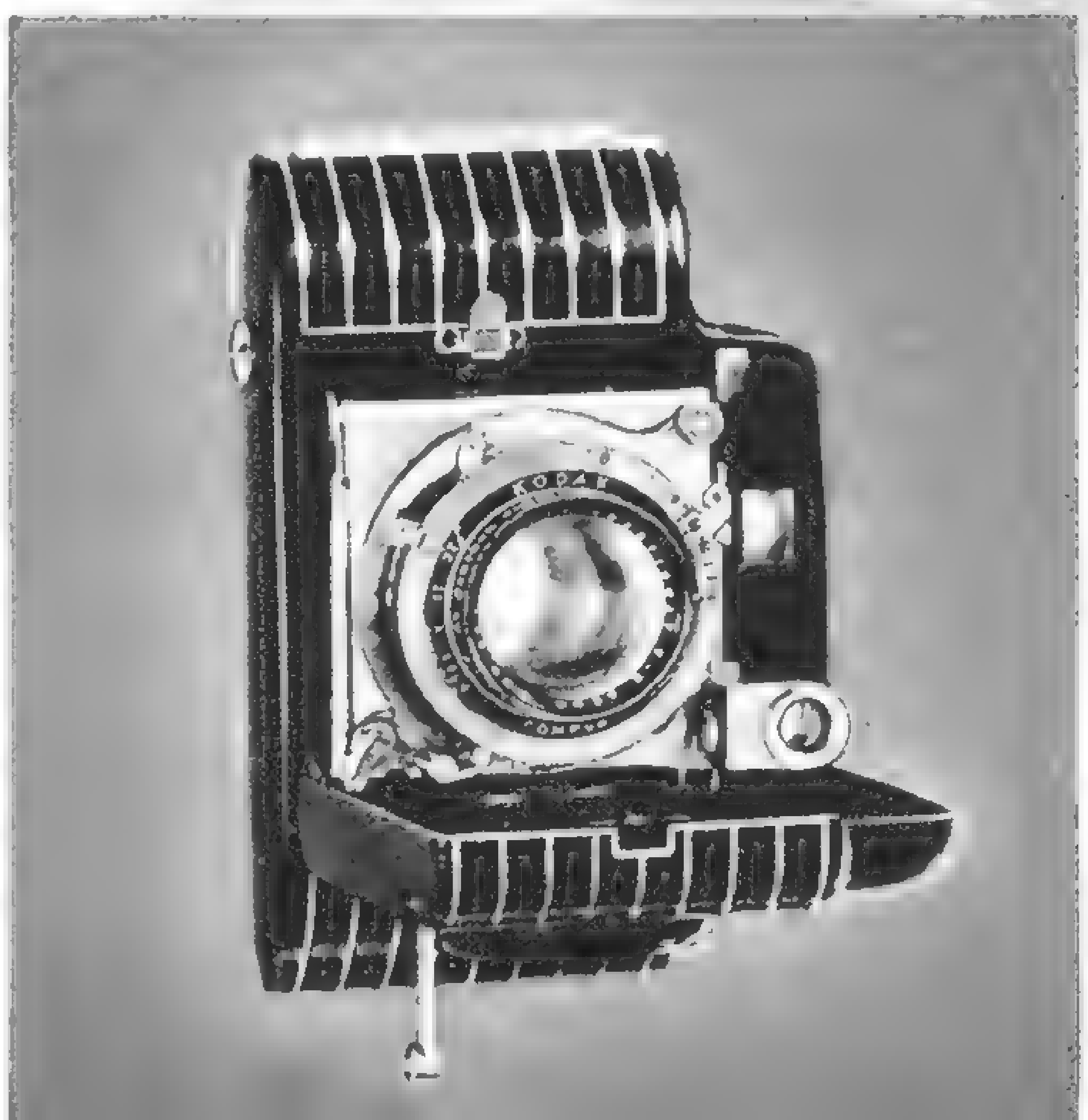

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A Pell-Mell Iron Man

Continued from pages 77-132

ence Cook Pell, known to his intimates as "Cooky," took up the game of racquets. He and Stanley Mortimer, whose name is as inevitably linked with Pell's as is Damon with Pythias, and whose daughter's engagement to Clarence C. Pell, Jr. was announced this year, received their first lessons in the game at Tuxedo. Their coach was Robert Moore, who had come to this country in 1882 as the first English racquets professional to be imported, taking a post at the Racquet Club Court. In 1893 Moore went back to England to coach at Cambridge University and then returned to America in 1900 to take charge of the courts at the swank Tuxedo Club at Tuxedo Park, N. Y.

The list of subscribers to the organization of this club, which set a standard of luxuriousness in its appointments for court tennis and racquets that marked a new high in this country, reads like a billion. It included T. Suffern Tailer, the Hon. Cecil Baring, George Baker, Amory Carhart, Robert Fulton Cutting, Theodore Frelinghuysen, Clarence H. Mackay, Oliver Harriman, Pierre Lorillard, Jr., Bradley Martin, W. K. Vanderbilt, Whitney Warren, Robert Bacon, A. D. Juillard, Herbert Pell, Percy Pyne and Richard Mortimer.

Under the tutelage of Moore, young Pell and Mortimer made rapid strides in racquets and then Pell went off to Harvard while his chum remained at Tuxedo, where he was educated privately. At Harvard, where he excelled as a hockey player, Pell played in the university court, since converted for squash racquets, and also had an opportunity to meet the best amateurs of Boston at the Tennis and Racquet Club. By the time he had finished his college work, Pell was a finished player and in 1915 he won the national championship, succeeding Larry Waterbury.

At the same time, Mortimer, a few years younger than Pell, had brought his game along to the same high level and for the next decade and a half they were to hold absolute sway over American racquets. Between them, they won the national amateur singles without interruption until Huntington D. Sheldon, a virtuoso with a racquet trained in the game while a student at Eton, broke through in 1929. Together they have won the national doubles nine times since 1915. From 1914, no other player won the Tuxedo Gold Racquet, prized almost as much as the championship, for twenty years.

Mortimer, a tremendously brilliant player of invincible speed when at his best, lacked the consistency of his life-long friend and partner, and, although the younger man by a few years, was the first to be overtaken by the younger generation. Pell, though he has definitely passed his peak, still remains a dangerous threat in any tournament he enters and continues to add to his amazing string of championship victories at the half-century mark.

Let's take a look at the record: He has won the national singles twelve times and in 1936 it was only by the margin of two points in the fifth game that he failed to defeat E. M. Edwards of Philadelphia in the final. The Tuxedo Gold Racquet has fallen to him fifteen times and his victory in 1936 was gained at the expense of his son, Clarence C. Pell Jr., whom he overwhelmed in the final. Earlier in the tournament the younger Pell had put out his father's pal, Mortimer, a painful task for the youth in view of the face that up in the gallery looking on was a young lady who owed allegiance to one as his daughter and to the other as his fiancée.

In addition, the senior Pell has won the Canadian title nine times in singles and four times in doubles. He is the only American ever to win the British championship and for fifteen years he reigned without a break as champion of the Racquet and Tennis Club, of which he is the president.

No player with the exception of Jay Gould in court tennis ever dominated his chosen sport more pre-eminently over so long a period than has Pell ruled the game of racquets. And no player, it may be added, was ever held in higher esteem for his sportsmanship than has been Cooky Pell. In a game in which the spirit of noblessé obligé is the unwritten law of the court, his scrupulous fairness stands out as a concrete exemplification of playing the game for the game's sake—of "Meeting with Triumph and Disaster and treating both those imposters just the same," as Kipling put it. He is a merciless foe, as the successful player has to be in a contest in which the tide can turn so abruptly and overwhelmingly, but he would rather lose a championship than win it on a questioned decision. In the national singles final of 1929, it was he who instantly called, "not up" against himself when he returned Sheldon's service as the final stroke of the match and thereby declared himself the loser before the marker, Eddie Rodgers, could rule on the play.

It may be that you have never seen Cooky Pell's name in print, though it has been in the New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Montreal and London press hundreds of times. And it may be that if you have seen it there you hadn't the faintest idea of what his racquet was all about. But you can take it from one who has watched him in action for fifteen years that he is one of the hardiest perennials of sport, a champion for two generations in a game as fast as lightning that takes guts as well as gut, that makes kindling wood of its racquets and which, both figuratively and literally, will knock your eye out. ⌗

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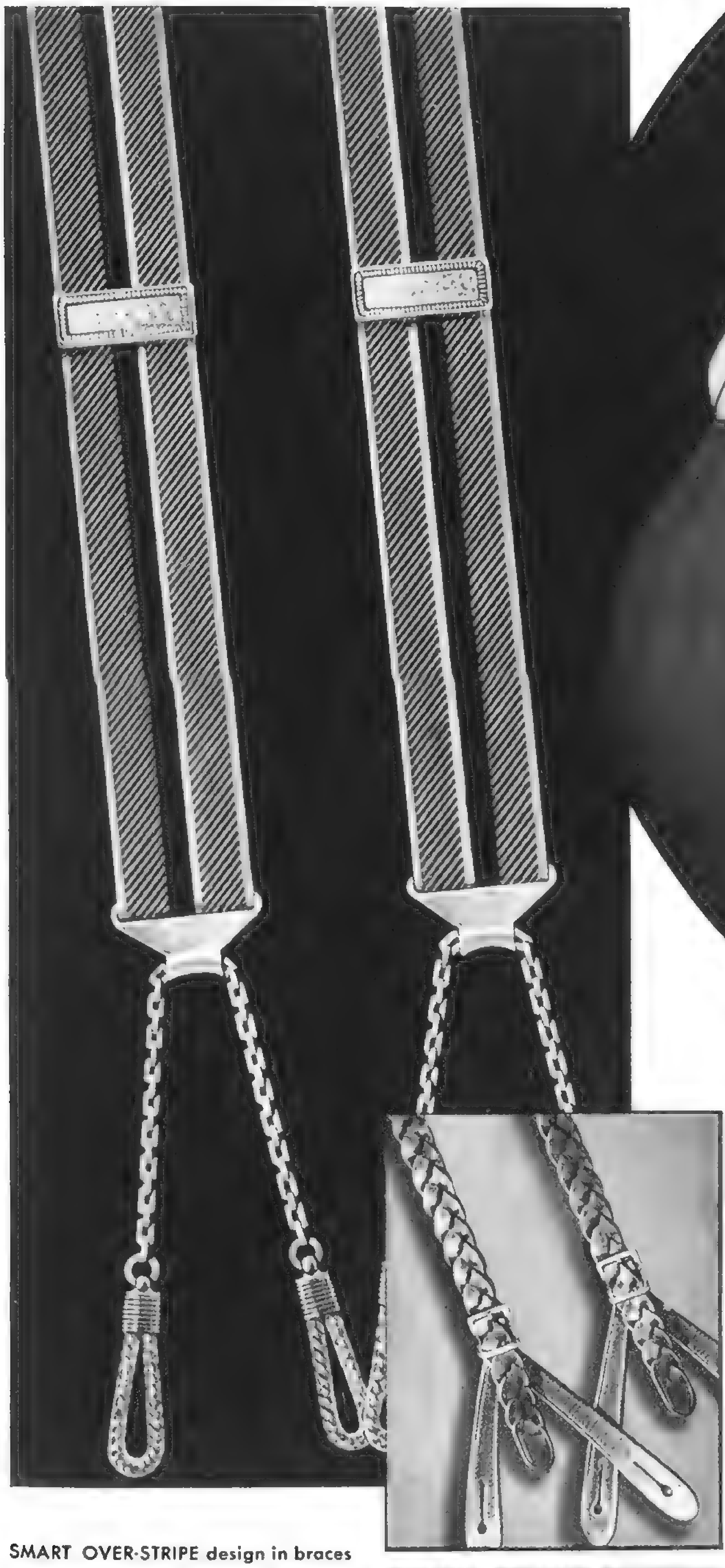

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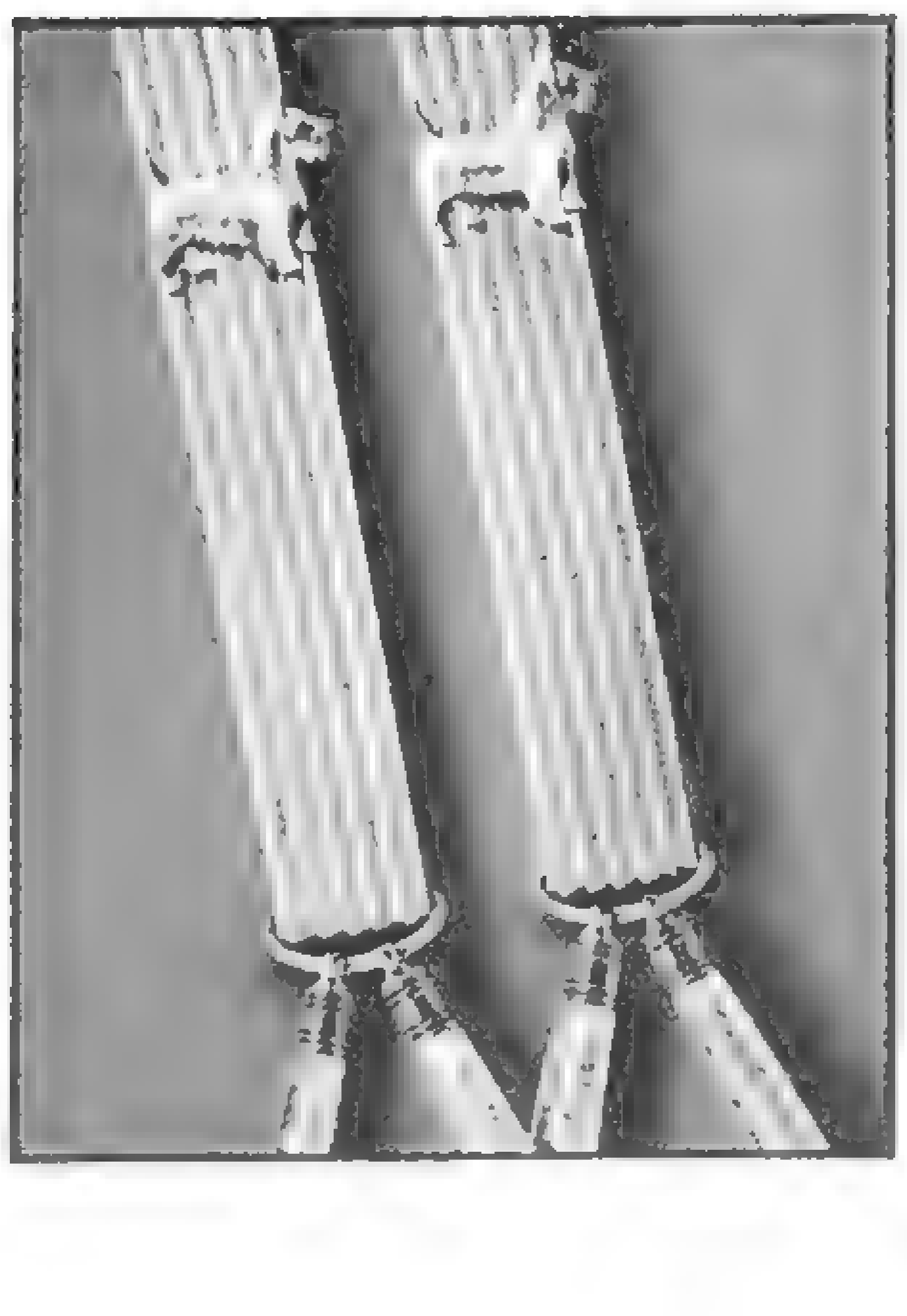

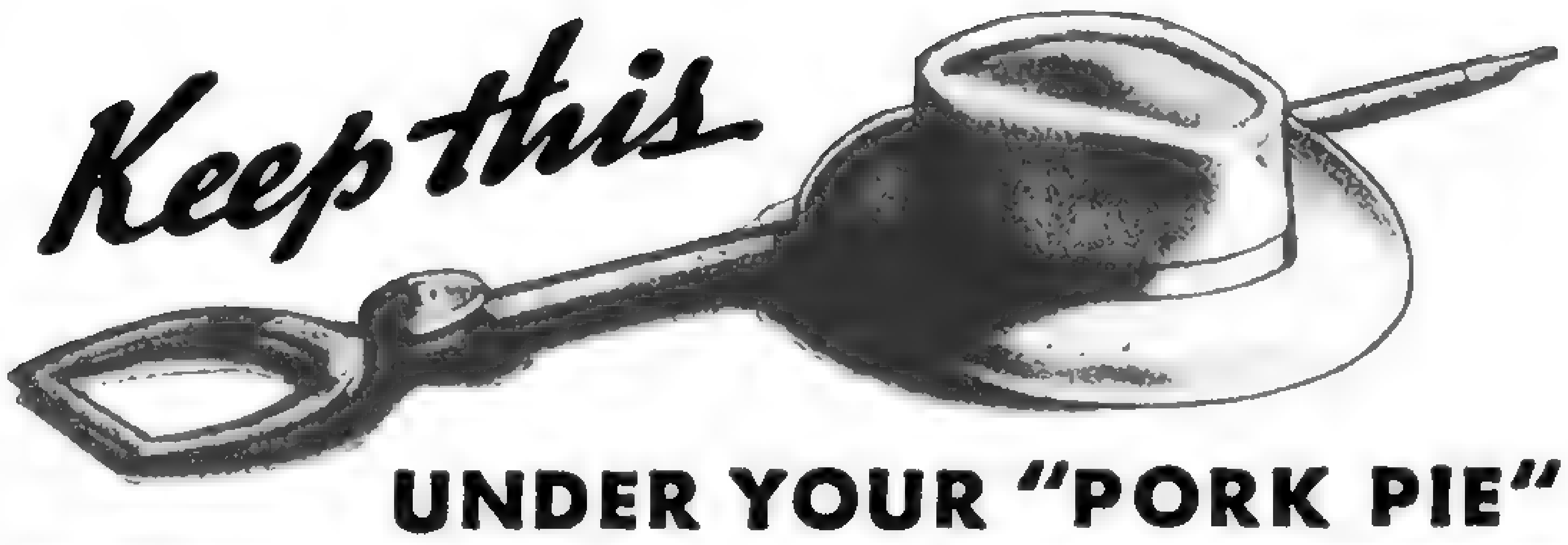

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VITALIS

KEEPS YOUR HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME

Dodie's Duck

Continued from page 78

"I reckon I could help you unload," he said.

Bogart sized him up.

"How much?"

"I'd do it for one mallard duck," said Coyne.

The thick, friendly Doc laughed: "You like 'em better than I do."

Bogart said:

"Can you keep your mouth shut?"

"A feller can't talk with his mouth full o' duck," said Coyne.

"Very shrewd, indeed," said the wolf.

"You're hired," said Bogart. "Just do what we want, and you'll eat duck till you quack for a week. There's a bonus, also, at the end of the day, if everything goes off smoothly. All right, pitch in. We'll unpack the car and run it into the willows. Then lug all the stuff to the blind."

Coyne McCreagh pitched in, his heart singing. He was quite willing to quack for a week.

The junk was unloaded; the big car concealed; and the four men laddered into the blind. It was half sunk in lush clumps at the shore of the stream, warm and roomy, finer far than Coyne's cabin.

There were shelves for tall bottles; built-in boxes, bug-proof; fold-up couches; wall lights, operated by electric dry cells.

Coyne asked several questions about these smart lights, resolving to buy one for Dodie's Christmas.

As the program progressed, the men talked and drank. Coyne inferred that Doc Pyne was a novice. He was an expert skeet shooter, and office partner to Smith, who was striving to outdoorize him.

"When do you put out the decoys?" Pyne said to Bogart.

"Not legal this year," said Bogart.

"What about your phonograph records?"

"They're legal if made from mechanical quacks; but not legal if made from live fowl."

"Which are these?" inquired Pyne.

Bogart spun a phonograph disk with his thumb.

"I didn't ask, when I bought them," he said.

They tried out the records. Quack, quack, quack, quack—a lively medley of friendly duck voices. Coyne would have sworn, had he not been standing there staring at it, that the river was swarming with mallards.

"Guess I'll plug my guns now," said Bogart.

"Plug?" said Doc Pyne, puzzled.

"Sure thing, that's the law. Repeating shotguns must have their magazines plugged to three shells. A damned silly thing, if you ask me. We have a bag limit of ten. Since we can take only ten what the hell does it matter if the gun shoots five loads or three?"

"Five loads would be better, I reckon," said Coyne.

"Why?" all the hunters looked at him.

"'Cause the more shots in a gun the less the number of flocks would be banged at to fetch down the limit of ten. That means fewer bunches is disturbed from their feed. It's breakin' rest and feed that hurts most."

"The man is right, Bogart," said Smith.

"Maybe so," said Bogart, "but it's no hair off my neck. I know how to beat the law—legal. Three loads in three guns are nine loads, as I figure. Here, McCreagh, you take charge of these two extra guns, and when I reach, hand 'em to me—like this."

He practiced Coyne in the art of gun-passing.

Smith was boring the sky with a hand telescope.

"Mallards!" he cried. "Drop the roof."

Bogart pulled a lever which let down the grassed roof. The men snapped to their shooting positions. Through the sloping glass panes, camouflaged with tall reeds, they could scan the smoking face of the river.

Smith set the phonograph calling. Coyne held the gun ready to pass.

A triangle of mallards dipped down through the haze to discover the source of the quacking.

Disappointed, they rose and circled the woods, their hollow wing-bones whistling, "Follow."

"They're gone," complained Pyne. The others signalled him "Hush." Soon the birds reappeared, dipping lower.

"They're tired," whispered Bogart. "Next time they'll drop."

The air in the room seemed to stiffen.

Around came the ducks, stretching, eager; convinced that no foe lingered near. They supposed the friendly ducks, whose voices they heard, were concealed somewhere in the weeds.

The shrill whistling ceased as by signal. Nervous wings relaxed in midair.

Tail rudders snapped down to check landing speed. One instant they hung in suspended power as if a still camera had caught them. The instant hunters rave about in their sleep.

Up sprang the camouflaged roof of the blind. Fire and thunder shattered the picture. Scatter loads, choked loads, and long range charges of shot ripped to pieces the gallant formation.

Surprised by the furious cannonade, the ducks climbed away from the death trap. Courageously they re-formed their torn ranks. Leaving wounded and dead whom they were unable to help, they cut a swift path through the ghostly haze and steered for less sinister waters.

The dead mallards and wounded, of all degrees, floated on the white water like lilies. The boat lay concealed at the weedy shore of the

Continued on page 138

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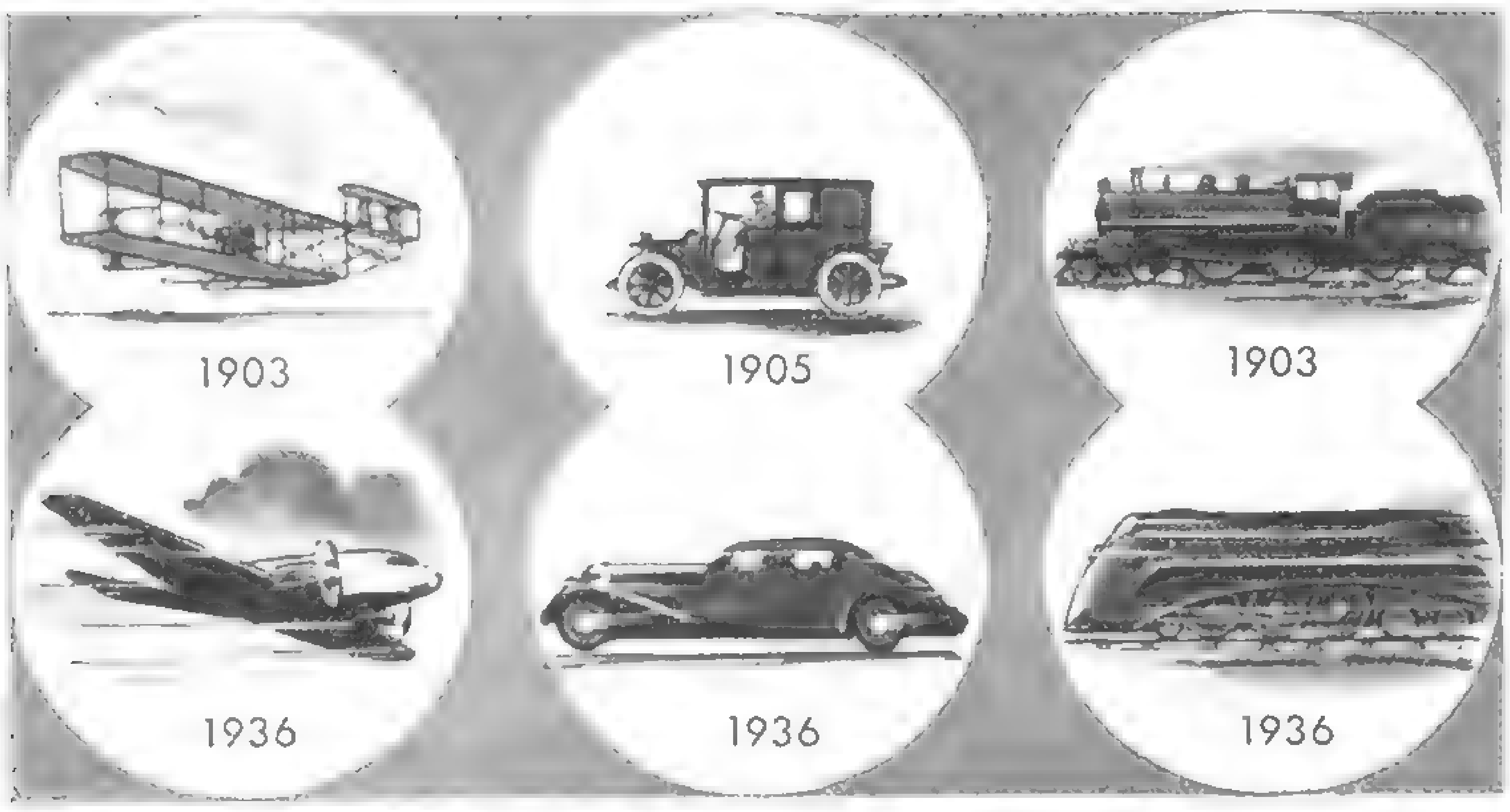

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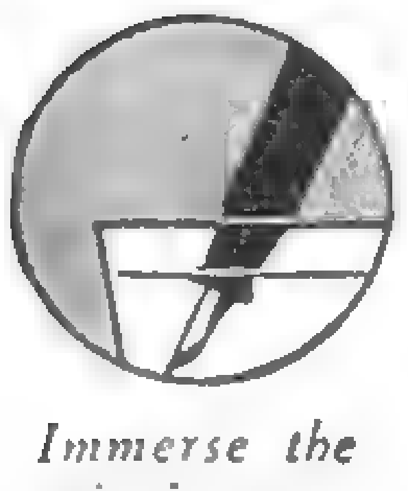

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Dodie's Duck

Continued from pages 78-136

stream; but the men made no attempt to retrieve.

One by one the fine dinners for which Coyne would have given his cornfield headed into the strong flow and shot down. He stared at the ducks and the boat and the men. When he could endure it no longer, he blurted:

"Ain't you aimin' to fetch in them ducks?"

"Hell no," said Bogart.

Coyne hesitated a moment. To him the idea was incredible. Enough dinners to support him and Dodie for two weeks were drifting away, for the turtles.

It must be a mistake. He persisted:

"Don't none of you fellers enjoy to eat duck?"

The men were annoyed, and showed it.

"Sure we like duck," said Bogart, "but we like shooting a damned sight better. If we picked up all the ducks, we would about have our bag limits and be heading home before we got started. We won't have our bag limits until sundown."

Coyne's hungry jaw stiffened, indignant.

"It don't rest my mind none," he retorted. "That's the way it went with the rabbits. Last year they was growin' on every bush and nobody showed 'em no mercy. This year you can tramp till your tongue hangs out and not get enough hair for your eyebrow."

Bogart growled irritably:

"There's plenty of ducks."

"They ain't," said Coyne, "and if they was, this kind of business would soon blot 'em out."

"Take a drink and forget it," suggested Smith. Pyne added:

"It's strictly our business; and strictly within the law."

"Lawful or not," said Coyne, "It ain't right. Wild game to you fellers is just something to bust; but it's serious meat to us here in the hills. It ain't right to waste meat and it ain't right to let cripples float off and die slow."

"We can't get 'em," said Bogart, "they are too far out."

"Loan me your boat," said Coyne, "I'll fetch 'em."

"Like hell! and get us all in a jam. This river is patrolled by state and federal men. One might chance along any moment."

"Let 'em come," said Coyne, "I ain't breakin' no law."

"Then for your information," said Bogart, "it is unlawful to use any kind of boat more than one hundred feet from the shore."

Coyne gaped: "Is that the law?"

"Yes, that's the law," they all nodded.

"It's a damn' funny law, I reckon," said Coyne, "if a man can't pick up shot birds."

"There's a lot of damned funny laws," said Bogart, "but we manage to have our fun. And this particular law suits us just fine; it's an excuse for not picking up birds."

"I don't like it," said Coyne, "it ain't right."

"And I don't like lectures," said Bogart. "We won't need you any more today. Here"—he held out a one dollar bill.

Deliberately Coyne turned and climbed from the blind; ignoring the proffered pay.

* * *

Again Coyne found himself on a ridge; alone, cold, rabbitless duckless.

Instinct urged him to go back home; eat cornbread; chop wood; get warm. Pride told him to keep on trudging.

His eyes toured the hills for suggestions. The nearest smoke flew from the roof of the Flints, two or three hours across hollows; tough going.

The Flints, he recalled, had a rifle. They might have a cartridge or two. Coyne knew a place, down the river, where frog-weeds grew on mud flats. There often fed ducks; which a man could approach, if he used enough patience and cunning.

Resolutely he scraped down the hillside and worked across the oak deeps towards the Flints. It was mid-afternoon when he sat astride their worm fence and shouted at the clay-chinked log cabin.

It was bad manners to approach without shouting.

At his voice, mongrel dogs set up a fierce brawl. In the doorway a sockless woman appeared. She turned and spoke to Squirrel Flint —patching boots by his fire—and Squirrel Flint shuffled out to met Coyne.

Squirrel Flint, tall, fibrous, bald, weather-warped, hard, made Coyne think of his old hickory ax-handle.

Coyne skipped the weather and all the usual small chat, and told Flint why he had come. He wanted a gun to hunt ducks.

"I'm plumb sorry," said Squirrel, "but my shotgun is broke. Buddy stodged some snow in the muzzle."

"I reckon you don't have no ca'tridges for your twenty-two target," said Coyne.

"I mought," said Flint, "but you would be wasting your time. You can't fetch no ducks with a rifle."

"I mought fetch down one," said Coyne.

"With a heap o' luck maybe," said Flint. "We shore wouldn't need no bag limit for ducks if everybody used a single-shot rifle. I won't say a feller can't do it; but you shore need to take plenty of pains."

"I aim to take pains," said Coyne.

Flint got the rifle and six twenty-two shorts; of which Coyne borrowed three. He declined an invitation to cider. Flint's cider was ripe and went to a man's eyes. Dodie's duck required him to shoot straight.

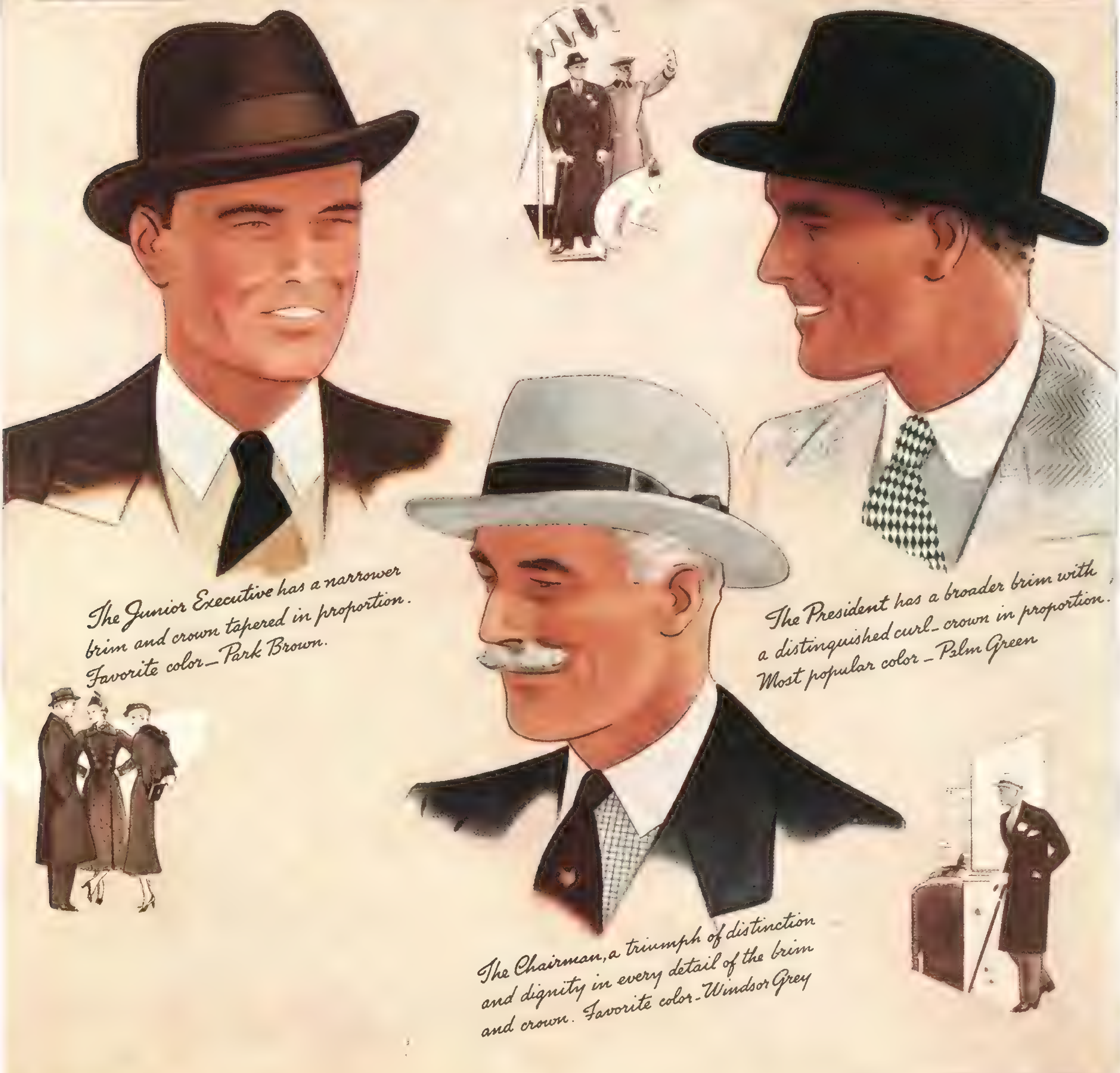
Coyne warmed his raw hands at Flint's fireplace; and looked briefly at Flint's 'possum pelts.

Continued on page 141

Tailor-Made Distinction Makes the

DOBBS SIR BARTON HOMBURG

Popular with Smart Men of Every Age



The Junior Executive has a narrower brim and crown tapered in proportion. Favorite color—Park Brown.

The President has a broader brim with a distinguished curl—crown in proportion. Most popular color—Palm Green

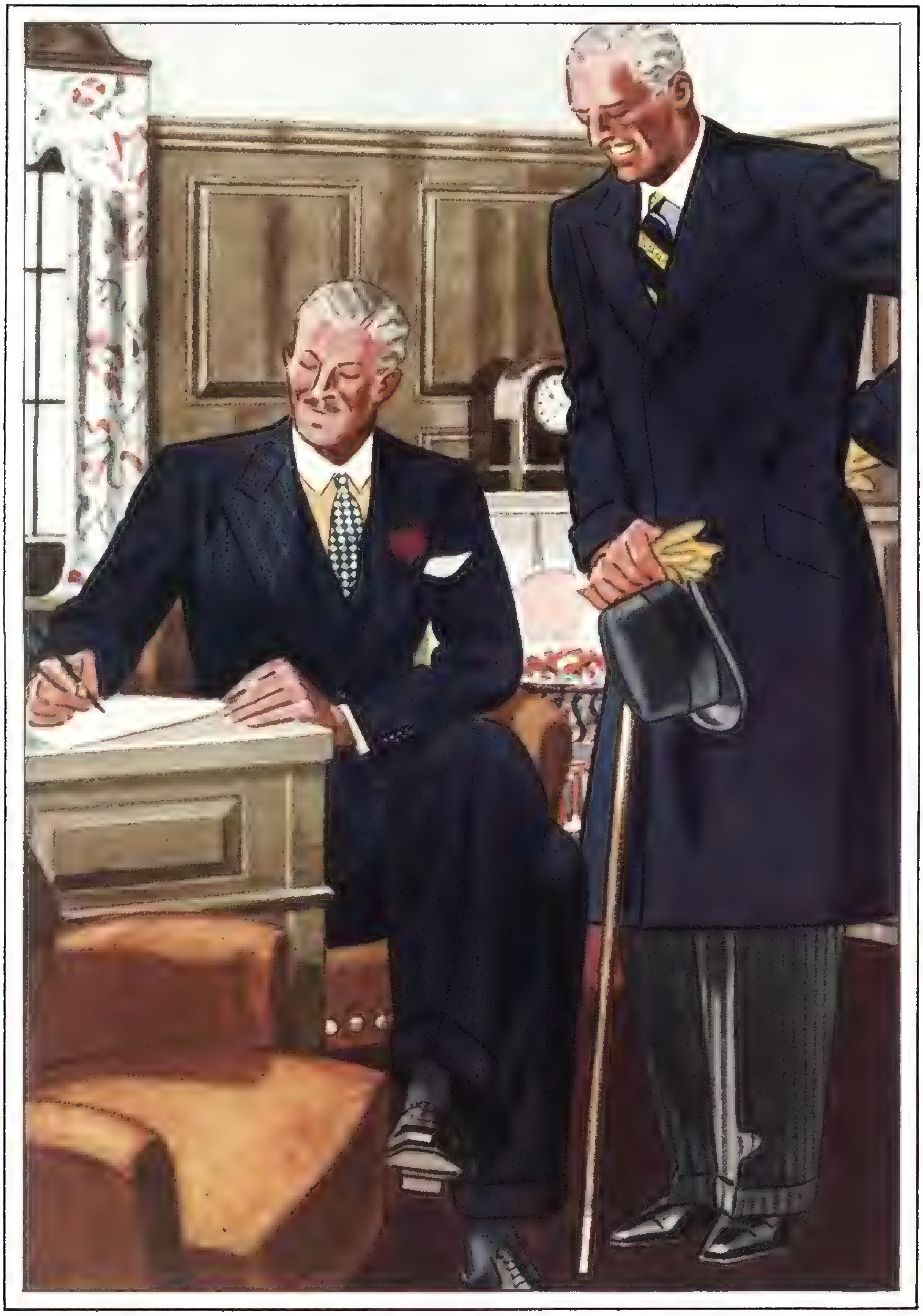
The Chairman, a triumph of distinction and dignity in every detail of the brim and crown. Favorite color—Windsor Grey

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFFICE

The Dobbs Sir Barton tailor-made with Felt Binding, $7.50; with Cavanagh Edge, $10.00

Again Dobbs sets the Style

DOBBS • 711 Fifth Avenue, New York • Representatives in fine stores everywhere



TAKING AN OPTION ON A FASHION TREND

Sometimes we have to be careful to avoid going off half-cocked about some of the items depicted on our fashion sketches. For instance, we happen to know that the man on the left is wearing a silk shirt. This may be an important fashion revival, or it may be a passing fancy. So far, champagne colored silk shirts, as sketched, have been worn by only a very few of the fashion leaders. This color goes well with virtually any suiting, and is especially effective in soft silk shirts. Other details of the two prosperous looking outfits here depicted are, on the left, a single-breasted suit of clear cut hard finish worsted in silver blue, a starched collar and shepherd's check tie and black calf shoes. On the right the correctly cut fly-front Chesterfield, with slanting pockets, worn with a dark grey hard finish worsted suit, blue broadcloth shirt, Charvet tie with Grecian stripes, blue Homburg and yellow buckskin gloves.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Dodie's Duck

Continued from pages 78-136-138

He then struck with gaunt strides through Flint's turnip patch, on the last leg of his march to the river.

Almost to the river, keeping close under shade, he saw a flock circling the fog.

He listened: the mud flats were quacking. He crouched until the flying birds settled from sight beyond the tangle of high weeds and willows.

His heart bounced. Dodie's dinner was waiting. Indian-like he moved forward, half crawl, half run, towards the thick dank vegetation below.

He made it without being seen. In the willows and poison white sumacs he paused and held open his ears.

No ducks jabbered now. His hopes trembled. A dog, a loose rock, a fishing boat on the stream would fill the fog with a wild hurry of feathers.

He had borrowed a cord from Flint's rafters. He tied a loose loop and slung the gun on his back, to avoid jabbing mud into the muzzle.

Belly-flat in the herbage he wriggled along like a crocodile with a man's head. Inch by inch his muddy track lengthened. The closer he wormed to the edge of his cover, the more pains he took to be noiseless.

Light broke, at last, his screen thinning. He could see the frog-flats just ahead. Half a hundred gay water fowl disported themselves—mallards, blue-wings, mergansers, and sprig-tails.

Wet and shivering, Coyne huddled behind a drift-log and studied the situation. A single-shot rifle—one chance. The nearest duck was a teal, a bright blue-wing cock, wrestling with a live fish in the puddle.

About fifty yards to the teal, Coyne figured. If the gun was any good, he could hit it. But a teal was small profit; just one tempting bite, and beyond that teal, ten yards, sat a mallard.

Desperate, like any gambler who stakes his world on one throw, Coyne decided to try for the mallard.

"Now gawd damn you, little rifle, shoot straight!" He nosed the sly weapon across the drift-log and laid his right eye in the sights. The front bead appeared to blur slightly. Slowly, cautiously, holding his breath, he withdrew the gun from the log. With his bandanna, he wiped off the fine web.

Again the determined muzzle crept over the concealed log. Again Coyne rose into the sights. He pinned the bead on the sheen of the lusty drake's wing, on the whistling bone that carries mallards to safety.

Tenderly he tightened his finger. The rifle let go its canned death. Powder smoke stung his eyes as the flat roared into air and the sycamore tops sprouted feathers.

Coyne jerked his breech bolt, forced in the fresh load, and fired his farewell at the mallards. His slug punched a harmless hole in the zenith. He shoved in his third cartridge and turned his mind to the flats.

There lumped his duck, dead as a doorknob.

A fine human pride caroused in his chest as he hurried to take up his bird. The muddy sop was adhesive.

He squshed. Ankle deep in frog-pudding he retrieved the big drake and imagined what Dodie would say.

A motor-boat came rippin upriver. Two men in warm clothes scanned the shores. When they glimpsed Coyne, they swerved, swung the boat up a slough, and split the weeds within a stone's throw of the hunter.

They stepped from the boat with a business-like air, their legs sheathed in high boots. They came over.

"Did you kill that duck with that gun?" said one.

"Sure did," said Coyne, "plumb center."

The spokesman showed his credentials.

"You're under arrest," he said.

"Get into the boat," said the other.

"Hey! Hold on!" said Coyne, "you fellers got the wrong hunch. I bought my license last June. I got it here, in my shirt pocket."

"License or no license," the first officer said, "you killed a duck with a rifle. That's a violation of the federal law."

Coyne gawked.

"You fellers is crazy."

"Crazy or not, that's the law." The man reached into a pocket. He brought forth a soiled copy of *S. R. A.—B. S. 83* and read pointedly:

"*. . . migratory game birds may be taken during the open season with a shot gun only.*"

"Get into the boat," the other man said.

Coyne stood, staring queerly at the duck he had shot. Then he blurted:

"I tell you what, warden. Let me take this duck home to Dodie, my wife, then I'll cheerful go with you to jail."

"Can't be done," said the spokesman. "That bird is evidence now. It is proof you have violated Regulation Three which provides for the protection of wildfowl."

"Get into the boat," said the other one.

Coyne walked to the boat, his face tightening. The mud pulled with a loud sucking sob. The men took his duck and his rifle and seated him in the bow end of the boat.

They pulled from the flat, towards the current.

Up the river a sudden noisy bombardment gave Coyne his farewell salute. ⧻

The Original

RUGBY GLOVES

RUGBY GLOVES

TOUGHER SMARTER WARMER

Here are the *original* Rugby Gloves . . . Tougher . . . Smarter . . . Warmer . . . introduced to America last Fall . . . demanded in countless stores the country over . . . and now presented in a wide assortment of distinctive colors for the new season. Rugbys are the most unusual gloves of recent times. They come in Goatskin from the Mountains of Europe and Pigskin from the Jungles of South America . . . they're "Thick Skinned" but unique pebble grained, defying hard wear while they present a smart appearance. All Rugby Gloves have the Rugby rolled welt. Their very look makes them the perfect companion of the snap-brim hats, the polo coats and heavy brogue shoes you'll wear this Fall. At better stores everywhere or write

SUPERB GLOVE COMPANY
JOHNSTOWN, N. Y.
WILSON BROTHERS
CHICAGO

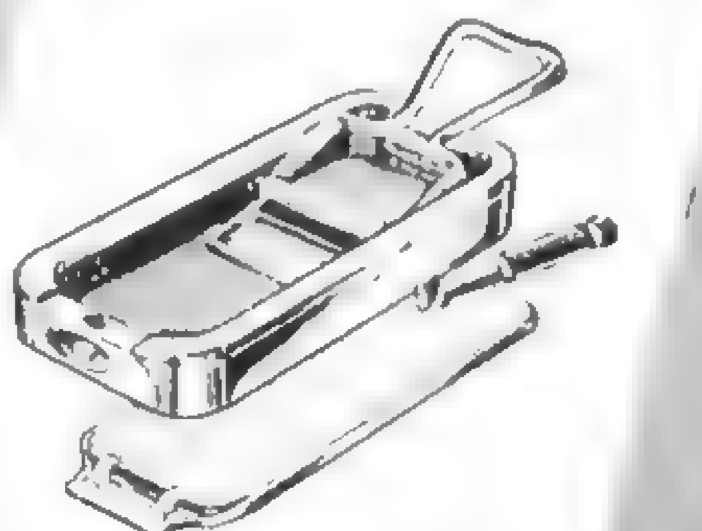
Exclusive Story!

A Razor Completely Equipped for Lifetime Service!

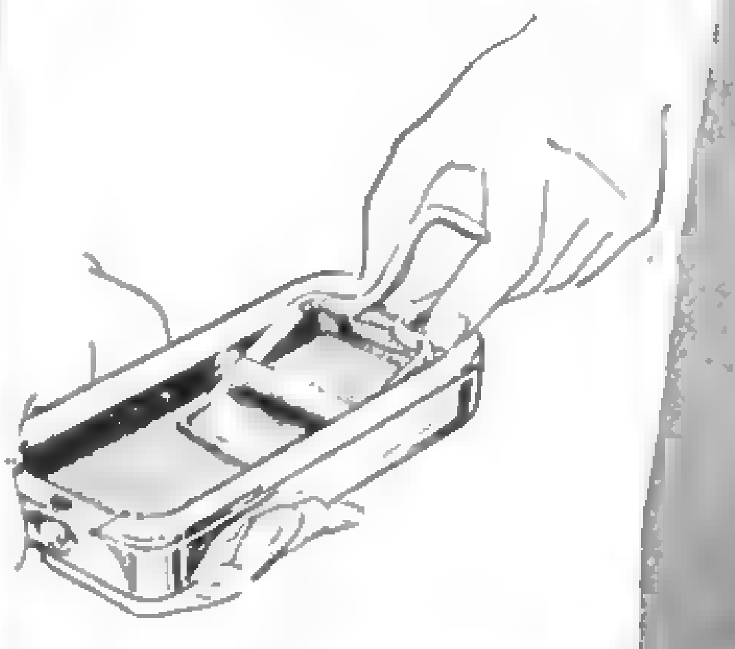
Of all the contrivances and gadgets offered modern man to shave with, there's one that is complete in itself—that provides all the razor equipment a man is ever likely to need. It is the Rolls—the *modern* safety razor. Treated properly, *the same Rolls you use today* will be giving you the same quick, easy-to-take, face-cheering shaves ten—fifteen—twenty years from now.

Rolls needs no "extras": AC and DC currents play no part in its active life. It needs no electric plugs, no fresh packages of blades, no intricate repairs. Use it in the heart of civilization. Or take it with you, off to the wilds. Rolls is complete in itself. It is *always* tuned to perfect shaving.

The secret? Read it in the clean-shaven strip to the right. But for the secret of how smooth and cool and *satisfying* a really perfect shave can be—you'll have to try a Rolls yourself. Write us for free booklet No. 11.

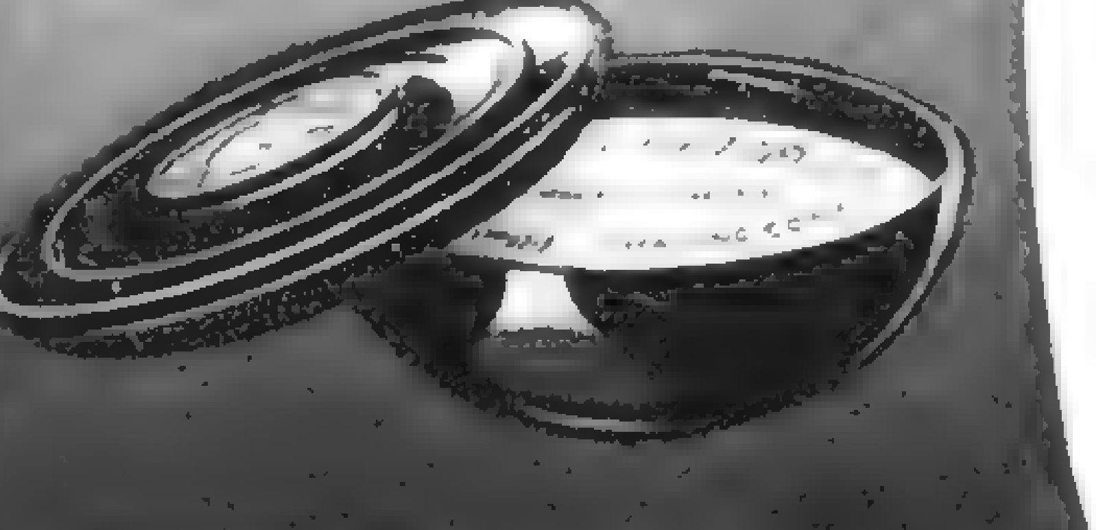


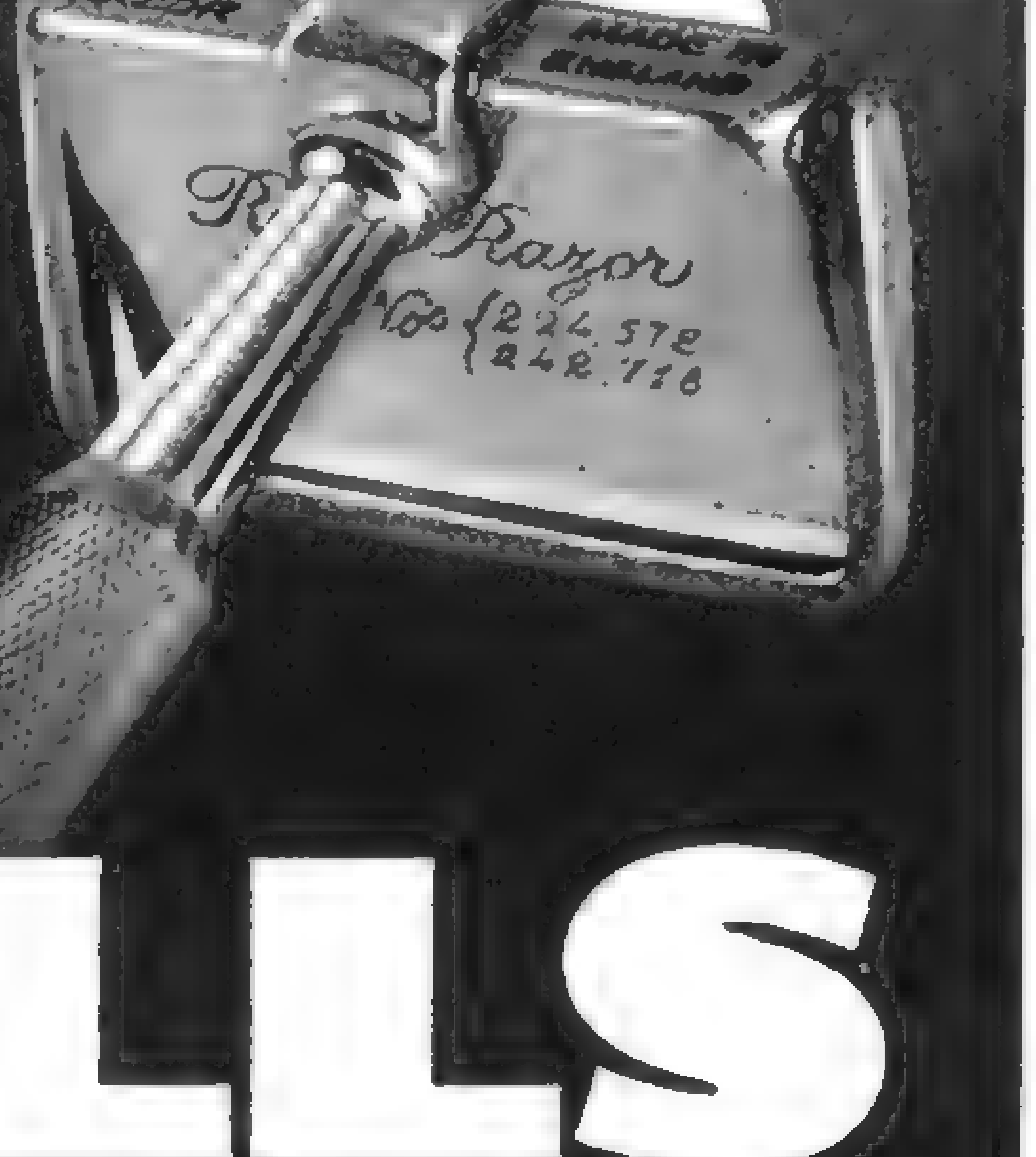
1. *The compact, complete Rolls case. Contains all the razor equipment you should need within your lifetime.*



2. *To hone or strop, just slip stropping mechanism back and forth. You recreate a brand-new edge on your blade just as simply as that!*

3. *To shave, slide blade into shaving handle. Hold flat against face. Your blade, with its newly recreated cutting edge, is ready to give you the cleanest, smoothest shave you've ever known!*





A CLEAN shave means soap and water. Rolls Shaving Soap is absolute tops . . . so rich and creamy thousands use the refills as toilet soap! The razor . . . from $10; the soap . . . complete in bowls $1 . . . refill cakes 60c . . . at all good stores. LEE & SCHIFFER, INC. Sole U. S. Distributors. 305 E. 45th St., N. Y.

ROLLS RAZOR

Football's Greatest Year

Continued from page 89

Whether he had been a footballer or not, all the colleges and universities throughout the land welcomed royally the returning war hero without asking him embarrassing questions nor inspecting too closely his past scholastic records. Bygone classroom failures were forgiven. Former conditions in studies were waived. Regardless of what an ex-soldier's classroom marks had been, his war service record was sufficient to get him reinstated in good standing in his old school.

Besides, if the deserving ex-soldier or sailor was short of funds, there were flocks and flocks of scholarships. The War Department, the Knights of Columbus and heaps of other similar organizations with lots of lucre left over from their war chest drives were only too willing to aid the boys to rehabilitate themselves in the classroom. Anyway, jobs were not too plentiful. So, logically argued most old footballers, why not return to college and have at least one last fling before settling down in life? And what a fling they did have that fall of 1919! Of course, the midyear exams of 1920 mowed down many of these returning veterans with shrapnel thoroughness. But that's another story in itself. Incidentally, a very pathetic one, too.

Ex-service men who had been All-American footballers as far back as 1914 and 1915 returned to college in 1919 as did the stars of 1916 and 1917. The net result was that the average coach did not have to waste time developing players. On the very first day of practice, he was able to select his varsity men, purely upon their past records and start welding them into a smooth, operating machine. He didn't even have to worry about reserves. The excess stellar material alone provided the average coach with bushels of capable substitutes.

Furthermore, a coach did not have to spend any time getting his candidates into shape physically. All of them were fresh from the rigid routine of the army and navy.

In contrast to service life, observing football training rules was so much child's play. No doubt many coaches, as they look over their present-day squads of puny, youthful aspirants with little or no football experience, long for the good old days of the fall of 1919. Perhaps this longing with certain distressed mentors takes the form of praying for another war. For only material of the 1919 calibre will save said coaches' necks from the old grads' sharpened axes.

One amusing aftermath of this wide open door and no questions asked policy as practiced by 1919 collegiate faculties and athletic authorities was the Pard Pearce incident at the University of Pennsylvania. En route home from the war, Pearce stopped over at Franklin Field to renew old acquaintances and to shake hands with Bob Folwell, the Penn coach. Several years prior to 1919, Pearce had been a star on the Penn Frosh team but had left college, presumably to enlist. After a brief talk, Folwell told Pearce that there was a berth in the varsity backfield open for him.

Instead of going home, Pard re-entered Penn and without much ado easily won a halfback post on the varsity. Throughout the season, he turned in some fine performances.

However, just before the final game of the season with Cornell on Thanksgiving Day, the Pennsylvania athletic authorities painfully discovered that their star halfback of the season, Pard Pearce, was the property of Chicago National League Baseball Club.

After leaving Pennsylvania and just prior to enlisting in the Army, Pard had been an infielder for the Chicago Cubs. Needless to say, Pard did not play in the Cornell game nor did he get a varsity letter. The mere mention of Pard's name in 1919 and for several years afterwards was enough to put Penn Graduate Manager Major Pickering in a state verging on apoplexy.

Not only Walter Camp but every sports writer in 1919 had a most difficult task in selecting their respective All-American teams. Their final selections caused more fuss and furore than in any previous year or since. No wonder. For every berth on these mythical All-American teams, there was available a galaxy of stellar performers, many of them had been picked in previous seasons as All-Americans. Consider the ends, for instance, who played in 1919. Bob Higgins, Penn State and now coaching at his alma mater; Heinie Miller, Pennsylvania, who is now assisting Glenn Warner at Temple University; Earl Blaik, West Point and Dartmouth's mentor today; Weston, Wisconsin; Joe Dumoe, Lafayette; the famous Red Roberts of Centre; Desmond, Harvard; Carroll, Washington and Jefferson; Kirk, Notre Dame; Belding, Iowa; and Hanley, Washington State. Every last one of these men had what it takes to make an end. Without exception, any one of them could get down the field like greased lightning, cover kicks beautifully, nab forwards, break up interference and smear circling backs with the greatest of ease.

As to 1919 tackles, where today or yesteryear either will you find any like West, Colgate; Henry, Washington and Jefferson; Ingerson, Illinois; Slater, Iowa; Grim, Washington; Cody, Vanderbilt; Spagna, Lehigh; Lou Little, Pennsylvania, who is coaching at Columbia; Higgins, Chicago; Murphy, Dartmouth; Harrick, West Virginia; or Mur-

Continued on page 144

CONSPICUOUS

in the eyes of those who know there's a better way to fasten trousers

TRIM, SEAM-LIKE

trousers closed with the TALON slide fastener—as worn by millions of men today

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

• The pictures tell the story! Here is the comparison that is being made in the minds of millions of people today—whenever they see the unsightly gaps and bulges, the extra thickness of the old-time button fly.

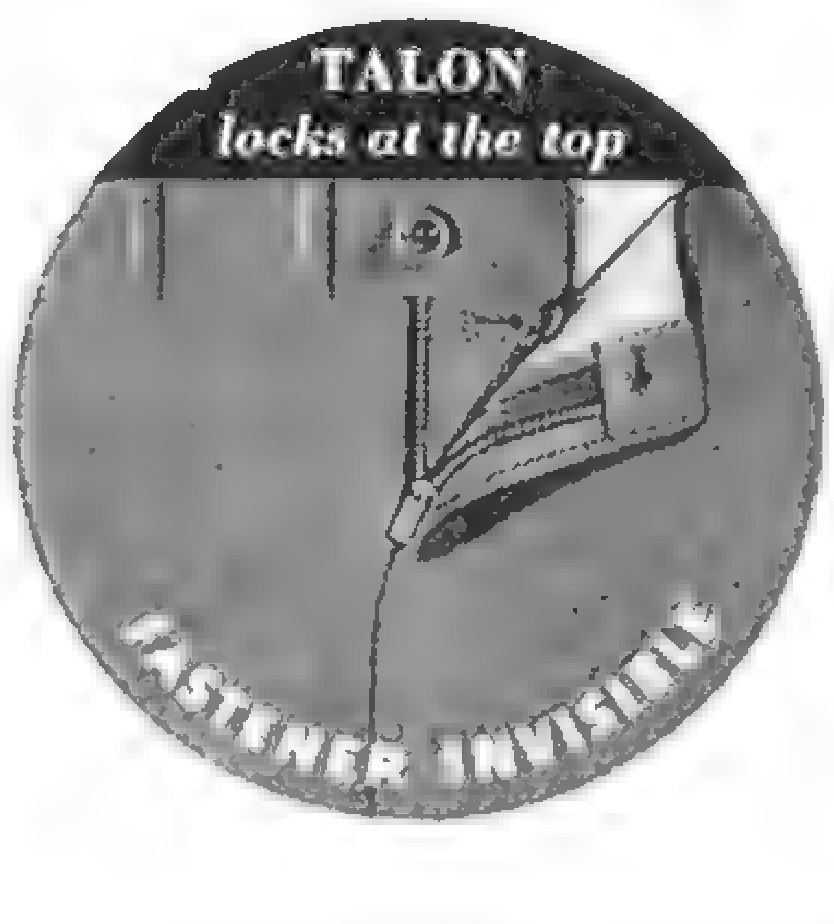
For everywhere, more and more men are becoming accustomed to the greater trimness, the thin, continuous, seam-like effect of the Talon Trouser Fastener—the new assurance it gives them against embarrassing disarray.

Thus swiftly coming true is the prediction constantly being made by clothing authorities everywhere—that soon *all* trousers will be tailored with Talon.

Already, there are stores where not a single pair of button trousers is being offered for sale . . . all have Talon!

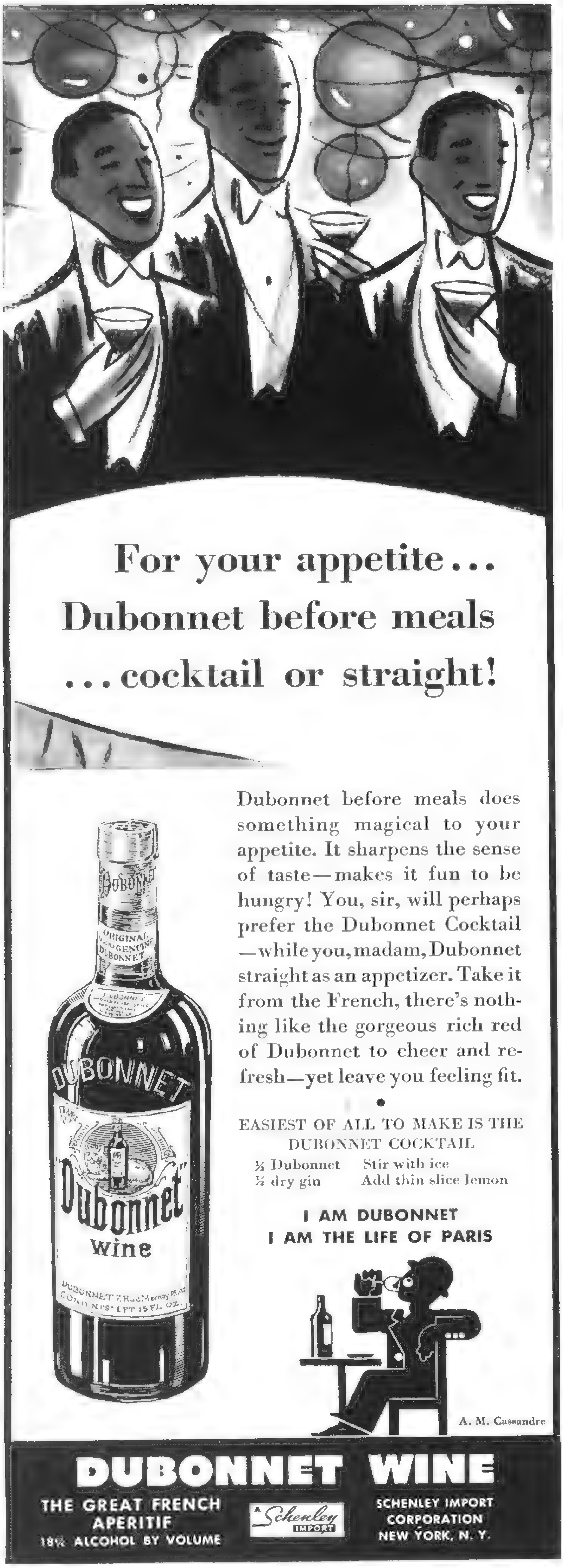
And in most leading stores from coast to coast today—and of course at all better custom tailors'—no matter what price you wish to pay, you can have a wide choice of suits whose trousers are closed with Talon instead of buttons.

Look once more at the contrasting photographs reproduced here. Remember them when you buy. And insist on trousers tailored with Talon. Hookless Fastener Company, Meadville, Pa.



Today . . . well-tailored trousers are closed with the TALON slide fastener

The specially designed Talon Trouser Fastener must not be confused with any other slide fastener, even other Talon fasteners. It is small, flat-lying, and its special locking slider and special reinforcement are made expressly for use in trousers. The Talon Trouser Fastener will not crush, jam or break in pressing, yet it is as flexible as the fabric of a suit and absolutely rustproof. And it is tailored into the trousers with the usual protective underflap.



For your appetite... Dubonnet before meals ...cocktail or straight!

Dubonnet before meals does something magical to your appetite. It sharpens the sense of taste—makes it fun to be hungry! You, sir, will perhaps prefer the Dubonnet Cocktail—while you, madam, Dubonnet straight as an appetizer. Take it from the French, there's nothing like the gorgeous rich red of Dubonnet to cheer and refresh—yet leave you feeling fit.

EASIEST OF ALL TO MAKE IS THE DUBONNET COCKTAIL

½ Dubonnet Stir with ice
½ dry gin Add thin slice lemon

I AM DUBONNET
I AM THE LIFE OF PARIS

A. M. Cassandre

DUBONNET WINE
THE GREAT FRENCH APERITIF
18% ALCOHOL BY VOLUME
Schenley IMPORT
SCHENLEY IMPORT CORPORATION
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Football's Greatest Year

Continued from pages 89-142

ray, Annapolis? Tough hombres in moleskins were these laddies who would break through opposing lines and open up holes wide enough for the ice wagon of song and story to come rolling through.

The guards that year, too, were equally as good as the tackles. Joe Alexander, Syracuse; Swede Youngstrom, Dartmouth; Pons, Lehigh; Clark, Harvard; Depler, Illinois; Pixley, Ohio State; McGraw, Princeton; Denfield, Navy; and Nichols of Brown were a treat to watch in action. They knew how to hurry kickers and also to dig in successfully against the most terrific onslaughts.

Great centers were plentiful. Jack Heaphy, Boston College; Conover, Penn State; Williams, Minnesota; Callahan, Yale; and Lud Wray, Pennsylvania, were all smart, steady passers and crack defense men of the roving type.

However, the tops for 1919 and possibly for all time centers was Weaver of Centre College. Not a heavy chap, Weaver made up in ability what he lacked in poundage. He never made a bad pass in his life; had a neat trick of jumping up and batting down those short forwards over the line which were so popular that season. Besides, Weaver possessed that added asset of being able to kick goals after touchdowns and won not a few close games in this fashion. During the 1919 season, he missed but one out of 47 tries for goals after touchdown.

Little Centre College also furnished in 1919 about the best quarterback of modern times, namely, "Bo" McMillan. Oldsters may talk up Stevenson of Pennsylvania and Eckersall of Chicago and the youngsters rave about Albie Booth of Yale but give this writer "Bo" anytime. McMillan knew how to get the best out of his team always; an aggressive, heady quarterback who was a triple threat every moment of the game. Of course, there were other grand quarterbacks that year, namely, Bert Bell (Pennsylvania), Devine (Iowa), Stinchcomb (Ohio State), Anderson (Colgate) and Cannell (Dartmouth), but none of these could be placed in the same class as "Bo."

The backs that season were no slouches, either. Eddie Casey, Harvard; Harley, Ohio State; Rodgers, West Virginia; Braden, Yale; Robertson, Dartmouth; Bodie Weldon, Lafayette; Hobey Light, Pennsylvania; Harlan, Georgia Tech; Jacobi, Wisconsin; Erickson, Washington and Jefferson; Fitzpatrick, Boston College, and a host of others sparked more thrills per minute than any present crop of backfielders could give in a season.

To see bull-like Braden alone crack a line; Casey take a pass and elude a swarm of tacklers or Harley execute his change of pace and pull his powerful straight-arm would inspire even One-Eye Connelly to buy a ticket.

Besides being a great season for brilliant football teams and outstanding individual stars, 1919 was also noted for rough, tough play. In most games that year, hardboiled, smack-them-fast tactics prevailed. Fist fights were frequent. This was easily explainable.

Without exception, most of the players possessed powerful physiques—the result of months and even years of outdoor life in the Army and Navy. Not a few of them had participated in service games overseas — these virulent A.E.F. tournament football contests in which all sissy rules concerning slugging, tripping, clipping *et al.*, were given the go-by.

That war-time spirit of "anything goes" was responsible for those many anecdotes about rough playing which are still being bandied about at reunion banquets, alumni smokers and other festive gatherings where football stories are in order. The 1919 season supplied that classic retort which Referee Tiny Maxwell uncorked to a member of a visiting team at Georgetown, who had complained several times that "one of those damn Irishmen was biting him."

"Well, young man," chirped Referee Maxwell, "the only thing I can suggest is that the next time you fellows play Georgetown, schedule the game for a Friday."

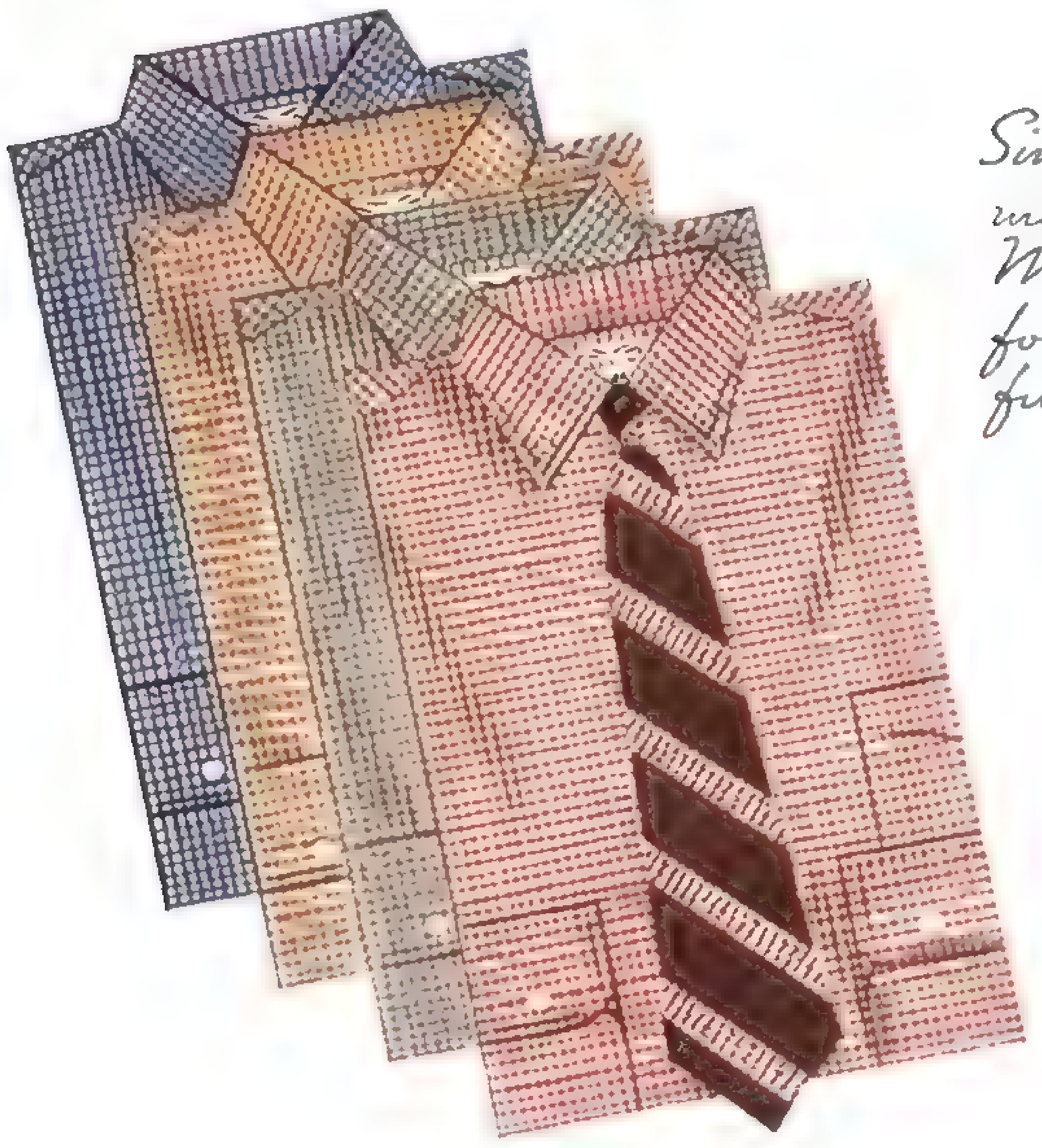
The 1919 Pennsylvania-Dartmouth game played at the Polo Grounds in New York was a bitterly fought fray. Many players were carried off and quite a few more were put off. One banished Penn player, Lud Wray, had exchanged something besides soft words with Cuddy Murphy of Dartmouth. When he reached the dressing room, Doctor Hancock, the team physician, started to upbraid him for losing his temper.

"Look at these, Doc," explained Wray, exhibiting a couple of loose lower teeth, "I was just defending my upper molars when that referee called me, that's all."

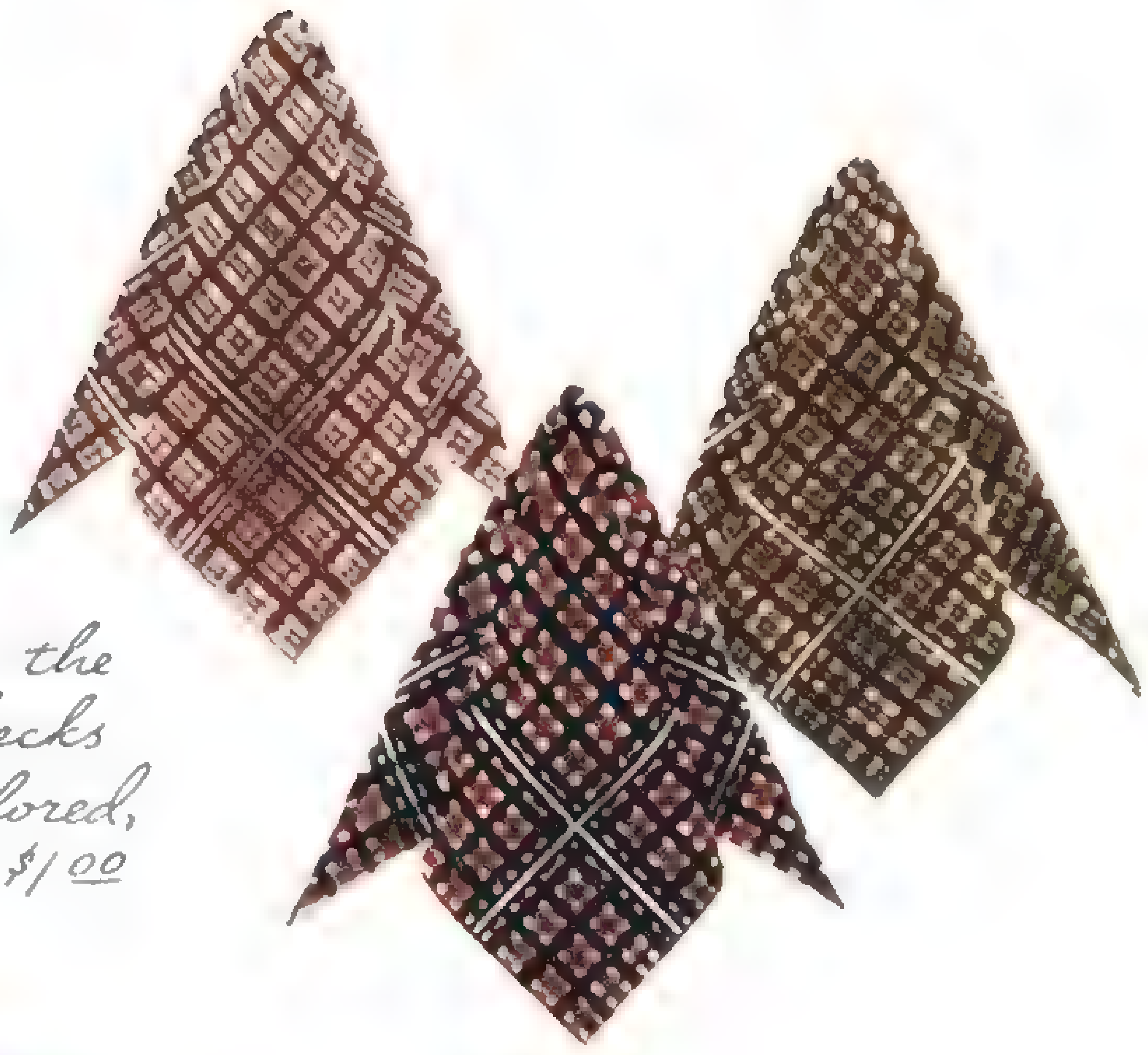
No lovefest was the Boston College-Yale setto in the Bowl that fall. Fully determined not to be the traditional early season doormat for Old Eli, the belligerent B. C. warriors did not hesitate to make known their feelings in advance. Before the start of the game, Big Jack Heaphy, B. C. Center and Callahan, Yale center, met with the officials to set the time-length of the respective periods. Callahan was discussing the necessity of having short periods in an early season game when Heaphy interpolated with:

"You should worry, Callahan, about the time of the periods. You won't be here to see even the end of the first period."

And Callahan wasn't, either. ⌗



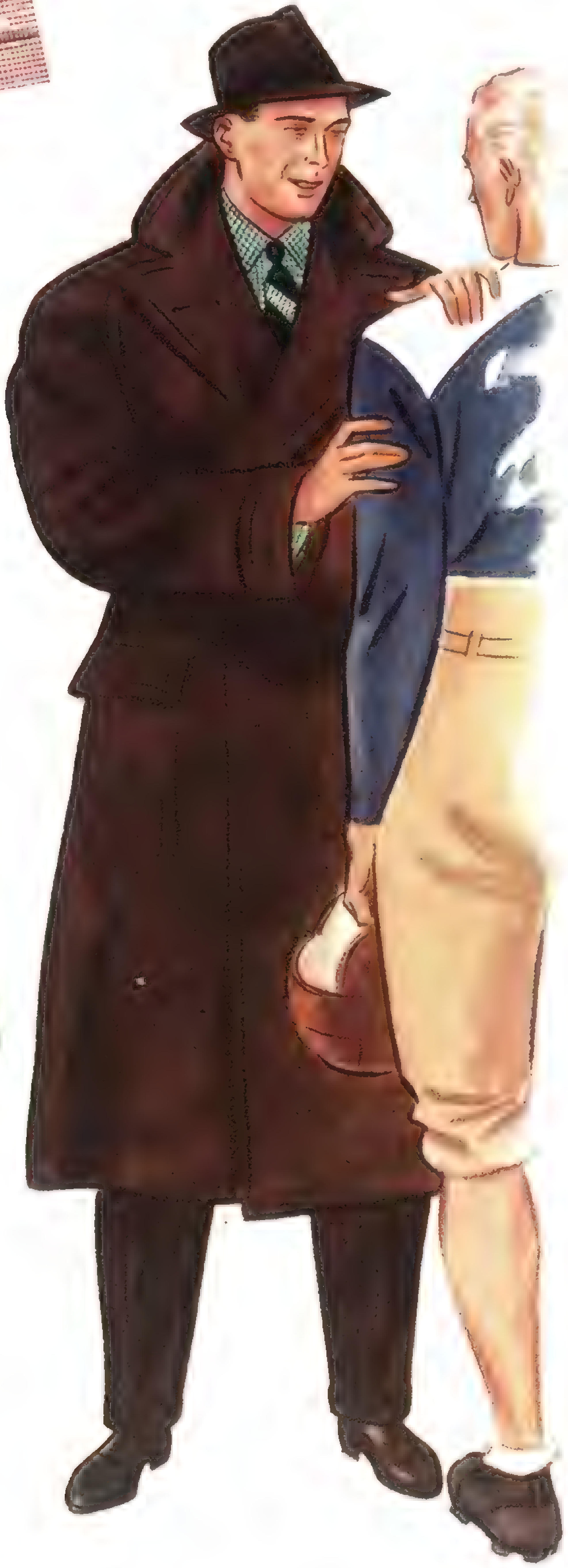
Simple patterns often are the most effective. Proof: Arrow's Margin Check Shirts Sanforized-Shrunk Mitoga form-fit $2 Other Arrow Shirts to $3.50

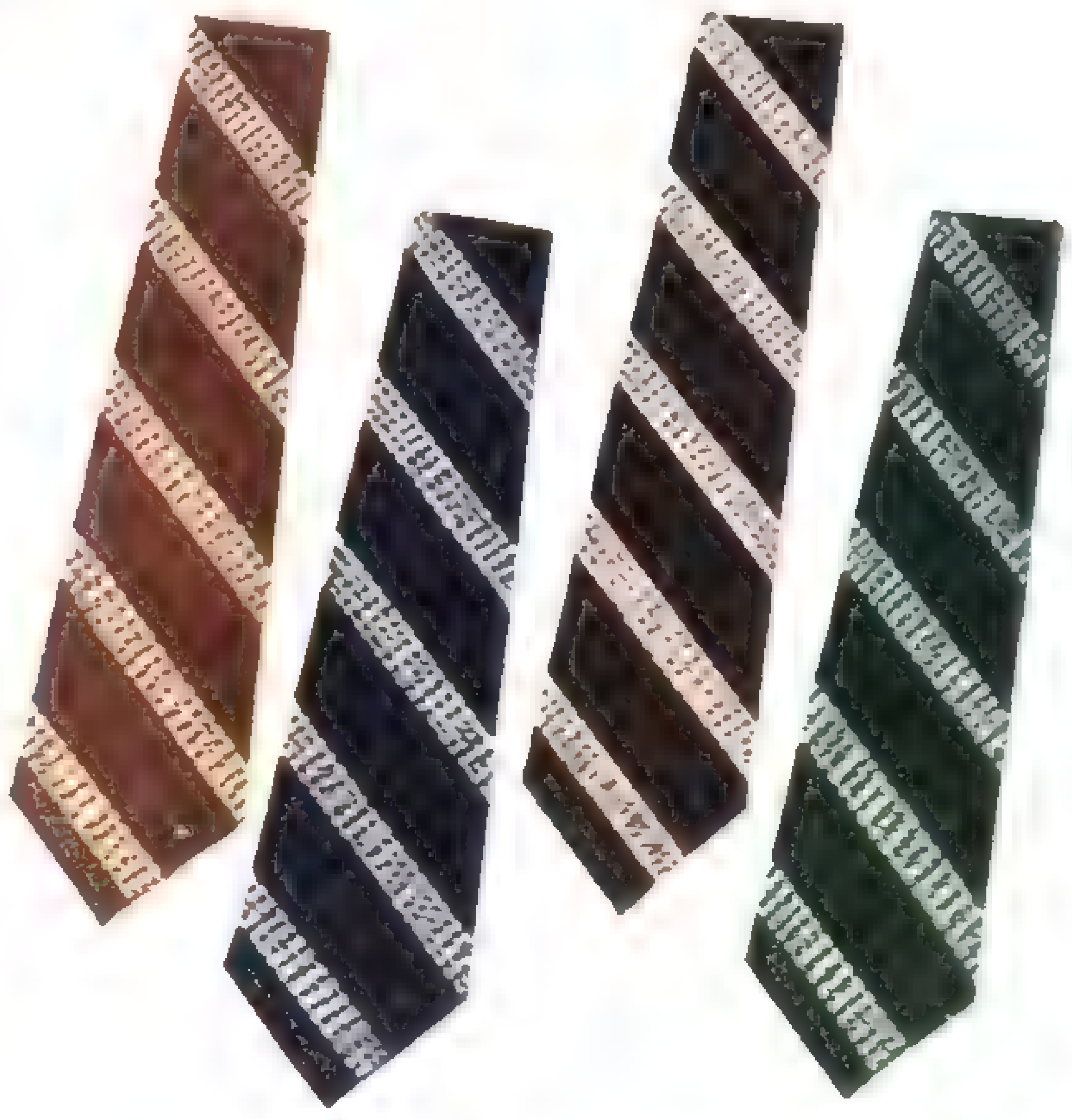


Pocket companions for the shirts—with the checks inflated. Arrow tailored, 35¢. Others 50¢ and $1.00

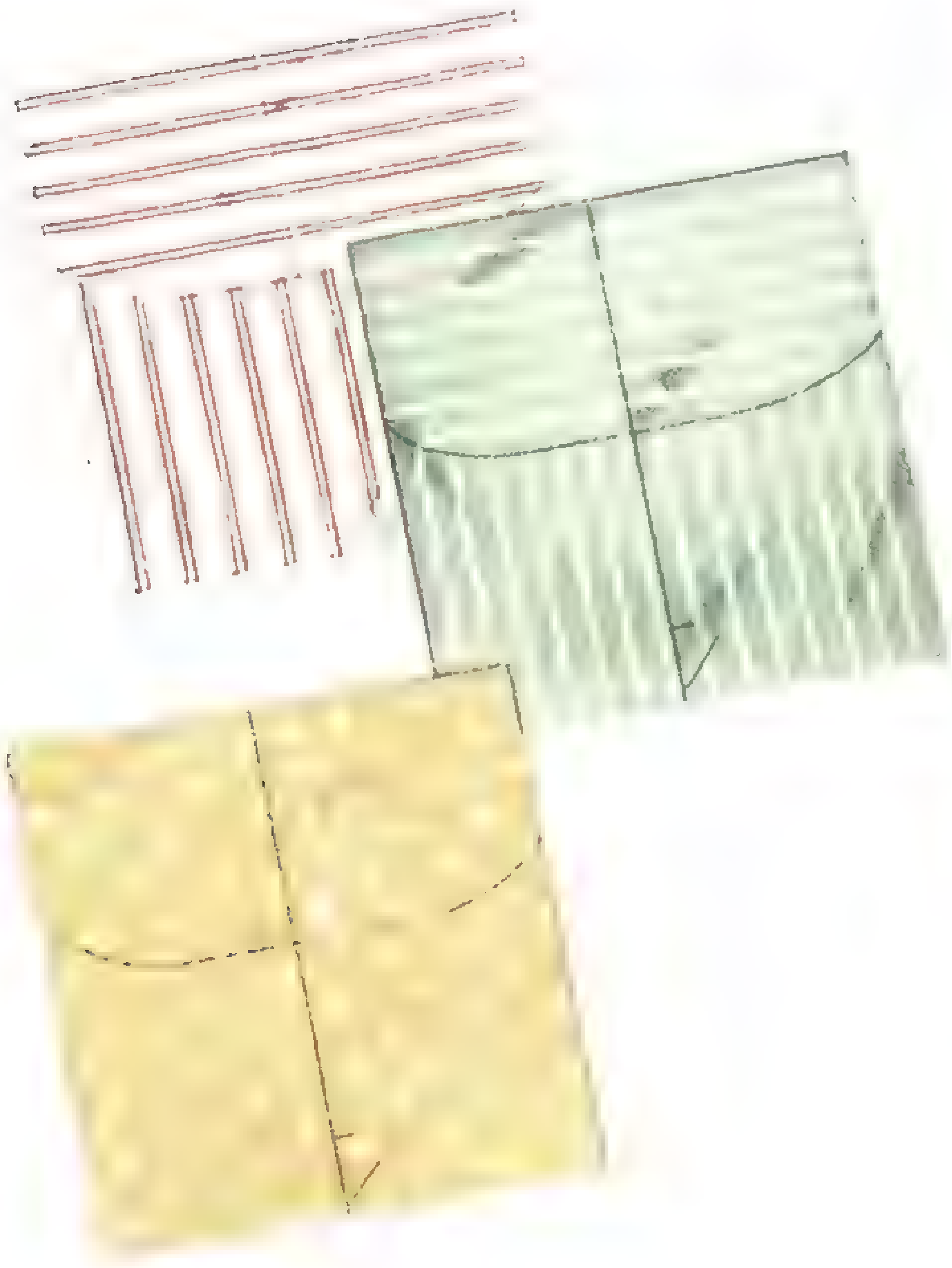
ARROW
SANFORIZED

If it hasn't an Arrow label, it isn't Arrow.

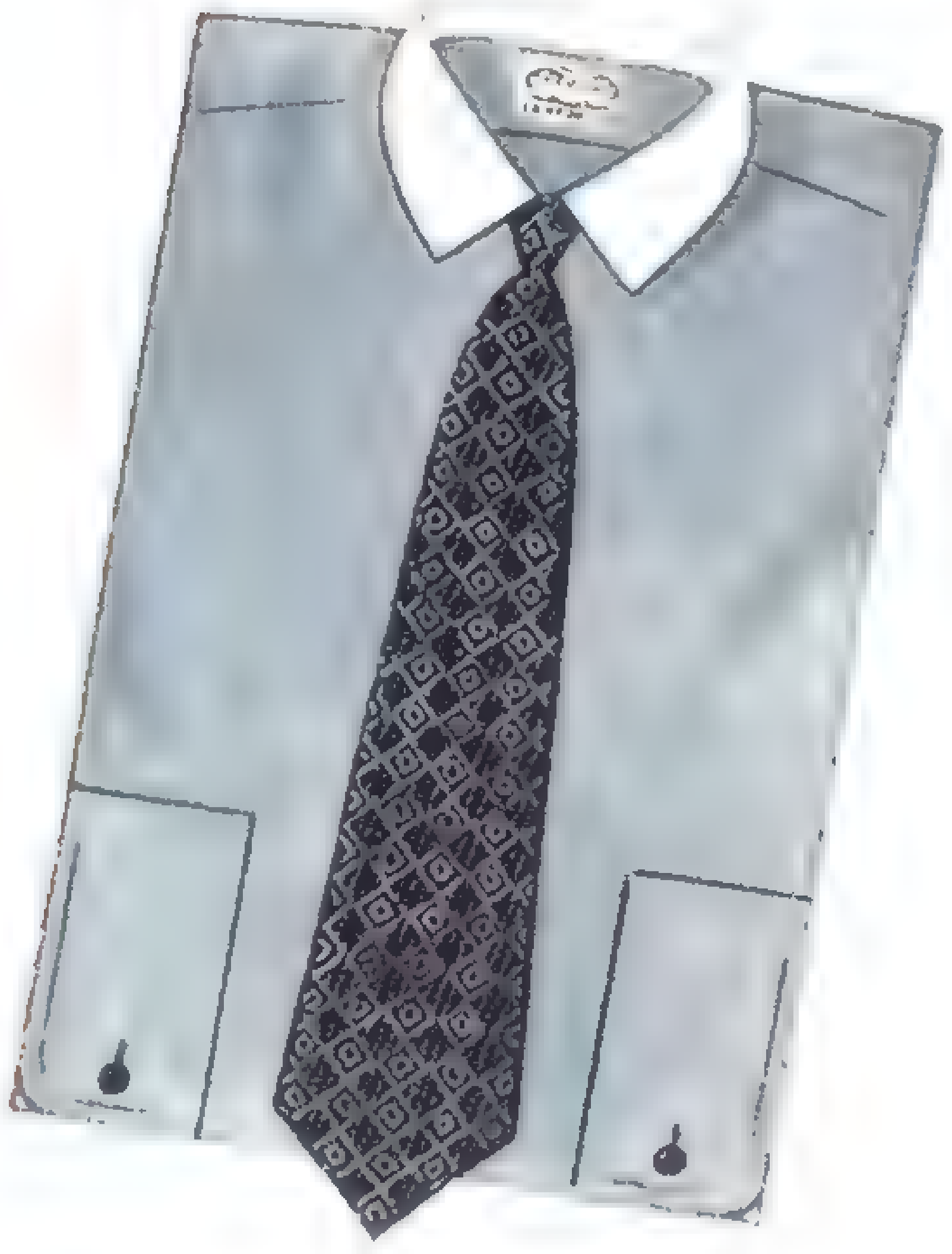




Arrow ties take up the Margin Check theme—vary it with a stripe. Result: harmony without monotony $1.00 Other Arrow Cravats $1.50

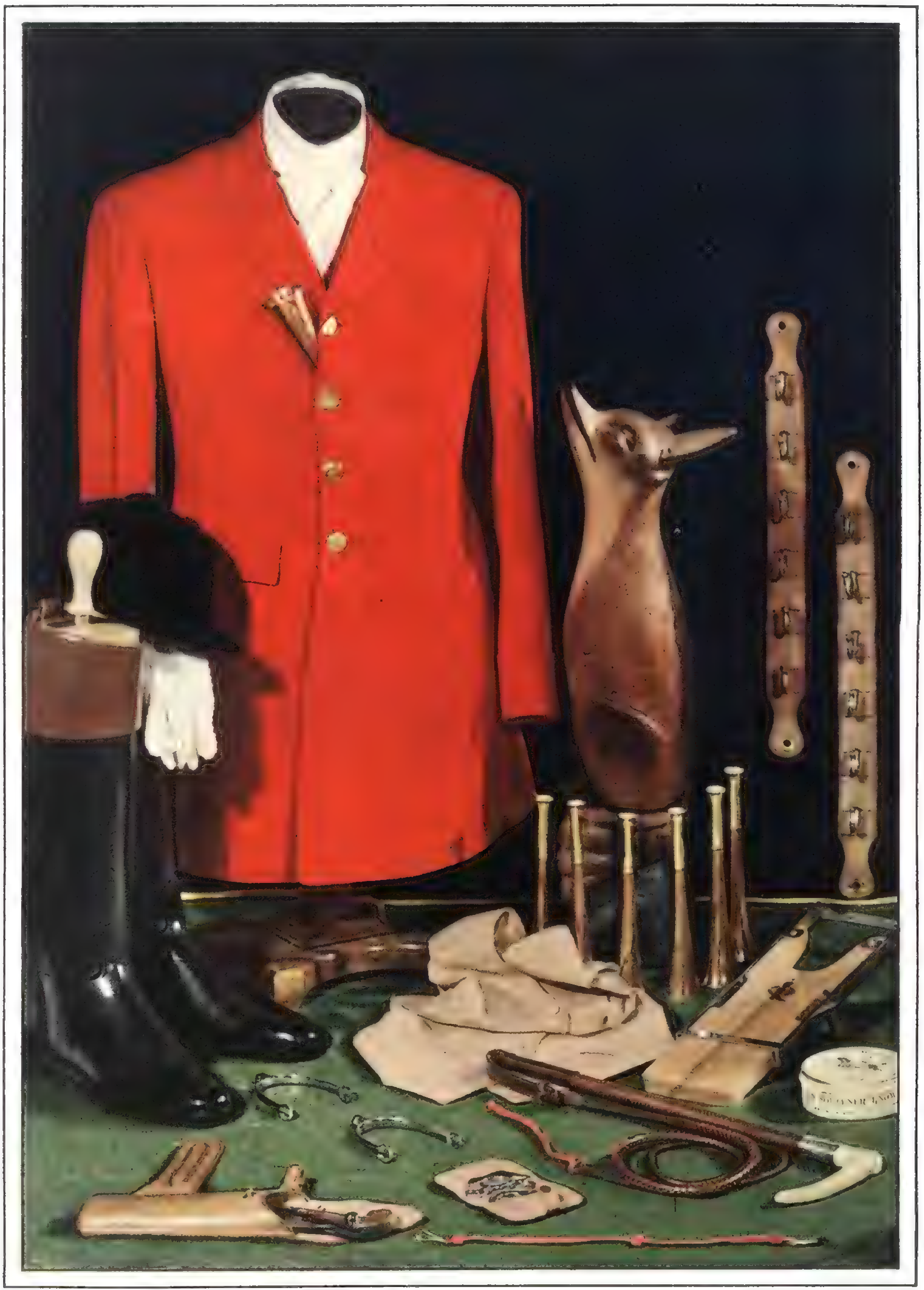


Comfort arrives when seams disappear. Wear Arrow shorts with the seamless crotch and see. 65¢, 75¢, $1.00 and $1.50



A smart combine—Arrow's blue chambray shirt and Arrow's starched Lord Kent collar. Shirt (Sanforized) $2.50. Collar, 25¢

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N.Y.



DIRECT COLOR BY ROSENOW

DESIGNED BY W. BAYARD OKIE, JR.

TALLYHO, TANTIVY, MASTER'S IN THE PINK

Having gone through our entire repertory of hunting terms in the one gasp recorded on the line above, we can only add that the items grouped together for display on this page are as right as our field vocabulary is *gauche*. They comprise, beginning at the upper left and proceeding in an approximately counter clockwise direction, the correct pink coat to be worn by the master of the hunt, shown with a hunting stock of white pique, carrying a hunting horn stick pin. Thrust between the coat's two top buttons is a hunting horn. A velvet hunting cap is shown along with white string rain gloves, on a pair of hunting boots with the correct tops. Grouped on the floor are suitable hunting spurs, boot pulls in a leather case, wire cutters in a leather case, a hat guard, the correct hunting crop, a tin of saddle soap, a boot jack, and a suede hunting waist coat. Background: crop racks and a fox door stop.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Galloping Dollars

Continued from page 102

stuff. We tried to reach all our customers, but could only find a few of 'em, and so . . ."

And so you take it with all the delight you displayed on meeting calculus for the first time. Perhaps you protest a little more, calling Mr. McCarthy by name, but the large person will leeringly inform you that he is not Mr. McCarthy, that the big boss is out somewhere talking over long distance to his private clocker at Santa Anita. If you catch on quickly, you may have suspected by this time Mr. McCarthy is one with Mrs. Gamp's severest critic, Mrs. 'Arris. Also that the real backer of the layout is never visible to customers. You leave feeling pretty ravaged but the chances are that you will fall for somebody else's ballyhoo before you get out of the building.

Some day someone in authority is going to get mad at the tipping racket, and send its exponents back to high pressuring phosphorescent keyholes on some sidewalk pitch. A move, although a lackadaisical one, in the right direction was inaugurated after the close of the 1935 Saratoga meeting. Eighty-five culprits were accused of furnishing false information to the public. Bondsmen scurried, lawyers orated, things commenced to drag, and there is nothing so difficult to maintain as fiery indignation. Officials of the State Racing Commission registered naive and shocked surprise that such conditions should exist. A couple of millionaire owners interested in eugenics for horses only also apparently heard of the tipster evil for the first time. Months later, nothing has been done, and blame is being laid on the unwillingness of witnesses to talk freely.

Chief bulwarks of the tipster are effrontery, connivance of petty officeholders sworn to protect the people's welfare, and best of all, public indifference. The really fanatical horse player can never be cured by legal means, anyway, so the tipster has few worries. Too many losers and the resultant protests will change Long Shot McCarthy into "Louisville" James, "fresh from his triumphs at the Kentucky courses," and starred with a list of fictitious successes. In times of stress he may go to the point of moving across the street, but that is rare. Tipster offices are scattered for a dozen blocks up and down Broadway, the most popular warren being a cavernous building at Forty-Second Street. In Chicago, which has few of the type who maintain offices, South Wabash Avenue is favored, although the daddy of them all is on Randolph, between Clark and Dearborn.

This paragon, who operates a short half block from City Hall, and has done so for years, makes hay during the six months of Chicago's racing season. Chicago has the best fields and the highest purses, day in and day out, and this chap believes in being where the money is. His name? He has a million of 'em, but you can find out whatever his passing fancy may be by attending Arlington, Lincoln Fields, Hawthorne, *et al.* When you board the train after the last race you will find every seat littered with good sized throwaways which show So-and-So's selections for the day just ended. You find that he had the winners of the first five races, although he did fall down on the last two. But five out of seven!

It hums in your brain as the wheels click over the joints. Five-out-of-seven, five-out-of-seven. You begin to think his invitation to call for tomorrow's list of sure things is a basically sound one, and in the morning you track him down to the home town paper shop where he hangs out during the season. He has no desk, nor even a chair; he merely hovers in the rear, and seems to be composed mostly of watch chain and belly. He is affable, yet with a Caponeish aura. He takes your money, ten, five or three, whatever he can get. He is not proud.

Loose, let us say, but lucid. He scribbles you seven choices on a telegraph blank, and perhaps signs it Arthur Terwilliger. Away you go to Arlington, and while the law of averages might allow you a winner or even two, the odds are that Terwilliger wasn't even tepid. When you take the homeward train Terwilliger's sheets are not to be seen, but thickly distributed are those of Elias Cowperthwait, same type, same address, and at least the first five winners. Don't ask me the location of the printing press that enables this master mind to knock off his sheets after the fifth race. Take it up with your favorite railroad sometime.

The long lash of the law, missing the tipster, as some people believe, because he is too close to it, is reserved for the pale and hopeful citizen who tries to make a bet away from the track. While it is impossible to keep up with the swarms of hand-bookmakers, everyone knows of the sporadic raids upon poolrooms, and the ten dollar fines handed out to the frequenters thereof. The theory is, that by being so disloyal as to bet in such illegitimate surroundings, the bettor is depriving his sovereign state of the chance to collect its share of his track admission fee and resultant bets. Here is one of our very best outsize cases of hypocrisy.

In Paris, the French, who are a practical race, recognize that Armand and Toinette may not be able to make it out to Longchamps or Autueil for one of many reasons, and sensibly provide branch betting offices along the boulevards where they can play Acrobat to win hands down or Hermit to come home alone. A lot of people would welcome the same thing over here.

Continued on page 148

THE *Best*
AT THE PRICE
OF THE NEXT BEST

PARIS
THE MARK OF DISTINCTION
PARIS

The world's best garter is Paris.
The world says so in Paris sales.
It has, of course, many imitators.
And they're out looking for you.
Your protection is the Paris package.
Look for the famous "Paris Kneeling Figure" on the package.
Substitutes cost the same price.
So, if you can get the best . . .
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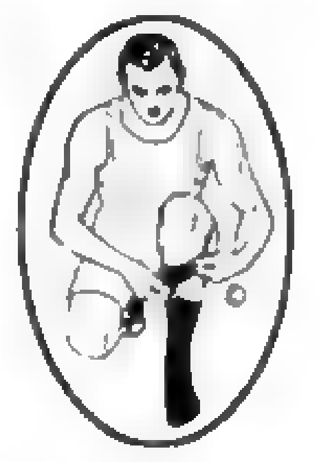
We leave it to you: What's best?

At all Better Stores



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"PARIS KNEELING FIGURE" ON THE PACKAGE

PARIS
GARTERS
NO METAL CAN TOUCH YOU

A. STEIN & COMPANY • CHICAGO • NEW YORK • TORONTO

Bostonians
SHOES FOR men

RUGGED INDIVIDUALITY

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NORWAY CALF

Smoother leathers are all right with the meeker fabrics, but the casual cut and rougher weaves in men's clothes call for partners of sterner stuff . . . The rugged graining or dexterous hand-boarding of pliant Norway Calf, detailed with authentic good taste by Bostonians gives a two-fisted air to men's shoes that's wanted and swings into perfect companionship with styleful clothes for late autumn . . . Bostonians at smart shops $7 to $10 . . . Bostonian Footsavers $10.

Galloping Dollars

Continued from pages 102-147

Tracks are operating in over twenty states. Terrific sums are laid away from the tracks, and hypocritical laws make this illegal. It appears ridiculous that a man may bet his head off at Pimlico, and yet, a couple of miles away, within the same city limits, he will be arrested if caught trying it in downtown Baltimore. Some day states may recognize that crime should not be a matter of geography, and then some attempt will be made to divert the flow of money from the dives by allowing the racing commissions to establish city offices. This would enable the state to collect a sum in taxes which at present is completely lost. In Maryland, for example, the license fee for each of the four tracks is six thousand dollars a day, and a tax on hitherto virgin wagers might easily make another three.

Sport or hippodrome, racing is a national pastime, and so is betting. There's a new field for study awaiting psychiatrists who care to observe Uncle Sam's nephews placing their bets. It's no longer necessary to go camping with a man to see what makes him tick; take him out to a race course and see whether he goes into a palsy over past performances or just gaily sticks a pin in his program. But without going into the psychological angle, it is doubtful if a truly avaricious person ever gambles, because the pain of his losses would outshadow the delight of an occasional win.

There has been a great deal of looking down the nose over betting, especially among our friends who go skulking through traffic against the red light, who risk their bridgework on a Brazil nut, and who pay Sunday calls on rich old Uncle Ambrose as a sort of insurance policy against the future. Stop betting as an adjunct to horse races, and the pastime would deteriorate to a handful of adenoidal aristocrats leaning over a fence on somebody's country estate, so that is not to be thought of.

As to the gentle art of making four dollars crackle where two lay limply in the billfold, if the gluttonous habit of betting them on the nose could be curbed, there would be more champagne money in circulation. Winning odds look fruitiest, but place and show clearings are safer, and we cannot all be D'Artagnans. The handsomest witness to this theory is an affable, white haired gentleman well known to mutuel cashiers in the West and South. For fifteen years he has arrived at the track shortly before the fifth race, which generally contains the better horses, wagers a five hundred dollar bill on the favorite to show—always to show—cashes in ninety-five per cent of the time, and immediately takes a taxi back to town.

Giving a lift to a certain seeker after truth at Latonia he opined that will power did the trick. Betting to win, in his judgment, was a mug's game, and even if your choice lost by a nostril, the inches between it and the winner might just as well be the sweep of Asia. For him, one show bet a day was plenty. It yielded twenty-five per cent profit, and he averaged around thirty-five thousand a year, with everything smooth as a kitten's wrist.

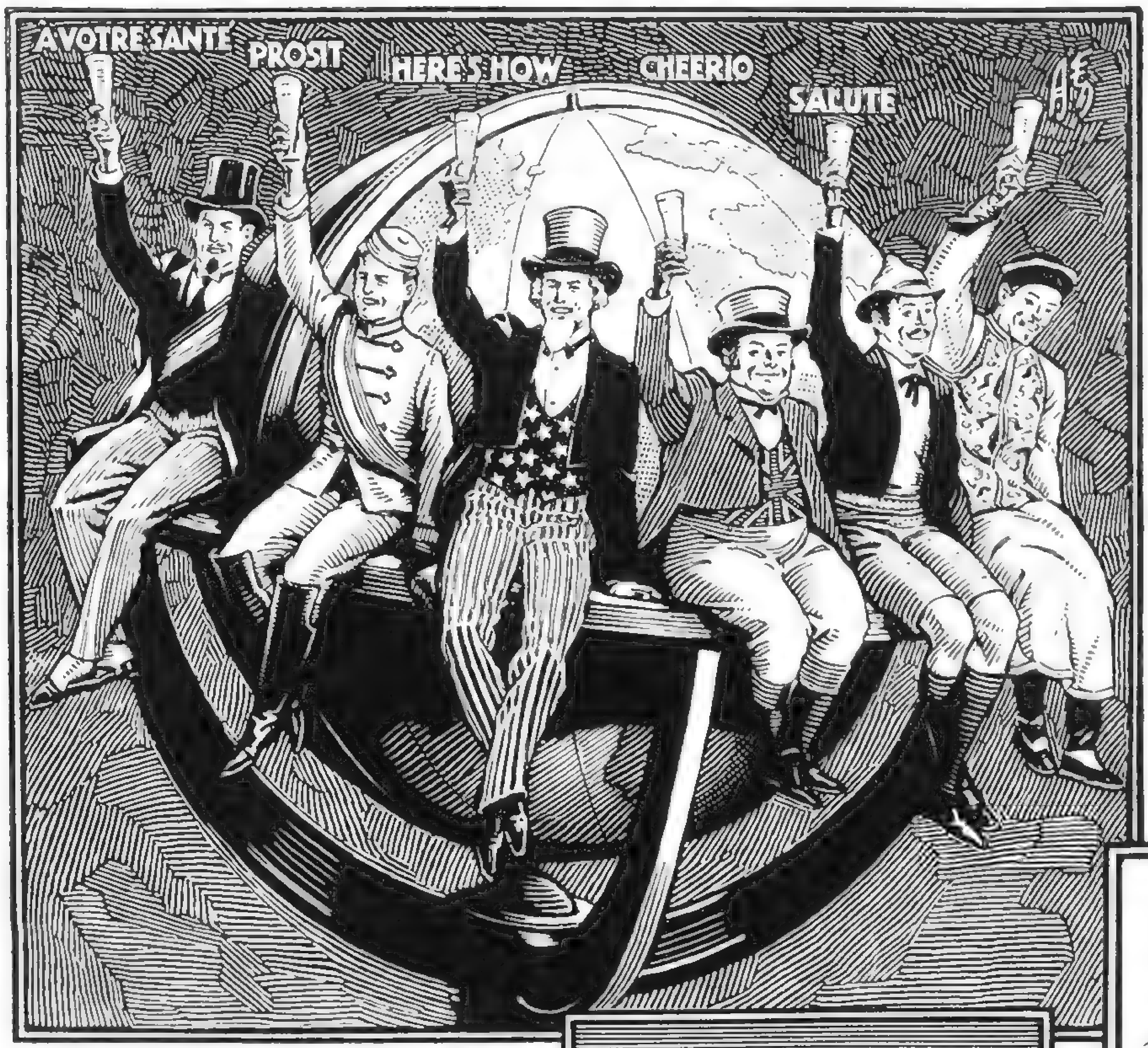
But win or lose, sport of kings or shabby men, misled by a tipster or a hunch of the wife's, the unregenerate fan will insist that racing has something that pulls. Names. Blue Bonnets, Woodbine, Timonium, Laurel, Connaught and Churchill Downs. Escape. The chance to caper frenziedly in the sunshine and let your astral self ride with the jockey. And there's all of life in the running of a horse race; the early hustling for position as they come streaming down to the clubhouse turn, the easy, undulating sea of motion as they straighten away in the backstretch, topped by the gnomes in softly flashing colors. Then into the far curve, a flying, inward leaning arc of power, and so into the run for home, all smoothness lost, the race a thing of rolling shoulders and choppy gait. Fortune flashes with the fluid rapidity of quicksilver.

Given this, one can shrug off the sinister shadows and faulty arithmetic, for after all, everything is comparative. Memory recalls a feature scribbler who found himself one noon opposite Old St. Mary's Church in San Francisco's Chinatown. The search for material had occupied most of the previous night, and the rancid odor of incense and other things still hovered around him. The scribbler bethought himself of the story he was expected to write, and he shuddered. He reviewed the ghosts of vice unspeakable, clutching yellow hands, despairing cries in tortured alleys, slave girls, opium and gelid corpses, all the fictional miasma that still send tourists tiptoeing up Grant Avenue. Anyhow, the beery castaways in Portsmouth Square and the hoosegow bordering it were real. St. Mary's clock struck twelve, and glancing upward, the scribbler saw the words curving above it in imperishable bronze.

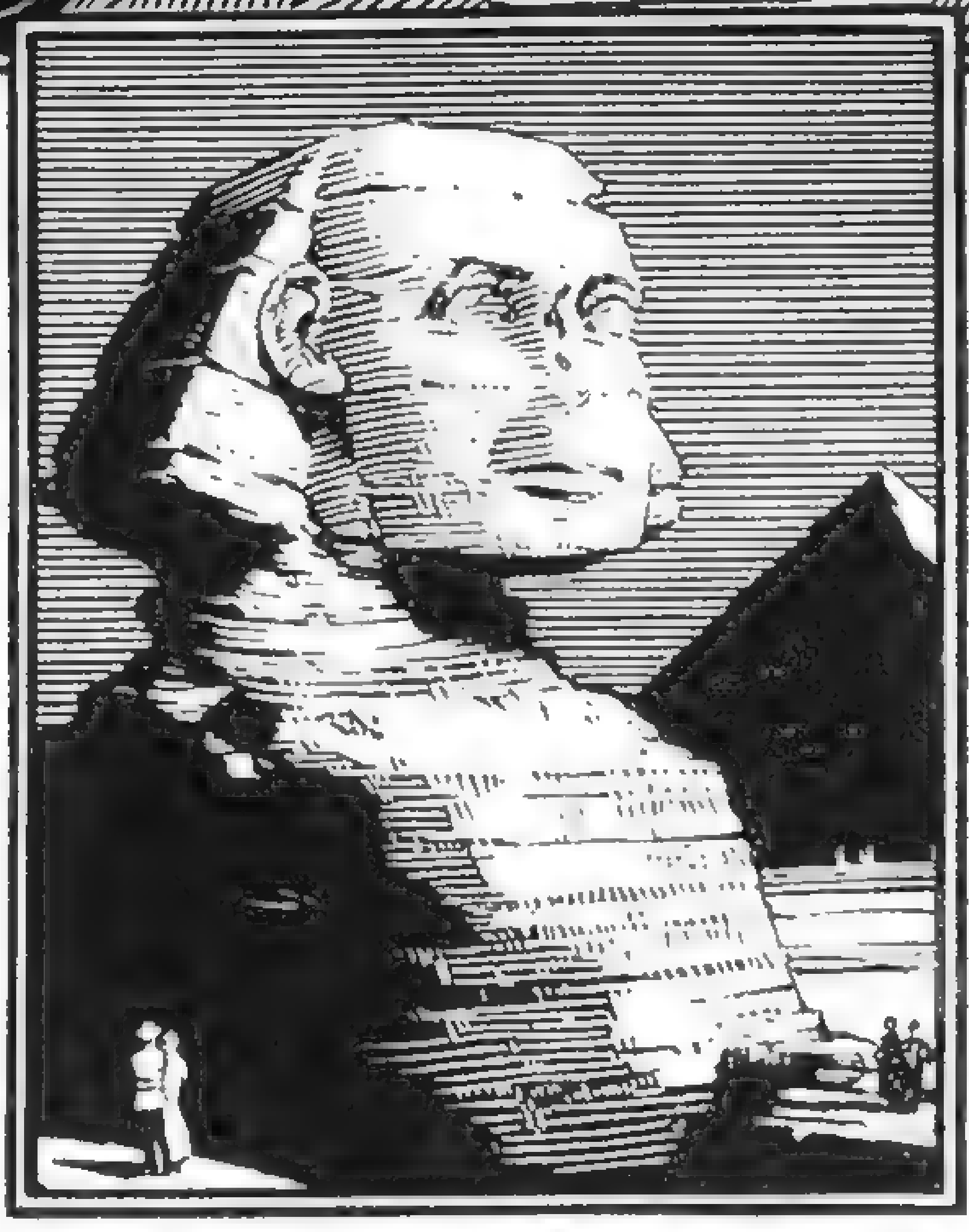
"Son, observe the time, and fly from evil."

Evil was right. It hemmed him in, a looming purple evil capable of contaminating even a newspaperman. The scribbler began to yearn for cobalt skies and the wind in his face. Regeneration stuff. He tried to remember Sidney Carton's speech on the scaffold, but he was stuttering a bit that morning, so he gave it up and took matters into his own hands. He accepted the advice, and flew from evil, but not so very far. Only over to Tanforan, where he set up a day's wages on Able Mabel. ##

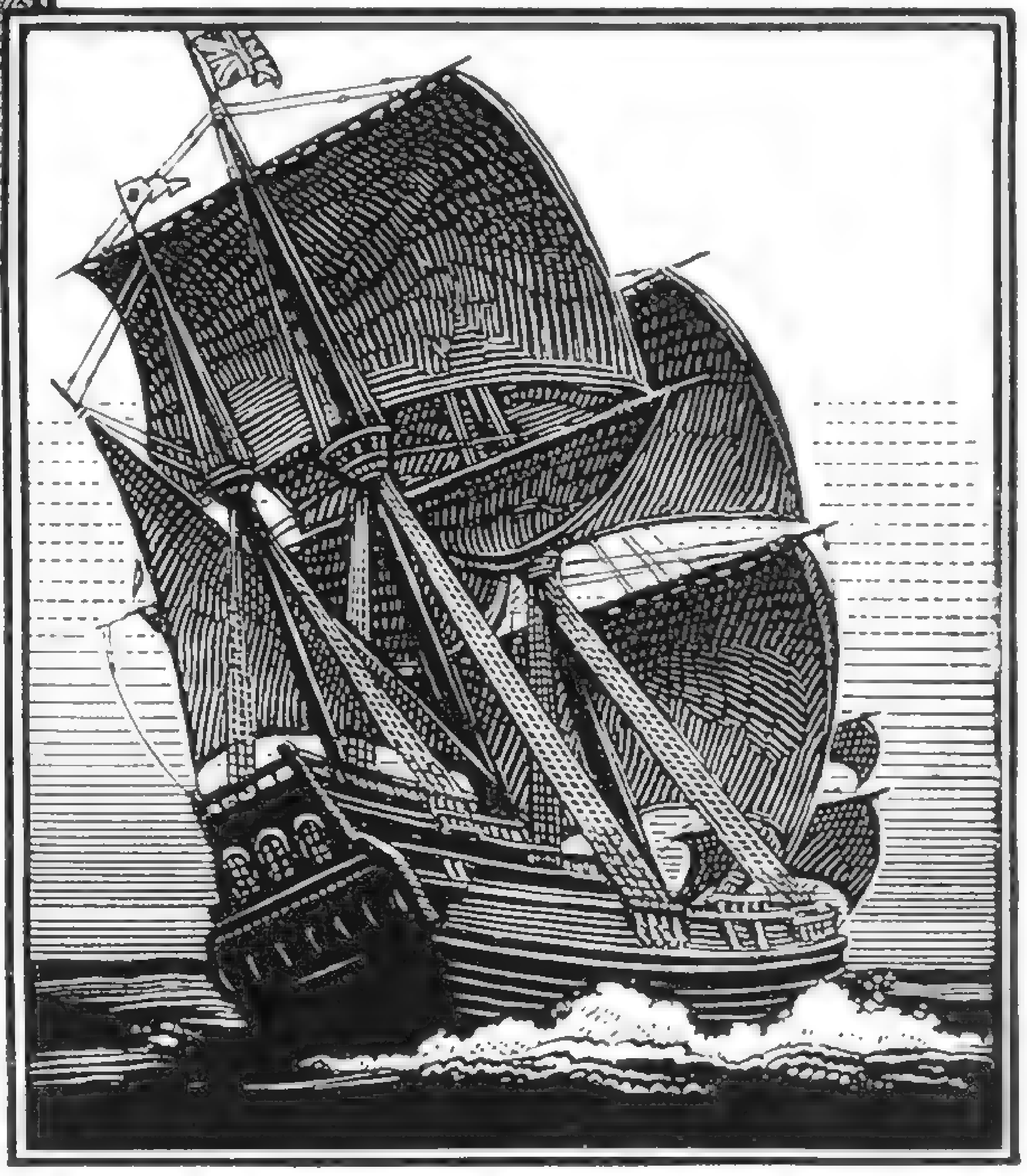
One thing they all agree on



Ever been in Singapore?...Constantinople?...Buenos Aires?...Well, Budweiser has. No matter where people have gone, they have been unable to find a beer like Budweiser with its matchless character, bouquet and flavor. People who know beer have made Budweiser the biggest-selling bottled beer in history. For your *own* enjoyment, include in your circle of friends the beer that has circled the entire globe!



How old is beer? As old as civilization. "Zythum", ancient Egyptian word for "beer", is one of the last words in the dictionary...but everybody who drinks Budweiser knows that Budweiser is *the* last word in beer.



The Mayflower brought Pilgrims—and beer! And how they complained when it was gone! They sent word back to England for more. (See Young's "Chronicles of the Pilgrims".) You need not worry about not getting your Budweiser because Budweiser *is everywhere.*

BUDWEISER BEER
Budweiser

Only **Budweiser**

TASTES LIKE BUDWEISER

Order a carton for your home—NO DEPOSIT REQUIRED—Be prepared to entertain your guests.

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WALLACE BEERY

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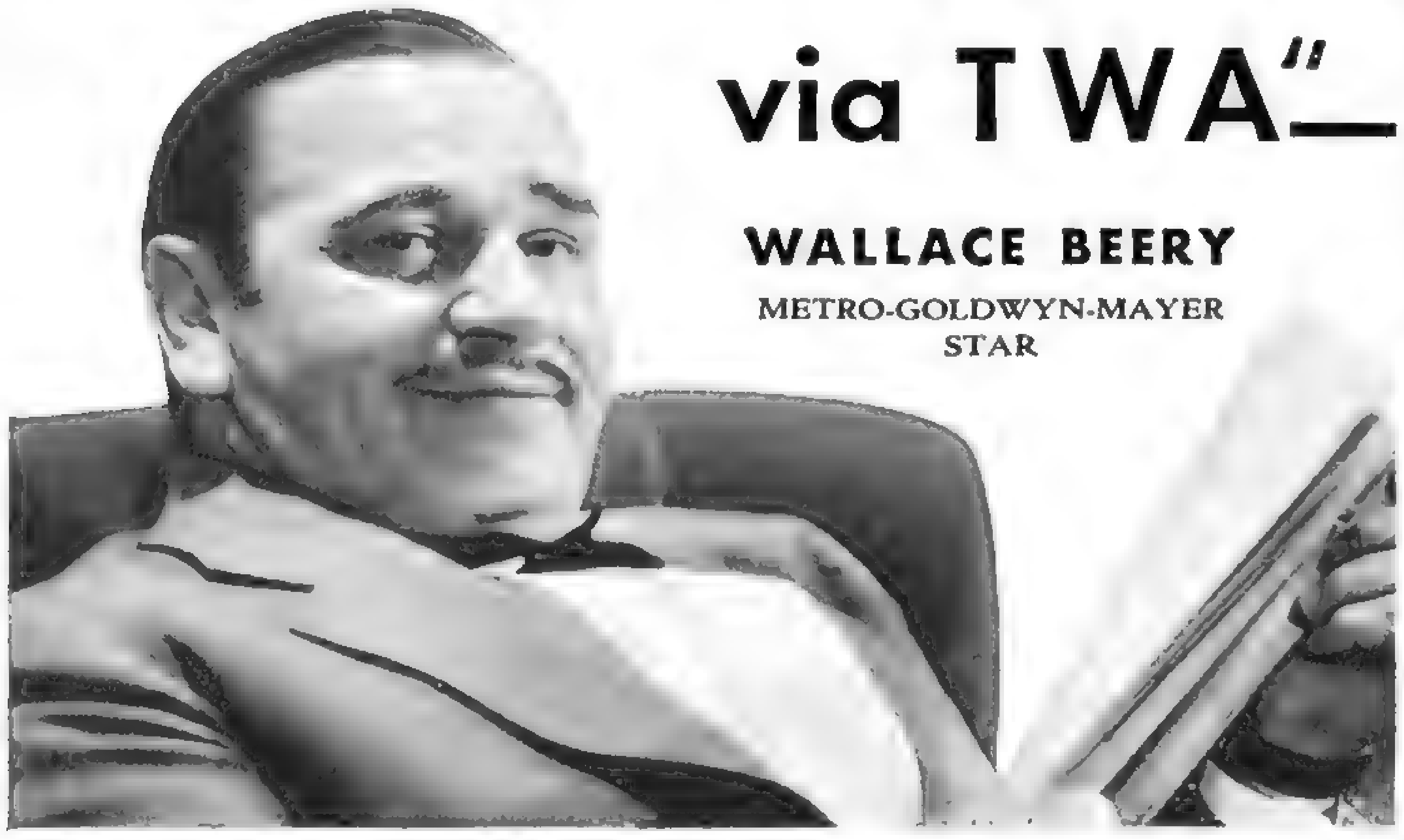

MR. BEERY SAYS: "I fly my own plane; but when it comes to getting 'cross country with the greatest amount of ease and comfort, I fly TWA."

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The Traveling Widow

Continued from page 91

"Reckon you ain't afeared to stay here with a lone man?" he snickered. She looked at him. Simply and directly she said "reckon not" and went into the house.

The sickle moon cut its feeble path into the cloudless sky as the man and the widow sat on the front porch. From within came the heavy breathing of the exhausted boy.

"I has my biggest boy's wife come over every tother day to do fer me now," he explained, indicating a light some mile down the road.

"That's nice," said the widow.

"Aim to stay down Statesboro way long?"

"I reckon," she answered. "Aim to marry there."

"Husband bin dead long?"

"Three days come tomorror."

This occasioned a small silence, but when he resumed the man showed no surprise.

"Knowed yore new man long time I reckon?"

"Ain't seed him yit."

Silence. The moon moved a lazy notch. The hound scratched a perplexing flea.

The man shifted in his chair.

"Ain't aimin' to pry into yore business mam," he declared. "I'm just a curious old dick, old woman said I alluz was," he snickered at some long past joke. "Ain't had many women since my last'un died. I warn't lucky 'nough to have anothern come and drapt in my lap like this here feller of yourn is. How come now," he spat reflectively at the hound, "is you goin' to marry this 'un?"

"Reckon it was sorta accident like. A feller come by that I knowed two three months back asellin' soap and said they was a likely lookin' feller over Statesboro way was alookin' fer a good woman. Course he was ajokin' like count of Lige bein' ailin' with his chist at the time. Seemed like Lige won't gittin' no better so I writ him. Jist a friendly letter . . . got my boy to write hit. . . . I can't. He writ back. I never got the letter till day afore Lige died. Said fer me to come on over soon's it was decent. Reckon he'll be a mite surprised but he'll git over it. I'm right spry and tolable good lookin' and I got good religion, I'm sanctified."

The moon glowed. The widow resumed her tale.

"Married Lige same way. He writ to a paper after a wife, a good wife . . . that were thirty year ago when the young gals was agoin' to the towns a heap. . . . I warn't likin' it at home so I writ him—got my brother to make the letters fer me—and come on. Lige was a good man, raised seven children full growed 'cept the last one by me." She sat silent for a moment, then added irrelevantly, "We made a mite of cotton in our time, Lige and me."

"Well ma'am," the man spoke slowly, "I shore have to own you sort of gave me a comeuppance so to speak, but you're a rare un fer spunk right enough." He laughed lecherously, "and yore more'n a mite good lookin' at the boot! Speakin' of cotton, I ain't braggin' none but I'm the best damn cotton raiser in the state of Georgy. I *own* this here farm," he clenched his fist. "I *own* her, I ain't no damn cropper, she's mine lock, stock and fencepost and by God I aim to keep hit mine fer longs as I live."

"Hit's nice," said the widow. She rose.

"I reckon I'll sleep now, I'm a mite torred. I'm bounden' to you, mister, fer leave to stay the night out."

He walked suddenly to her. His voice was harsh in the night silence.

"Can I sleep with you?"

"No" said the widow.

II

The widow was hitching the mule to the wagon in the yard when the sun first reddened the cottonwood tree. The man stood watching her as she finished the job and mounted deftly to the seat.

"I've been thinking ma'am," he said, "I'd shore like fer you to stay the day with me here. I gets toleable lonesome here and one more day ain't goin' to make no difference to that feller that don't rightly know if you air comin' today or no."

"I reckon not," said the widow.

"Then here 'tis ma'am," he bit a piece of tobacco and worked it slowly in his jaw. "I've been thinkin'. You ain't seen this here new man yit. Like as not you won't like him. Like as not he ain't got much of a place . . . the pint of the matter is this, hadn't you as leave stay here and be my woman?" He reddened and hurried on. "Marry me if yore a mind to . . . . and leave him set? There 'tis now, a plain question. . . . I'd powerful like to have you."

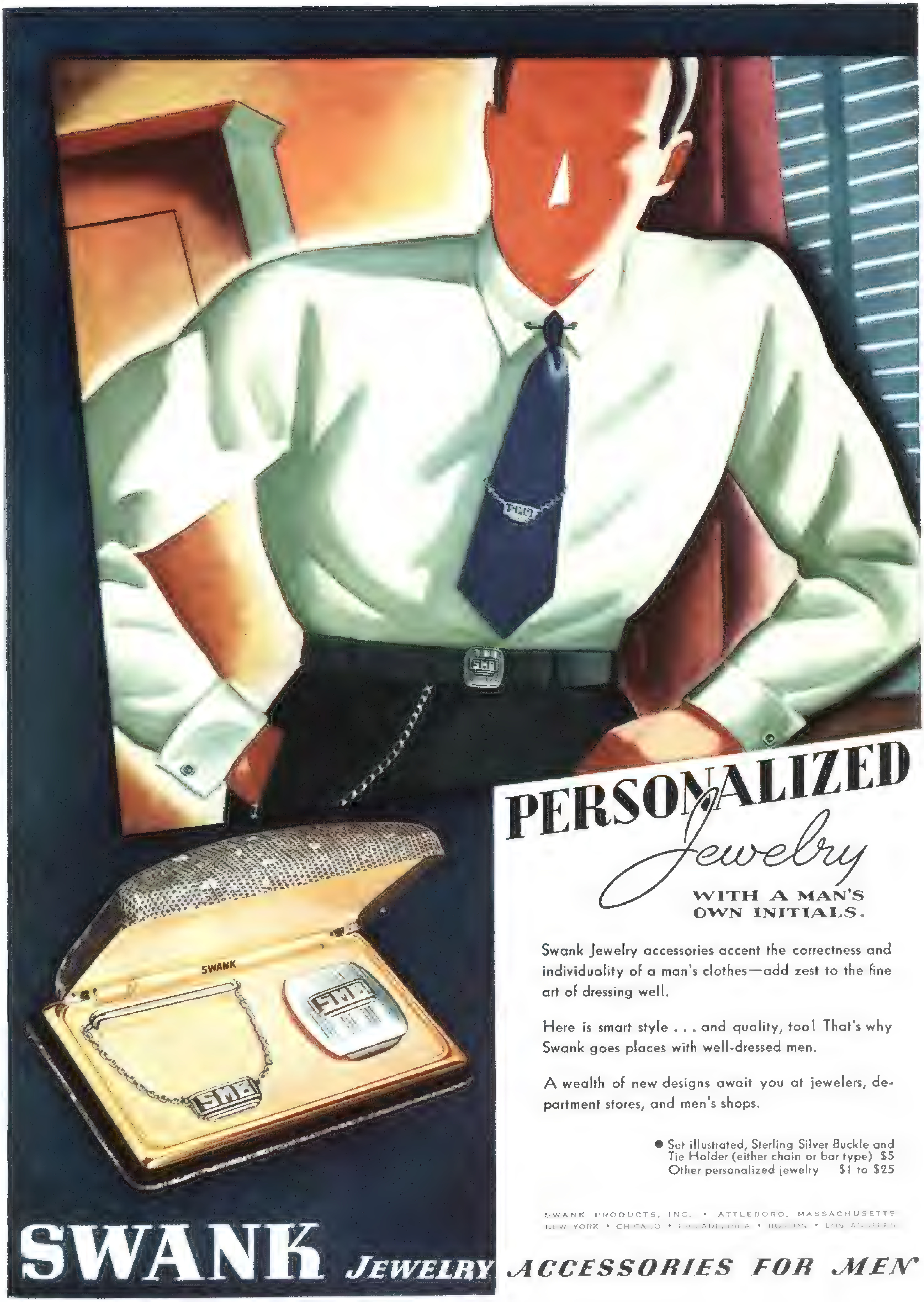
The widow sat upright on the seat of the wagon. She had heard him through in serene silence. Now she turned and looked full at him, her eyes blue beneath the wide brim of her bonnet. Slowly she got down from her seat.

"I reckon I'd just as leave," she said.

Late afternoon sent slanting rays beneath the drawn shades of the farmhouse parlor to set eccentric dust patterns to dancing on the worn carpet. The boy watched from a corner. In the center of the room stood the man, the widow and the preacher. At his right stood his three sons, on their faces the sullen resentment of puzzled defeat. In an implacable row against the wall sat their wives, pasty faced in the half light. The preacher droned.

"Together . . . beloved . . . promise to . . . obey . . . cherish . . . asunder . . . Amen."

Continued on top of page 153



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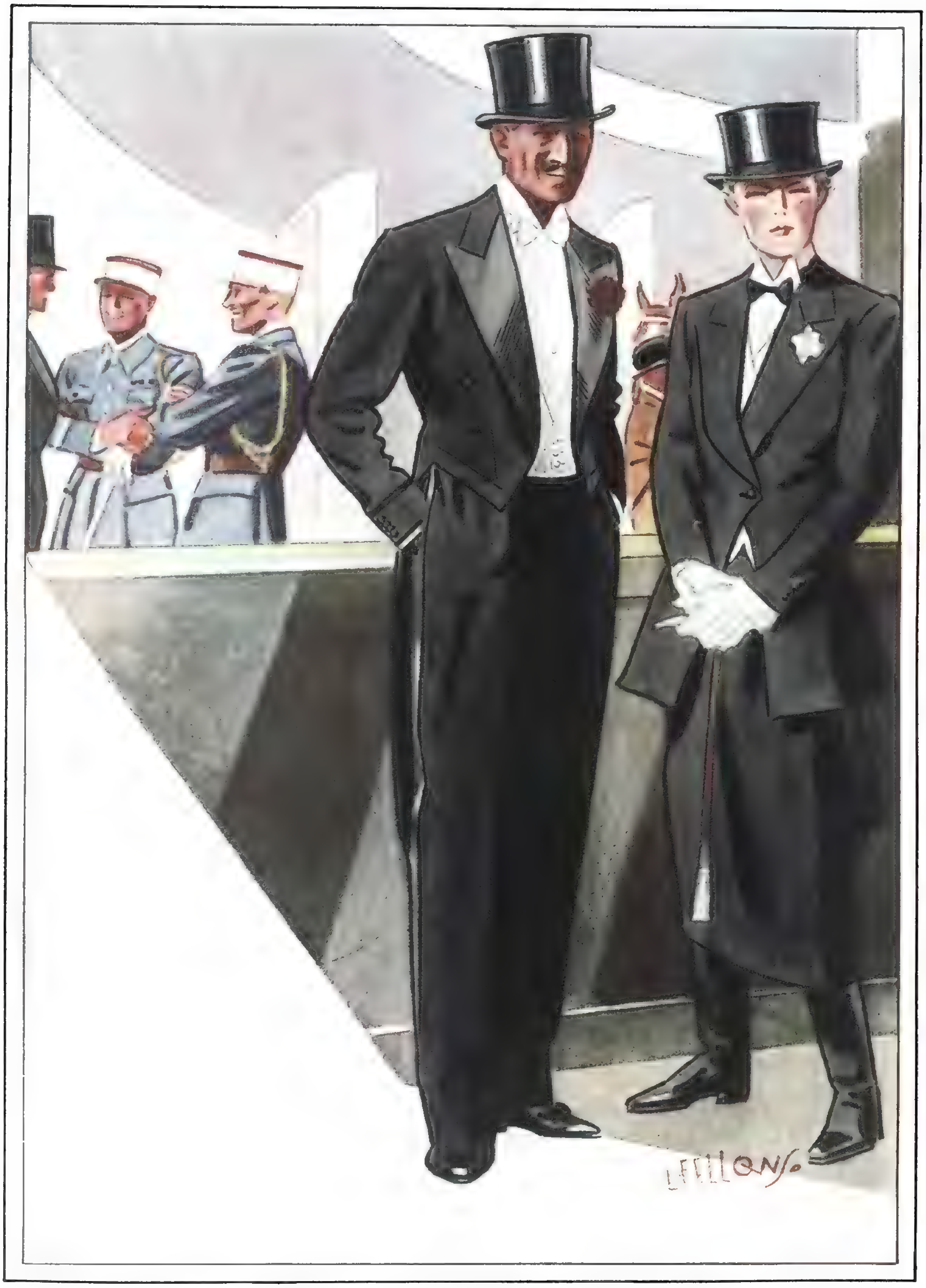


THE GARDEN THE NIGHT AFTER ELECTION

Traditionally the beginning of the winter social season is marked by the opening of the National Horse Show at Madison Square Garden the night after election. Most of the spectators wear full evening dress. Typical of what the best dressed spectators will wear, both for this event and for the season that it inaugurates, is the outfit sketched here. This current version of the tailcoat has ribbed silk lapels and silk covered buttons. Midnight blue is preferred. There is excessive fullness of cloth under the arms although the armholes themselves are cut very high to insure that the coat will stay in place. The tail should not extend below the bend of the knee. In front the coat should have ample length so that the white of the waistcoat will never show below the cutaway portion of the jacket. Note the newest waistcoat, made without points and without lapels.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

The Traveling Widow

Continued from pages 91-150

"Amen," said the widow clearly.

The hound flopped in the evening dust. He scratched.

"Let's go in the house," said the man hoarsely.

Deliberately the widow rose and smoothed her dress with her hands.

"All right," she said.

It was still early in the morning, so early that the dew had not yet dried before the burning sun, when the widow walked up to the door of the son's house. She knocked and the son answered her sullenly.

"I've come to tell you," she said, "Yore paw just died. . . ."

The distant rumbling of an approaching thunderstorm disturbed the hot silence of mid-afternoon. The widow and the son stood on the porch. The corpse had not been moved. The boy played with the hound.

The son was speaking.

". . . and so we sort of figgured . . . bein' as you was his wife and yit . . . yit . . ." he floundered.

"I know," said the widow calmly. She watched the oncoming cloud.

"We figgured maybe, 'stead of sellin' the place . . . hit ain't worth much noway, all farmed out like . . . and havin' a parcel of lawyers and sech that me . . . my brothers and me . . . could settle with you maybe off hand like. We 'lowed if you was willin' we could give you yore share of the place in money an' then we'd not have to sell. There 'tis now, a plain offer."

"Hadn't thought much about it," said the widow slowly, "Reckon that's fair . . . hadn't figgured on him adyin' that way . . . bad heart the doc said. . . "

"Yes'm, yes'm . . . " the son was eager, "Now we've . . . we've got the money here . . . if it suits you now."

"How much?" asked the widow, watching the cloud.

"Three hundred and fifty dollars . . . cash," he spoke with awe. "Here 'tis." He pulled from his pocket a sugar sack tied tightly and opening it with difficulty pulled forth a crumpled roll of bills. "You count it," he suggested.

The widow took the sack, looked at it curiously, and put it into the pocket of her dress. "I'll want my bed," she stated.

"Where air ye goin' now?" asked the son, relieved now and almost jovial.

"Somewheres," answered the widow.

Deep sunset flashed upon the still dripping trees and heat lightning from the recent storm rippled in the south as the widow, sitting straight in her black dress on the high wagon seat, drove the mule from the yard. On the bed the boy whimpered.

"Be we goin' to ride all night agin'?"

"Yes. Giddap Dobe."

The widow stared at the road. Her serene eyes, level beneath the faintly wrinkled brow, looked down the road Statesboro way. #

By the People

Continued from page 98

ruled by a bunch o' ignoramuses and crooks.

"The Republicans would line up all the niggers in a row and march 'em right over to the Court House and vote 'em.

"The pollin' place was right inside the Court House; and this election Bill Sharpe and two or three more fellows got a cracker box and marked it up to look just like a ballot box. They waited 'til the Republicans got all o' the niggers back o' Wilkins's store to give 'em their ballots, and then those boys set the box on the ground right around the corner from the Court House door where the niggers would have to pass.

"When the line o' niggers come by Bill told 'em to put their ballots in the box. The niggers didn't know no better and they voted right there in the cracker box and marched on in the Court House and out the back. Then they went round back o' Wilkins's store and collected the fifty cents they always got for votin' Republican.

"Bill and John Keenan kept the box there 'til most o' the niggers voted, or rather put their ballots in, and when the other crowd caught on to the trick, they set fire to the box and burned it up, ballots and all.

"We carried the county that time by a nice majority."

Judge Allen recalled himself from the past and snorted, "Shucks, you boys don't have no politics like we had in the old days. We had to politic for our lives, not for a measly office."

The Judge's cheroot had burned to a reeking stump and he looked at it contemptuously. Tom hastily produced a ten cent cigar and proffered it to the Judge. The old man took it eagerly.

"Thanks, Tom," he said, "this cigar smells good. It's a damn shame for an old man like me to have to ruin my lungs with the stinkin' weeds that sorry son-in-law o' mine gives me. It's hell to live high all your life and then wind up broke when you're too old to get out and make money.

"I wish I didn't have too much sense to believe in that fool Townsend Plan. I could get along nicely on two hundred a month, 'cause now I'm too old to step around like I used to. Hellfire and damnation."

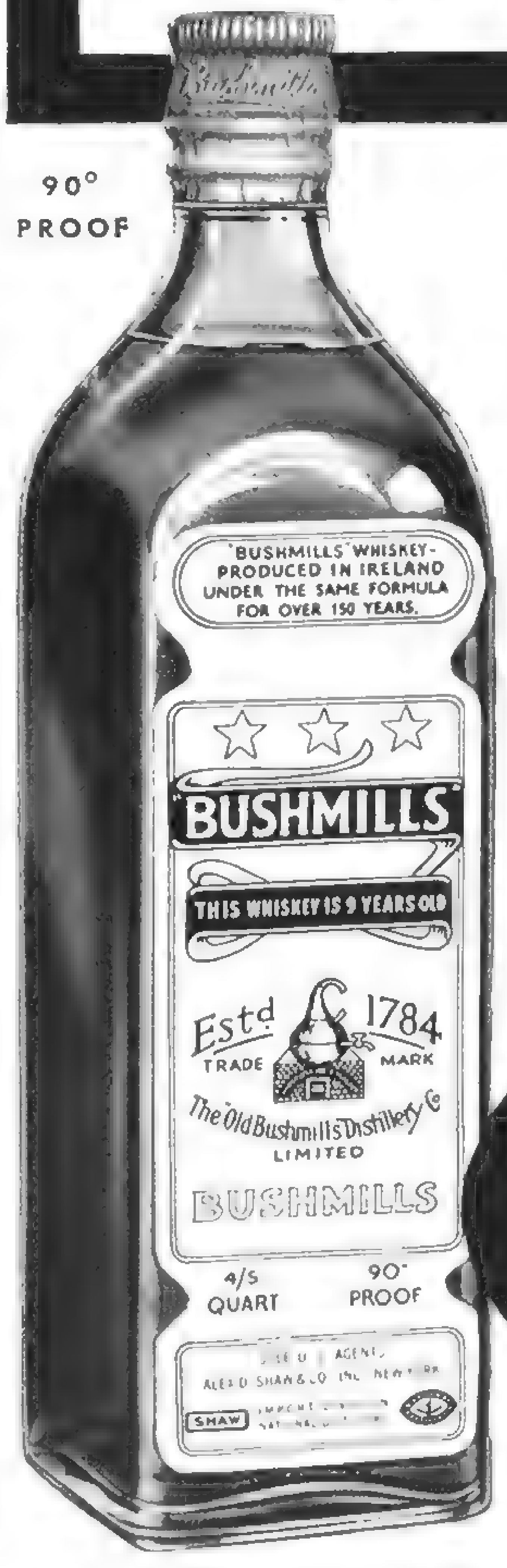
The Judge's bitterness was short lived. He lighted the cigar and lost himself for a moment in luxurious enjoyment. When he spoke his bitterness had passed.

"Politics got a little better as

Continued on page 154

WE ENVY
THE MAN
WHO TAKES HIS
Seventh DRINK
(NOT, OF COURSE, AT ONE SITTING)
of BUSHMILLS

90°
PROOF



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One of the World's Great Whiskeys

Robust as Old Rye
Mellow as Old Bourbon
Tangy as Old Scotch

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The new Monogram Buckle by Paris is a magnificent tribute to the metalcrafting genius of its creators. Your initials can be applied in less than a minute at all better stores. And somehow — your individual Monogram on the smartly styled Paris "Free-Swing" Suspenders makes them still handsomer — and distinctively yours. Paris Monogram "Free-Swing" Suspenders with two or three initials, as illustrated, $1.50 and up. Single initial styles—$1.

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MONOGRAM SUSPENDERS BY

PARIS

with "FREE-SWING" backs

PATENTED

CAN'T SKID OFF YOUR SHOULDERS

By the People

Continued from pages 98-153

time went on," he continued, "we finally got to have some voice in elections but the niggers still had control, and they wouldn't—that is most of 'em—vote with their old time white folks. They voted with them devilish yankee carpetbaggers.

"Old Frank Shoemake who lived out on the Patterson place had about a hundred head o' niggers out there and he could vote 'em. Frank always was a man to handle labor and no carpetbagger could get his hands' votes away from him. Most o' the niggers, though, they wouldn't vote with their white folks for all hell.

"I forget the exact year; you know I'm getting old. But anyway, we had a hot race on for sheriff and our crowd just had to win. If we put in a good Democratic sheriff he'd put a stop to all the high handed foolishness the carpetbaggers and niggers was carryin' on. As it was they could steal and fight and rob and the Republican sheriff wouldn't even arrest 'em.

"Well, the night before this election Frank brought all o' his niggers to town and as many others as he could pick up on the road. We had to keep 'em together so we barbecued a couple o' hogs and made up a batch o' hash down at Stoke's warehouse. We herded the niggers down there and kept 'em all night eatin' and frolicin'. We voted 'em soon as the polls opened the next mornin'.

"But it was after that that old Frank Shoemake showed his good sense. Instead o' sendin' them niggers home, he marched 'em right back to the warehouse and kept 'em there.

"That afternoon me 'n' Bill Sharpe found out that our candidate wasn't doin' very well in the country precincts. The polls close early out there and we got word we were trailin'. We just had to get some more votes. We rounded up all the votes we could get in town and just prayed we'd have enough to win.

"Long 'bout that time Frank Shoemake comes up from the warehouse and asks us how the election is comin'. We told him we were powerful scared we were going to get hell beat out of us.

"Frank asked us how many votes we needed and we told him we figured 'tween one and two hundred would put us over nicely. Frank said, leave it to him.

"Our crowd had voted everybody in town who was on our side and lots of 'em had voted twice. There just weren't any more votes to get, less we raised the dead and voted them. We told that to Frank but he wasn't discouraged.

"He told us to go and get up all the old hats we could and bring 'em to the warehouse.

"I recollect just as well as yesterday how Bill Sharpe glanced up from a piece o' wood he was whittlin' and asked Frank if he was crazy or drunk. 'We need votes, you fool, not hats,' Bill said.

"But Frank didn't get mad. He just told us to get the hats if we wanted to win.

"We decided we might as well get the hats and see what Frank was talkin' about, so we went all over town and got every old hat we could lay our hands on. You never saw such a mess o' hats in your life. We had straw hats, derby hats, beaver hats, Panama hats, coonskin caps and I recall a couple of old Confederate army hats.

"We took the whole bunch down to the warehouse and told Frank Shoemake to take 'em. Bill Sharpe pulled his jug out from under the buggy seat and we took a drink and set down to watch what Frank was goin' to do to make votes out o' hats; but Frank run us off. He told us to go up and watch the polls, that he'd furnish the votes.

"We went up and sat in the shade on the Court House lawn and waited to see what Frank was goin' to do.

"About a half an hour later, Bill pulls my arm and says 'For God's sake look comin' up that hill.'

"Bless my soul here come a long line o' niggers with them hats on that we'd given to Frank. You never saw such a sight in your life. Here they come, just as solemn as a funeral, marchin' up to the polls; them cornfield niggers with patched overalls and ragged shirts, stridin' up that hill in derby hats, straw hats, beaver hats, felt hats, coonskin caps and leadin' the line was two great big niggers with Confederate army hats.

"Bill had took those hats and changed the entire appearance of his niggers. They looked like an entire new crowd and they marched right up to the polls and voted all over again.

"Boys, that was real politics."

Tom asked if the election officials didn't challenge their votes.

"Course not," said the Judge, "they thought these niggers was old Zeb Newman's crowd from 'cross the creek. They didn't recognize a single one of 'em. We won the election hands down."

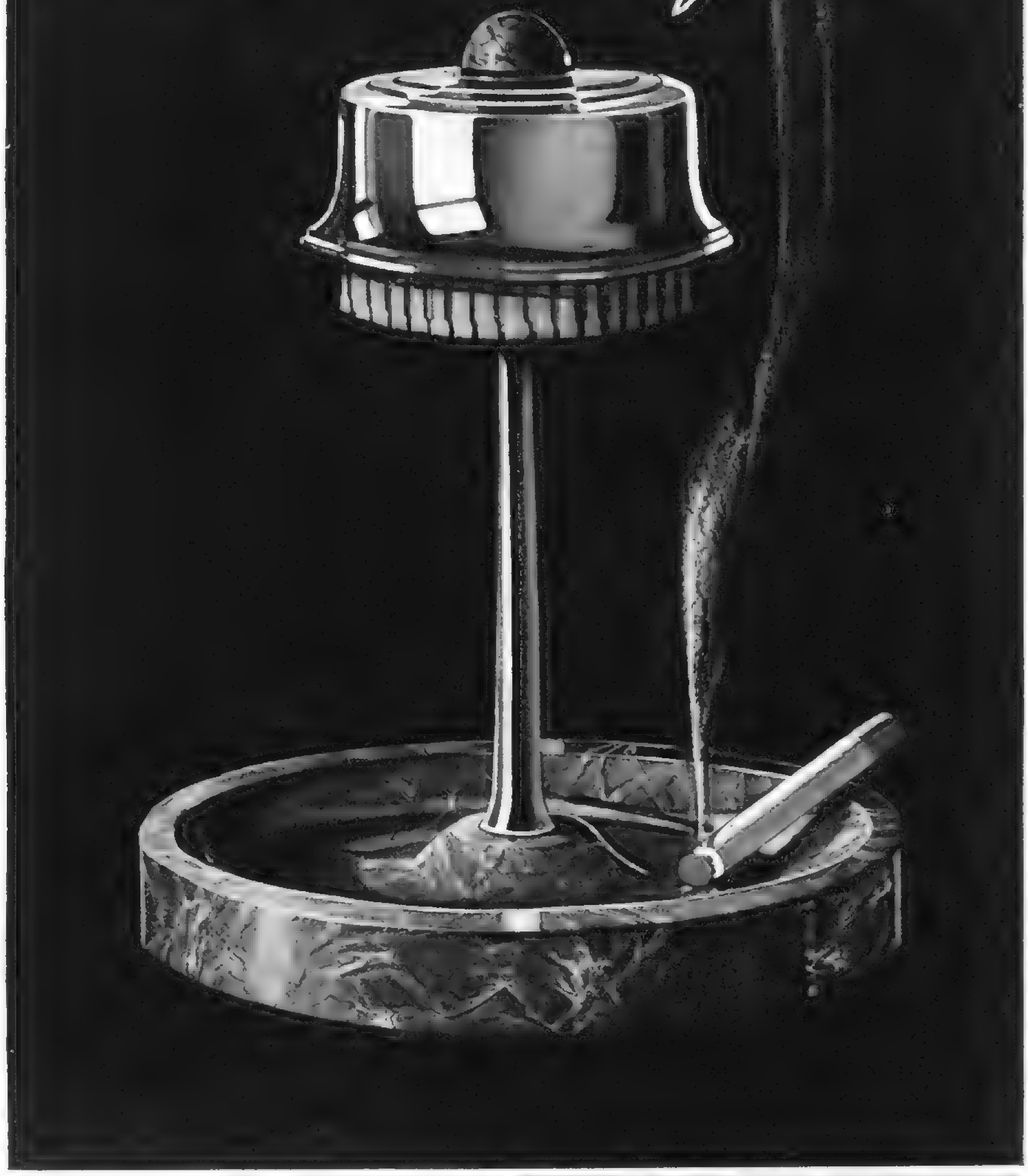
Again the cigar had to be lighted. Judge Allen leaned back and relaxed as he exhaled a cloud of blue smoke. He closed his eyes and sighed, his mind delving back into a long forgotten past. He had lost consciousness of us and we thought he had dozed off for his afternoon nap. Tom and I prepared to leave.

Suddenly, the Judge roused with a start.

"It's been a long time ago," he said slowly, "but I remember the smartest political trick that was ever pulled in these parts. It was smarter'n those I just told you 'bout. I don't know why I

Continued on page 156

PULLMATCHES *Preferred*



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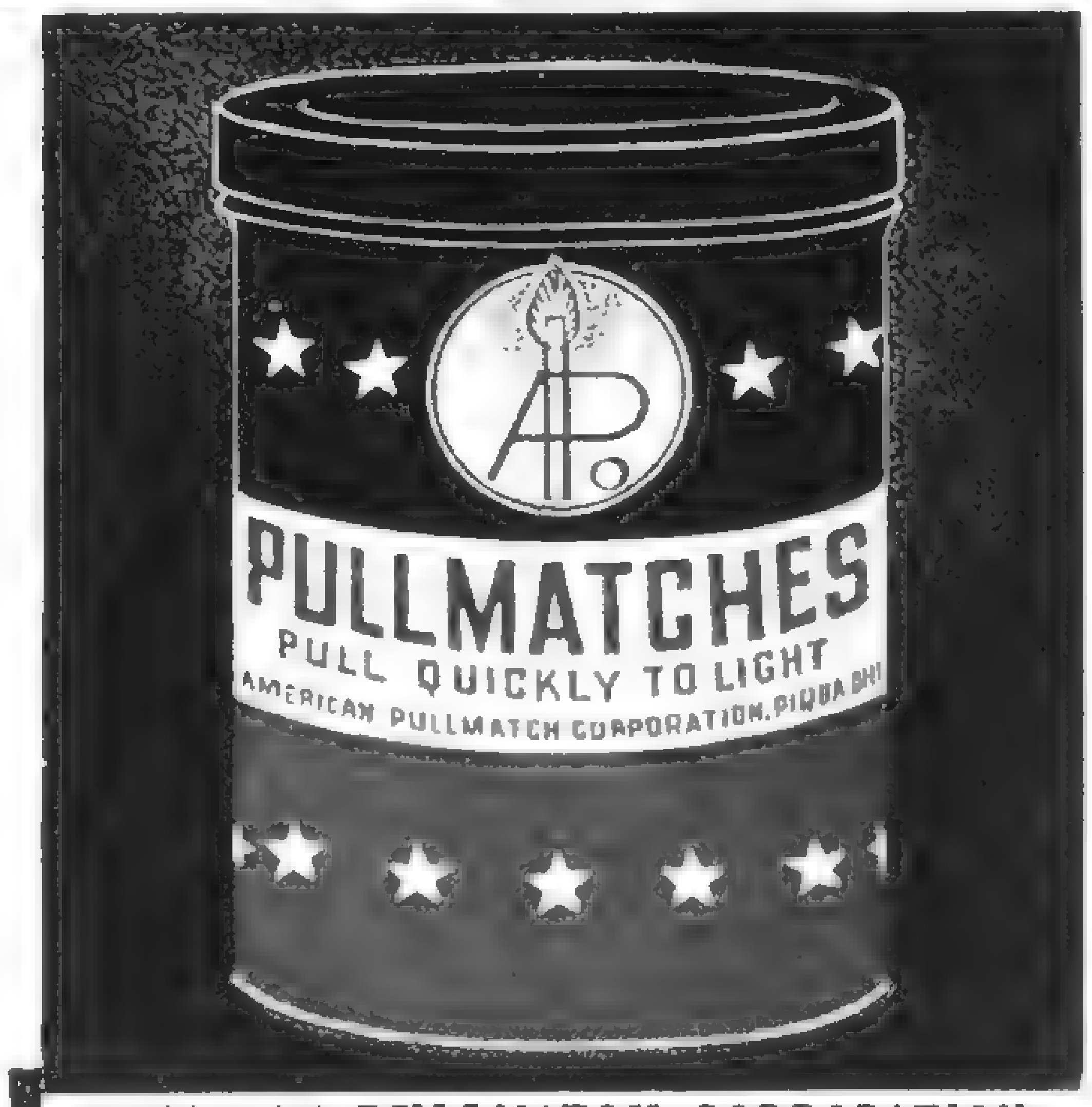
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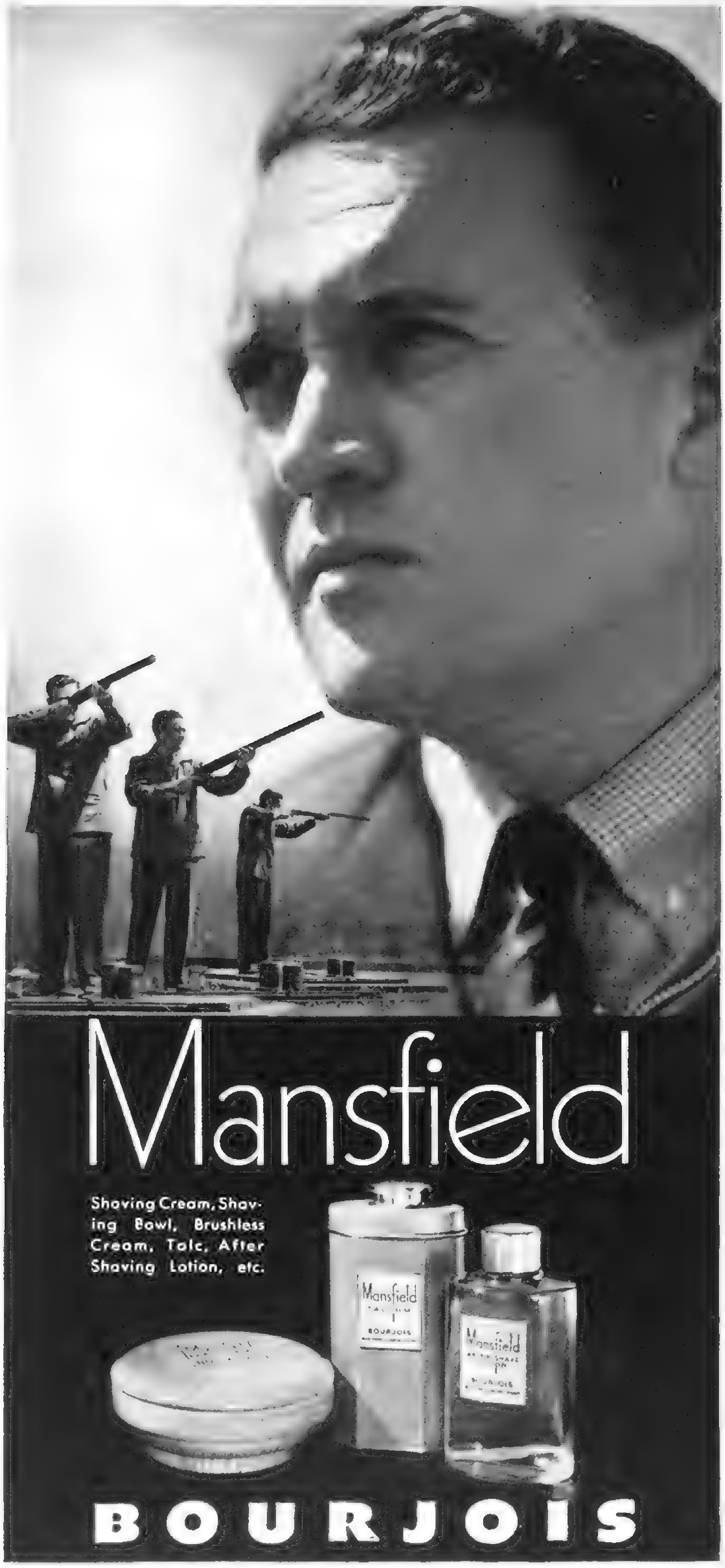
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BOURJOIS

By the People

Continued from pages 98-153-154

didn't think of it before.

"You know we had it hard enough here in Wilkesboro during carpetbagger days but the white people scattered out in the country, they had it harder still. There was so few of them and so many niggers to vote against 'em. They just didn't have a chance.

"You boys remember Jule Belton, don't you? He just died here a few years ago. Well, he was a young buck then livin' with his daddy and brother on their place this side o' the river. It was the old Pone Bread district, we used to call it. Anyway, there wasn't more than four or five white families in the whole district and there was two or three hundred niggers. They used to raise more cotton out there than John saw. There was about twenty-five or thirty white votes on election day and two or three hundred nigger votes. The niggers run the election, too, and the white people couldn't rule out their votes. It was just about impossible for the Democrats to carry that precinct.

"The time I'm tellin' you about, all of the white people come to the polls early so they could vote and they were talkin' all about the election big as life and how the Democrats would run; and the niggers they were standin' round laughin' at the white folks 'cause they knew the whites didn't have enough votes to elect a dog catcher.

"Jule Belton, though, he didn't take no part in the conversation He just stood off to himself.

"All of a sudden Jule announces to the crowd that he's goin' to vote the Republican ticket. Everybody stopped talkin' and looked at him funny-like; they couldn't believe their ears. Then Sy, Jule's brother, pulls a knife and starts for 'im. The other white men was a-cussin' Jule for deserting his race and Sy was makin' for Jule to cut him; I reckon there'd a been a killin' then and there, if old man Belton hadn't stepped in and stopped Sy.

"Old man Belton told Sy not to cut Jule, but he told Jule he couldn't never come home again if he did vote with the niggers. Jule was hard headed, though, and he stuck to his guns, said he was damn tired o' bein' on the losin' side. Jule quoted that old sayin': 'If you can't lick 'em jine 'em.'

"The crowd argued back and forth with the niggers laughin' and proud they had a white man on their side. If old man Belton hadn't been there, those white men would'a' tarred and feathered Jule.

"Finally the talk quieted down a little bit and sho' nuff, Jule walks into the polls and there in plain sight o' everybody he votes a straight Republican ticket. It was the most scandalous thing that had happened since Jerry Sikes's wife run away with the preacher.

"All of the people hung around the polls, but none of 'em would even speak to Jule; not even his daddy. Jule was too proud to 'sociate with the niggers, so he stood off by himself and didn't say nothin' to nobody. He stood out there under a tree by himself, for all the world like a sheep killin' dog.

"Come noon time, they started to close the polls for dinner. And then another argument started. The white people wouldn't let the niggers watch the polls and the niggers wouldn't leave no Democrats to guard the ballots 'cause they knew the Democrat would change the votes. The white folks and the niggers wrangled back and forth with everybody gettin' hungrier and hungrier, 'til finally one of the niggers suggested that Jule be allowed to watch the ballots.

"The nigger said Jule was white and would be fair to the white Democrats, and being's how he had turned Republican, he would keep the Republican votes safe.

"The white folks, though, they complained about this arrangement and some of 'em said if Jule was low down enough to turn Republican, he sho' wouldn't mind stealin' votes from the white people. Old man Belton stepped up about that time, though, and told the crowd that he knew his boy was honest, even if he was low down enough to turn Republican.

"By that time hunger had kind o' worn down the resistance anyway so they agreed to let Jule watch the ballots while the crowd went home to eat. One o' the niggers promised to bring Jule back somethin'; none o' the white people even offered to get him a sandwich."

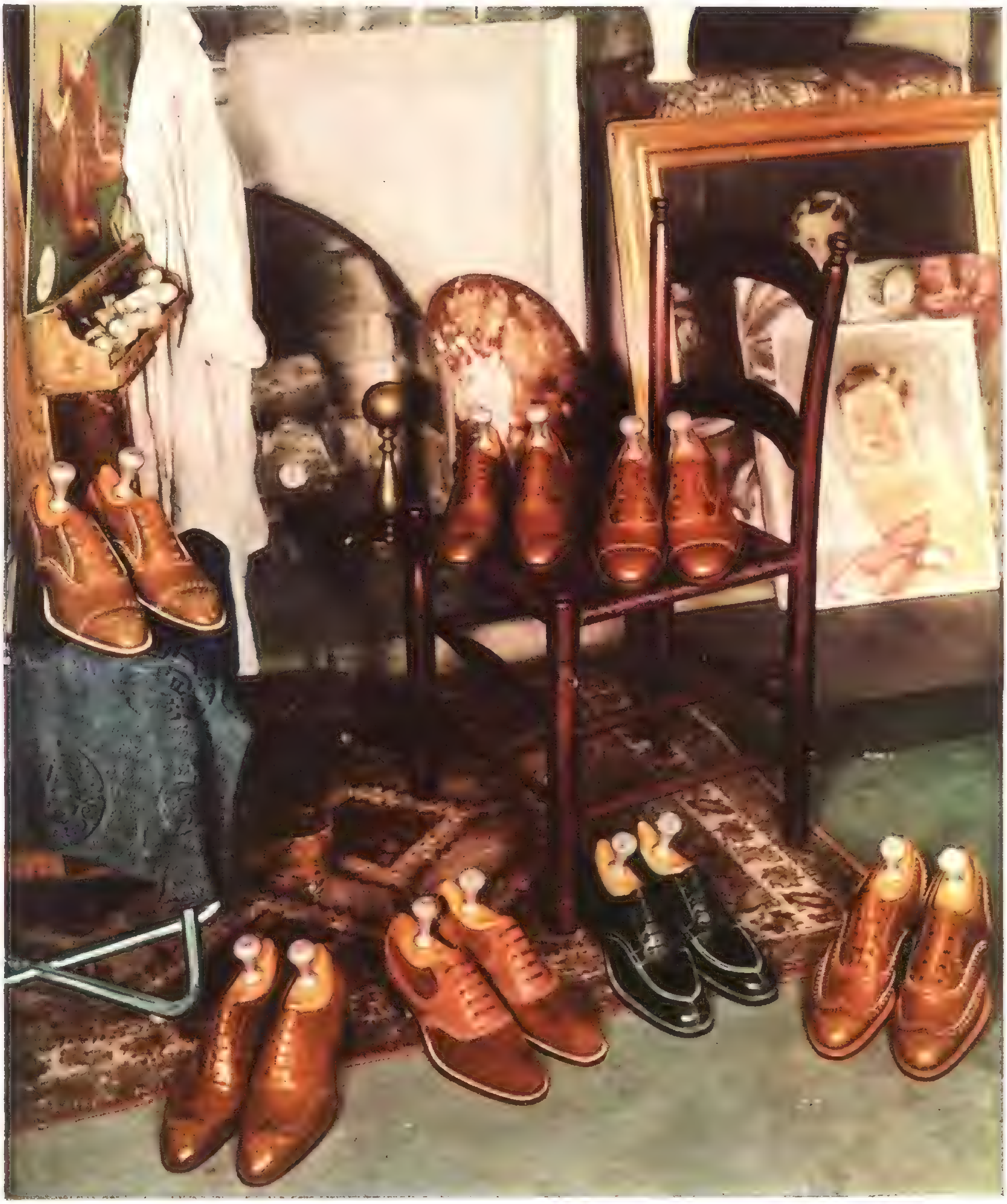
Judge Allen looked fondly at the dwindling stump of his cigar and then took one full, final draw. It seemed he was drawing the smoke down to his very toes. He exhaled and a thick blue fog colored the afternoon sunshine that drenched the porch.

"You boys can see how smart Jule was, even that young," Judge Allen concluded and settled back in his rocker.

"But Judge," Tom protested, "how was Jule smart to go over to the Republicans. He'd never have gotten anything else in this county."

"Shucks, son, don't you know nothin'?" the Judge asked, "Soon as those niggers left for dinner Jule changed every vote they cast and when they consolidated the returns here in Wilksboro that night every vote in the Pone Bread district was Democratic. That Jule Belton was one o' the smartest young politicians I ever saw. He sho' fooled hell out o' those Republican niggers.

"I got to take my nap now. You boys go out and campaign for your ticket, I done told you how it's done."



INSPIRATION FOR A MODERN VAN GOGH

SKIPPING all comment on studios and artists—here are seven styles that will interest well dressed men. Certainly no shoe wardrobe could be in better taste. Top left to right are three smart business models, the first cut from brown Nordic veal, the second from smooth brown calf, and the third from Martin's genuine Scotch grain leather. The bottom row leans more toward out-door wear, the shoe on the left being a sweeping wing-tip in brown calf; next, a novel presentation of the saddle pattern in brown velour buck and Norwegian calf; a comfortable Iroquois pattern with two full soles, cut from the pliable St. Andrew's grain calf; and a rugged perforated style in the increasingly popular brown luggage calf. Designed and built by Jarman, every pair offers you the same authentic styling and luxurious leathers for which you'd ordinarily expect to pay twice the Jarman price. If you do not know your Jarman dealer's address, write for it today . . . The Jarman Shoe Company, Nashville, Tennessee. *Division of General Shoe Corp.*

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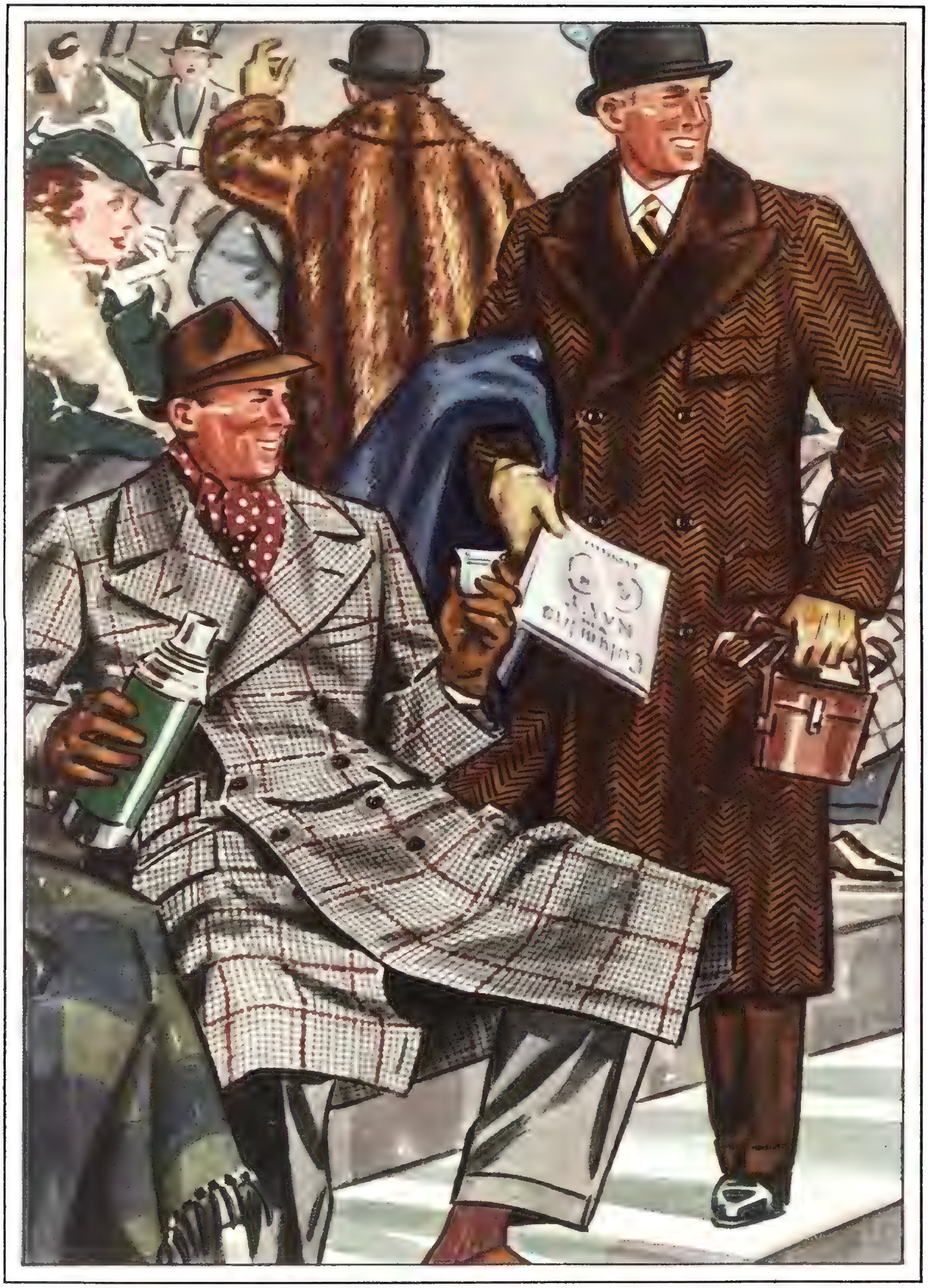


TOWN AND COUNTRY MODES IN THE STADIUM

There seem to be two schools of thought on the matter of dressing for today's football games. On the right you have the Gentleman-To-The-Last-Shriek element, dressed for the occasion with conscious and conspicuous urbanity. On the left you have a representative of the element who approach the occasion with an air of Hallelujah-I'm-a-Bum, seeming to relish the opportunity to be relaxed and informal. The towny outfit comprises a fur collared tweed ulster, a brown cheviot suit worn (correctly) with black shoes and bowler hat, white shirt with starched collar, striped rep tie and gloves of fawn hogskin. The countryish outfit comprises a leather buttoned district check ulster with slanting flat pockets, grey tweed suit, brown reversed calf shoes, brown rough finish Tyrolean hat, red wool muffler with white spots and brown buckskin gloves which go very well with the brown buck shoes.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N Y.)

Passes Make Trouble

Continued from page 67

ering as the defender, because they are all near the ball and there is little chance for a recovery on the fly and a clear field to a touchdown. It does happen occasionally, of course; but not often. But as soon as you throw a pass, you give up the ball. An instant and tight defense is necessary, or disaster may follow!

The accompanying diagram shows seven offensive assignments which shift into defensive caution the instant a pass is released. Two backs and both ends, all eligible pass receivers, are down field deploying in attacking actions. The tackles block and drift into the left flank, in front of the left guard and behind the left tackle. Protecting the same line on the opposite flank, is the lone backfield man who blocked for the passer. Both guards perform blocking assignments and then drift into the flanks. And the passer recovers immediately and becomes the last line of defense on the flank where he threw the ball. Since this pass defense takes form behind a bomb thrown at the enemy's left flank, obviously we must police our right territory more thoroughly than our left.

You will rarely see these flank guardsmen chasing down field in the wake of the ball before they drift out. But when you do see it, you will likely see the blocking linesmen, in the case of an interception, getting their defensive balance just in time to see the number on the back of the player who intercepted!

These defenses which instantly follow an offensive measure sometimes look great in practice, but it certainly is a headache to see them missing with the pigskin buried in the arms of an opposing halfback as he goes tearing away in the opposite direction, free and clear of any would-be tackler, tearing hell bent for election for a touchdown and perhaps your ball game!

That is the great danger of passing into the flat zone, as Army learned to its grief in 1929 when Jack Elder, Notre Dame sprinter, stepped into one of Red Cagle's famous diagonal running passes into the corner and hot-footed it 97 yards for the ball game.

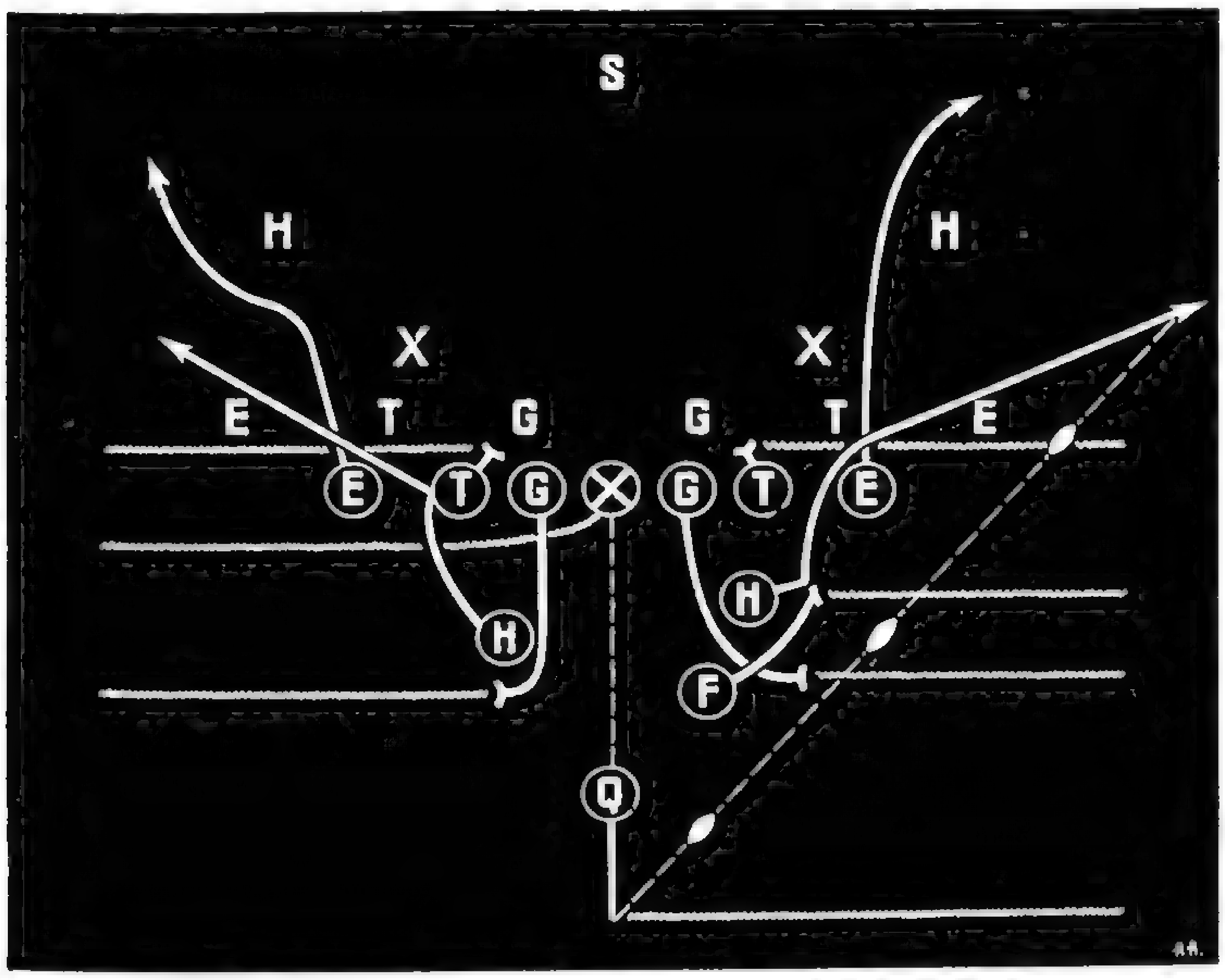
Cagle, a little while before, had hit Messenger, his end, in the eye with the same pass. But Rockne, playing his man-to-man pass defense, instructed Elder to "lay for" this pass. Unprotected on this flank, Army could offer no impediment to Elder's bouncing feet.

But how can you stop such a passer as Cagle? It is not easy. There are two types of passers in football—the good passer, and the thrower. Cagle was in the top flight. He was a good passer. You rush a good passer, and play the average thrower for interceptions.

The good passer will find his mark. He will pitch strikes. He will rarely fail to "lead" his receiver—that is, throw the ball ahead of him so that he can take it on the run. His pass is almost always thrown "on and over" or "out in front." If his own receiver is unable to catch the ball, or is covered, a defensive man will find difficulty in retrieving it. You will rarely get a chance to intercept the passes of such a man.

At Princeton we play this type of man with rushing tactics. We try to hurry his passes; make him miss, or make him throw before he is set, or before his receiver is set. This is good sound theory, but it failed in execution in our game with Michigan in 1932. The Wolverines had Harry Newman then, and he was poison with a football. He threw fourteen passes that day and owing

Continued on page 160



The attacking team throws a pass into enemy left flat. The instant the pass is fired and offense assignments, blocking and protecting the passer, are committed there are seven defense protections thrown up against a possible touchdown run if the forward pass is intercepted.

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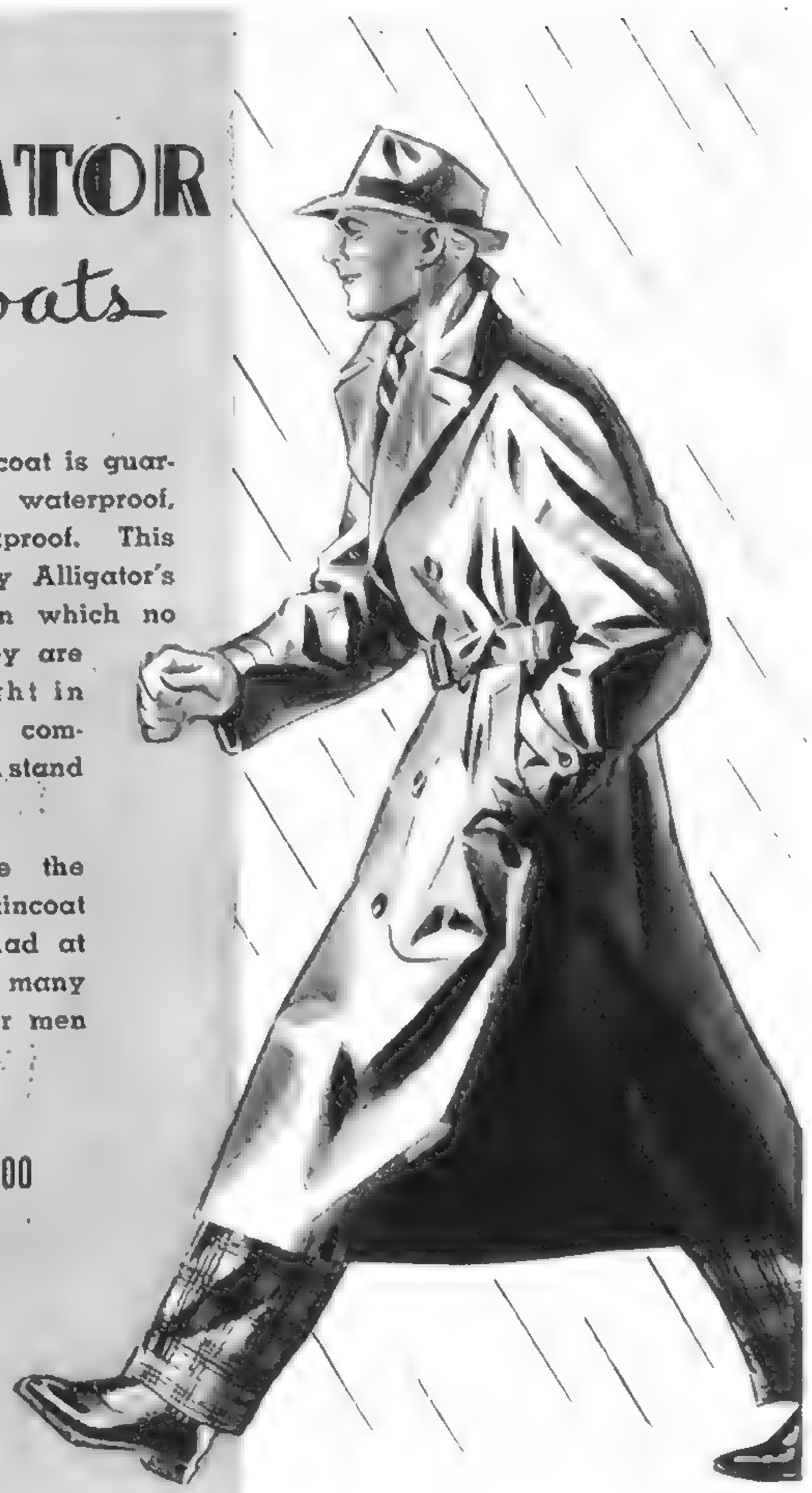

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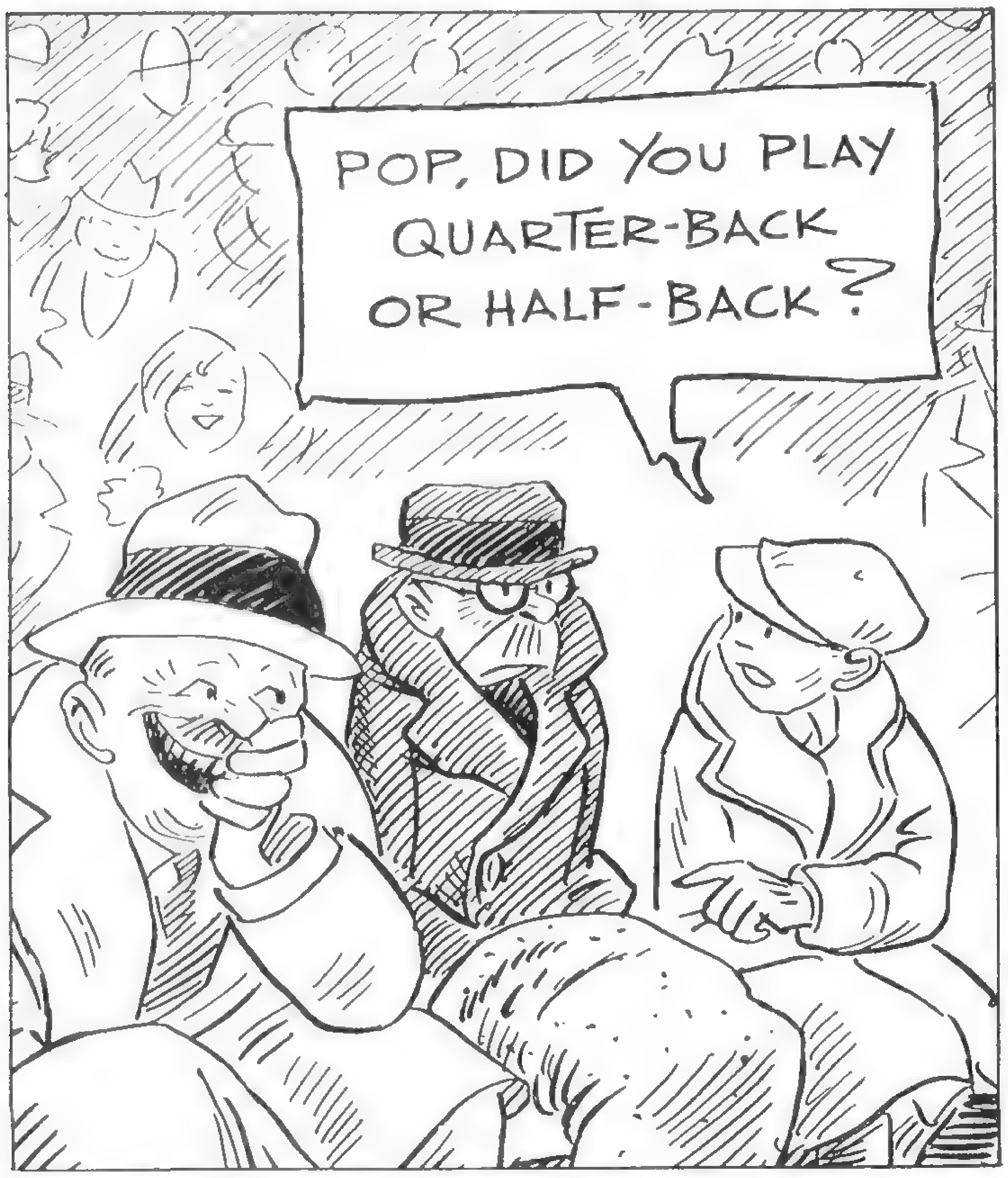
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Passes Make Trouble

Continued from pages 67-159

to our rushing tactics he hit only one! But sad to relate, Willis Ward took that one on the dead run and went for the touchdown that beat Princeton, 14 to 7. A substitute right halfback failed to hear the signal that put us in goal line defense. With the play he fanned out to protect our right flank, and Ward caught the pass crossing over from right end at about the spot where the sub halfback should have been.

Against an average passer, we do not rush as Ben Delaney did that day against Newman. We fall back, wait for the throw and try to grab it, because this type of passer often fails to "lead" his receiver. He'll sometimes fire the ball just to get rid of it. And because anything can happen then, a defending team's chances are better in playing for an interception.

Like Michigan, we like to throw the ball at Princeton. We hope we are in the classification of teams that use the forward pass for all its varied purposes. It is with us a standard play, a threat, and a scoring weapon.

As a regular part of an attack, a pass play is just as good as a sweep or a buck any time, though its percentage of probability decreases with the down. First and second down passes are always preferable, and the sooner the better. A prayer goes out with a third down throw, and a last down heave is only the gasp of a desperate team. The risk on a pass usually is a little greater than on a running play, but the reward is often worth the risk. A good pass can go all the way in, while a running play makes harder work of a touchdown. And when a team runs and passes too, the opponent is forced to adopt elastic defenses which sooner or later may develop a weakness that will permit a drive. If there is a weakness or lack of balance in your attack, however, of what value is a flaw in the defense?

Columbia nursed its spectacular Rose Bowl scoring play three years ago on the wings of a pass that forced Stanford into a quavering defensive alignment. But instead of the pass, Cliff Montgomery trotted out the fooler—and KF-79 became history!

Columbia had the ball on Stanford's 48-yard line, first down. Montgomery called a pass to Red Matal, and down went the Columbia end to snag the throw in scoring position. On the next play, the Stanford backs were waiting for anything. Bones Hamilton, defensive right halfback, was pulled out of position, and Al Barabes got the necessary room to run for a touchdown. The pass—a first down throw—was a threat, a play and a scoring measure all wound up in one, leading as it did to the touchdown romp around the Indians' right flank.

Flaws in defensive alignments, however, are not always discovered intact the way a coach expects them from the scouting reports. You lay your plans to meet such and such spacing, only to find that the enemy has double-crossed you with a revised defense that makes you dizzy. Your players out on the field gaze at you with bewildered eyes, and you wonder whether they are not thinking that they have been jobbed. Often the only resemblance between a visiting team and the team you have been told was coming is the name on the score board.

At such times everything goes by the board for a few minutes until your players see something that reminds them of information they've been given, and these few familiar things serve to steady them and get their feet back on the ground. Sometimes, however, your team never is able to recover all afternoon from a surprise blow at the start of the game.

Two years ago Jerry Roscoe and Larry Kelley collaborated on a beautifully developed and perfectly executed center-alley pass play that brought defeat to Princeton and gave Yale its surprising but well earned 7-to-0 victory. Roscoe hung the ball in the air while Kelley climbed to an incredible height, pulled it down with one hand, and then dodged his way along the sideline to a touchdown that won the game. The greatest flaw in our defense at the moment was the absence of anybody tall enough to out-jump Kelley. He cut into the middle alley zone and took a high-aimed pass off the nail on which Roscoe had hung it. And, incidentally, Kelley's run to the goal without the aid of a single block was superb.

Yale's victory was one of inches all through. An inch or two higher, and Kelley would have muffed the pass. A foot more at one place and he would have been over the side-line. And a few inches the other way at another time during the game, and the Tigers would have scored—when MacMillan caught his end zone pass over the side-line.

These infinitesimal hits or misses, which change the color of a football game with every tick of the timer's watch, may not register in the stands; but they certainly find their mark when you are in there fighting for a score, or trying to protect a touchdown lead.

That was the day when Eli fought through sixty minutes of football without substitution, and that one successful center alley pass play sent gridiron forecasters into eclipse for their brash pregame statements. In addition, that one pass once more demonstrated what the over-head game has allotted to the benefit of all these fighting under-dog teams—the teams that keep football alive and clicking. ⁂

Demonotonization

Continued from page 92

ing and as we descended I noted on his call board that the seventh, sixth, fourth and third floors were calling for descending trips. The lighted numbers stood forth in a vertical column like this:

7
6

4
3

"Do you think you'll fill that middle straight?" I asked facetiously.

"I might," he replied, breaking the rule against conversation. Then, enthusiastically, "One day I started from the top floor and got a call from the eleventh. Picked up a passenger and got a call from the tenth. Got that one and then there was a call from the ninth. That happened all the way down!"

That had been a red letter day in the life of an elevator operator! He would remember it with all the ardor and delight of a golfer remembering a hole in one or a bridge fiend remembering a hand of thirteen spades. This particular operator, when I became more intimate with him, offered at various times to wager with me that there would be a call from the third floor before he reached the first, that the fifth would call up before it called down, that there would be no calls, that the call on the ninth would be a woman, that he would make the next stop so accurately that the floor of the car would be perfectly flush with the floor of the building. If I were not with him, he wagered with himself, as did my printer friend. Numbers, however, were not alone sufficient for him. He found it necessary to combine them with sound and color. By loosening a screw he was able to disconnect the buzzer at will so that he had to glance often at his board to see whether there were any calls. This variation from sound to silence and from silence back to sound gave him added relief from monotony, as did a long strip of green celluloid which he hung over the call board at occasional intervals, ostensibly as a decoration.

I, too, have managed to make use of color variation to save my nerves from running wild. During another summer in the toy factory, I worked in the dipping department. Here the various toys were submerged in tanks of thin solutions of aniline dyes. They were then removed and spread on wire trays and left to dry. I was allotted to the top tank, that is, the tank into which spinning tops made of wood were dipped for color. Only two colors, green and red, were used. They were dipped in lots of two hundred and fifty thousand, about a hundred at a time. There were no counting devices and the only way I could know when I had finished with the two hundred and fifty thousand red tops was to have the "work bringer" remark as he left a load, "last case of reds." And if you don't think the change to green dye was a gift from the gods, you have never dipped two hundred and fifty thousand tops into red dye.

And there are smells. I spoke to a varnishing machine feeder once who told me that if he didn't get a change from spirit varnish to another (the name of which I do not recall but which smells much different) he would "go bats." I found this change of odor used to combat monotony by women in a factory which was in the business of perfuming business cards and personal stationery.

I could go on giving illustrations of the struggle against monotony but only at the risk of being monotonous. Examples are all about us and even you must have done your bit at one time or another to kill the common foe.

If you have driven an automobile for considerable distances through flat, uninteresting country, you have experienced an appreciable amount of monotony. Of course it was always tempered by the fact that you could stop for a rest or a hot dog whenever you wished or the knowledge that if you wanted to give up the trip entirely you were privileged to do so. However, the chances are that you were determined to make Smallville by dusk and took your dose of monotony like a man. But you did do mental gymnastics with the speedometer and the flying mileposts, didn't you?

Well, that was numbers. And you did start suddenly a dozen times at ominous and strange sounds in the motor which existed only in your imagination which was working overtime in the fight against sameness. That was sound. How many times did you smell something burning? And did you feel the wheel shimmy? Often and of course to the last two questions. Smell and touch.

Perhaps you are a writer. You pound out one word after another until you feel that if you write another page of words you will get the D.T.'s. What do you do in self defense against the ogre, Monotony?

Why, you stop. ##

AN Epicure NEVER FORGETS!
AFTER COFFEE...
A BÉNÉDICTINE
D.O.M
LIQUOR
D O M
VERITABLE BENEDICTINE LIQUEUR
Made by
FECAMP (France)
86 Proof
Julius Wile Importers SINCE 1877

THE MYSTERIOUS miracle of flavor that is known as Benedictine has enchanted epicures since 1510. The learned monk who discovered it, was himself astounded at its splendor. He dedicated his golden Elixir "to God most good, most great."*

Benedictine is probably the most subtle blend of flavors ever produced. The most cultivated palate can experience Benedictine every day of every week, and never tire of that magnificent flavor.

Benedictine, after 400 years, is still made from the original, secret formula at the old abbey at Fecamp.

For a Change—"B and B"
Half Benedictine and half imported Brandy, in a liqueur glass. A famous and sophisticated drink.

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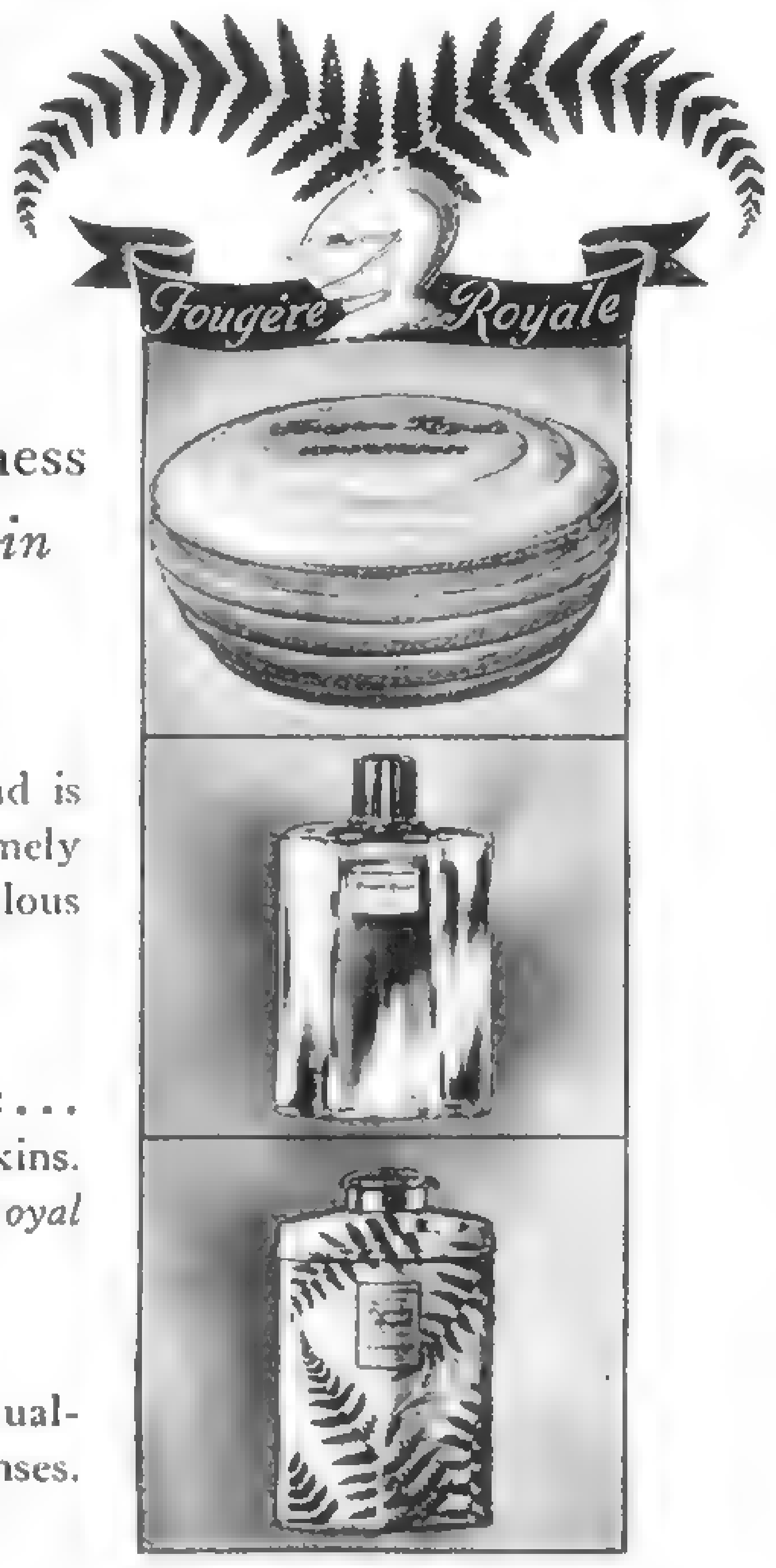
2 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Sole U. S. Agents *Established 1877*

*In Latin, *Deo Optimo Maximo*—whence come the famous initials, D. O. M

SEND *flowers—*

don't wear them in your hair!

It's no longer necessary to endure the common or garden variety of hair "tonics" whose cheap flowery scents misrepresent both your taste and your masculinity! There's something new for Hair—*Fougere Royale Hair Lotion*—and it's all man. It has the fragrance of the Royal Fern—clean, woodsy, exhilarating. It grooms your hair handsomely—stimulates the scalp—corrects dryness—yet isn't oily. *There's not a sheik in a carload! Price 85c.*



Fougere Royale Shaving Bowl. The trend is back to Luxurious shaving via this handsomely turned out natural wood bowl of the miraculous *Fougere Royale Soap. $1.00.*

Fougere Royale After-Shaving Lotion... a dash of refreshment for razor-roughened skins. Slightly astringent to soothe little nicks; *Royal Fern* in fragrance to delight your senses. *85c.*

Fougere Royale Talc. Supremely fine in quality, toned for men's skin, scented for men's senses. There's nothing *coquettish* about this talc. *55c.*

FOUGERE ROYALE

by HOUBIGANT ***for men***

Sailing in a Teacup

Continued from page 96

two thousand square inches of canvas. The keel, made of lead, weighs on an average of thirty-five pounds. The hull and fittings, including sail, weigh between seven and ten pounds. The hollow masts weigh from four to eight ounces. Shrouds, halyards and sheets are spliced exactly as on a large boat, and thimbles, sister hooks, turnbuckles, etc., are identical with regulation sized fittings. All American models carry the Braine system of steering; the rudder is controlled by the action of the sails when running before the wind. For certain types of sailing, a spinnaker is used; and much attention is being paid to the development of this type sail. The regulation Bread and Butter Dugout type hull is employed, as well as the ribbed and planked type of construction. This latter is identical, except in size, with the construction of large boats; the oak ribs are ¼ inch wide, by a thickness of ⅛ inch. The planking may be of mahogany, cedar, or white pine. I have seen one boat in which two of these woods were used in alternate layers, with striking effect.

Unless you are a landlubber, your jealous eye, by this time, has probably pounced on the fact that the beam is disproportionately wide and deep, for the other dimensions of the yacht. True, it is; and for the excellent reason that these small craft, with no one at the tiller, and no movable ballast, require the utmost perfection of balance. And if you don't think they achieve it, just watch one of these small, unmanned craft skimming into the wind, some day, its lee rail submerged, its deck tipped to a nearly perpendicular angle with the water, its sails spread full—and never a moment when it isn't under complete and full control. That, in case you aren't already aware of the fact, is postgraduate sailing!

Perhaps you caught a passing intimation, some paragraphs back, of the fact that, in the event you care to qualify for membership in the Model Yacht Association of America, you will build your own boat. The truth may as well be confessed, you do not have to. If you're a butterfingers with glue pot and hammer and saw, or if you're a blasé son of the rich that thinks money will buy everything, you can find one of these ardent boatmen, and wangle a boat out of him—at a deservedly fancy price. And you can thereby forego at least half the fun that derives from model yacht racing.

If, on the other hand, the creaking of halyards, and the exhilarating sting of spray send a salty thrill through your veins, you'll spend anywhere from fifty cents (one enthusiast claims a penny under that figure for his boat) to fifty dollars on materials, and from twelve hundred to fifteen hundred hours on labor—and turn out your own brainchild. It may look pretty tubby beside those slim, swank craft that first fired your ambition, but that need not fret you, because once you become infected with the germ, you'll follow the suit of your salty comrades, and build a new and better boat each season. Sometimes, when its usefulness is past, you'll dismantle the boat of the preceding season to do this; but the chances are that your first craft, at least, will stand forever after in your workshop—not only as a monument to your original interest in one of the finest sports that the water affords, but as a sort of yardstick by which to measure proudly your later accomplishments.

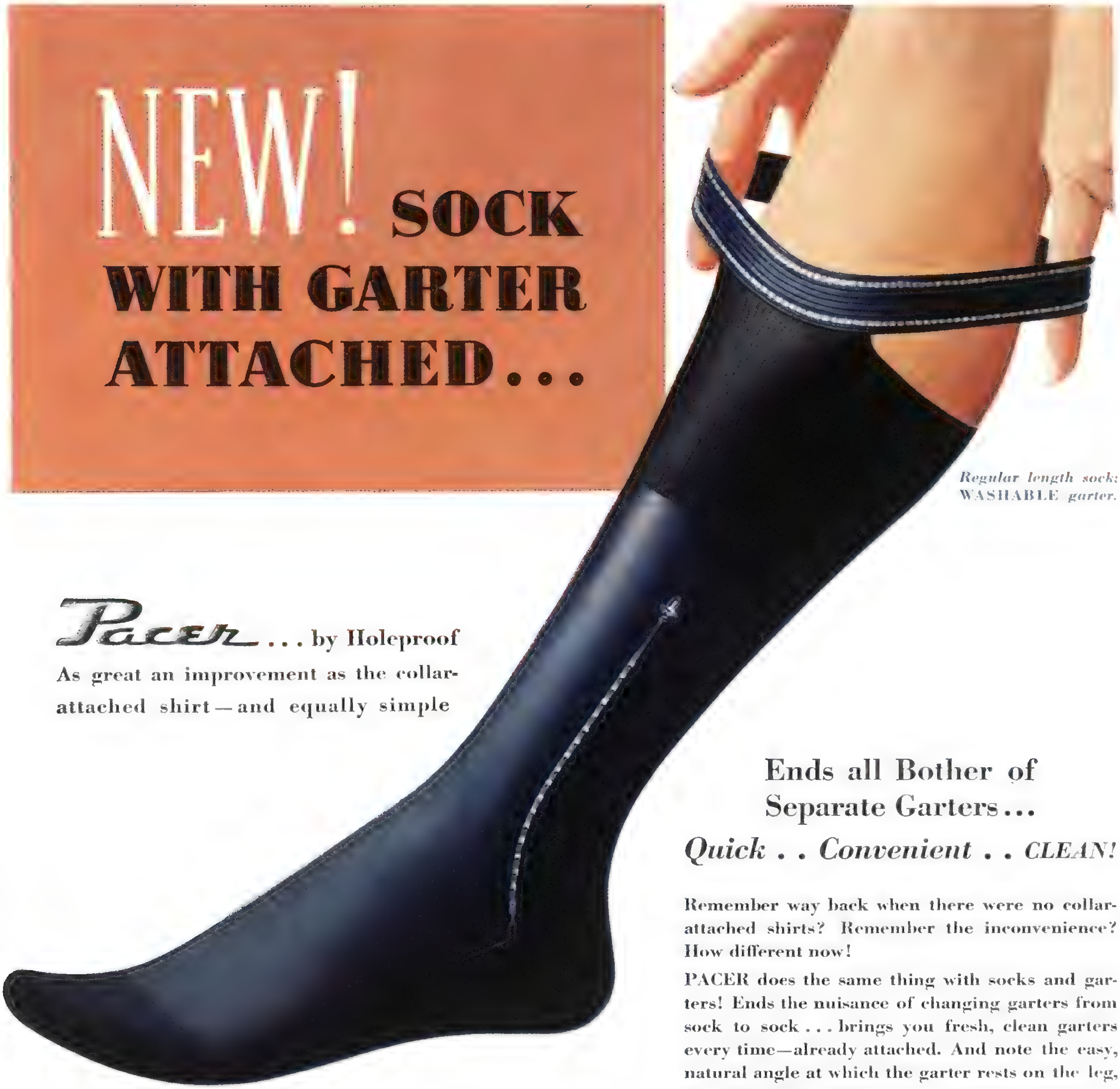
Just in case you are thinking, by this time, that model yachting is a thoroughly frivolous sport, let me hasten to assure you that it has its serious side. This is its aim: to develop the fastest 1-meter boat possible. And yacht clubs, the world over, keep a weather eye out to the activities of model yachtsmen, because they have discovered that from the small models these men develop they can learn much that is of value to full sized boats. Further, yachtsmen will tell you that the keenest sailors of regulation craft come from the field of model yachting. That this is not without reason you will realize when you understand that the model yachtsman, dealing as he is in miniature, trims his sails by inches and fractions thereof.

There was a time, not so many years ago, when any abandoned quarry or shallow pond might be pressed into service as the scene of a regatta; but with the growth of interest in the sport, facilities have been improved; so that today, in a number of cities scattered throughout the country, you will find excellent sailing basins. One of the finest of these is the thousand foot basin in Belle Isle Park, at Detroit, which is the scene of the annual Western Championship Regatta, as well as the National Elimination Contest, held for the purpose of deciding America's representative at the International Challenge Cup races.

This year's tournament was held at Fleetwood, England, and America was represented by

Continued on page 165

NEW! SOCK WITH GARTER ATTACHED...



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Quick . . Convenient . . CLEAN!

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Thoroughly tested for seven months! Laboratory checking . . . laundering tests . . . tests by 1015 men in daily wear prove PACER can "take it"—plenty!

Most good stores now have PACER for you . . . in a swell range of patterns, clocks and solid colors. Slip into your first pair tomorrow; you will never go back to separate garters!

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Patterns inspired by Esquire . . . Quality certified by the Better Fabrics Testing Bureau . . . 55¢ and $1

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THE SOCK WITH GARTER ATTACHED

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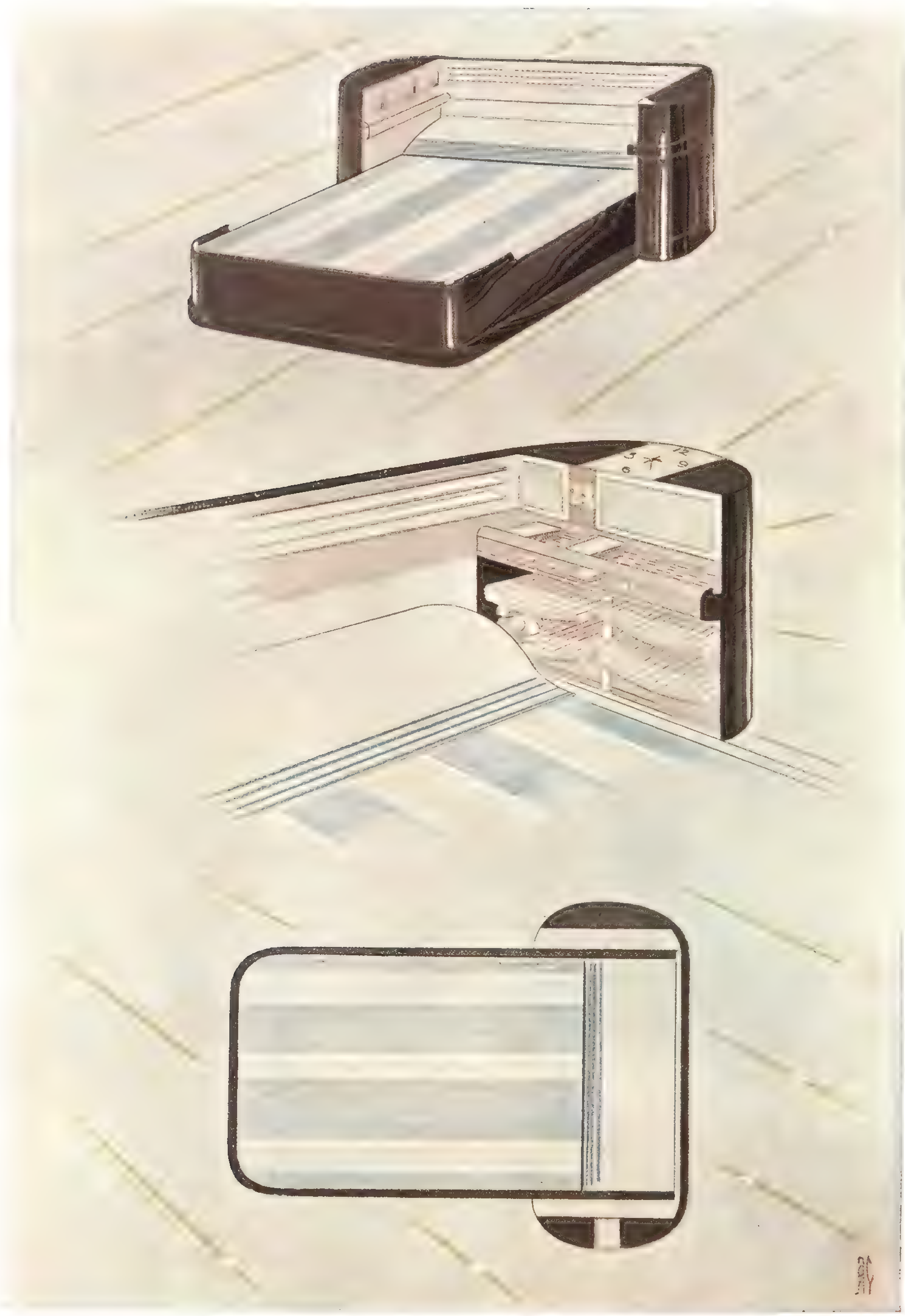


TO SLEEP, PERCHANCE *by* ALEXIS DE SAKHNOFFSKY

Insomnia would be a pleasure in this bed—because that's what it is, a bed. The sketch at the top of the page shows a plain, unashamed view; the one at the bottom shows you how it would appear if you hung from the chandelier. But in the center sketch you really have something and you owe it to yoursel to pay attention. At the right are a book shelf, an electric lighter, an ash-tray, a radio complete with television, and (we saved this for the last because it will slay you) two clocks. The vertical clock is pretty much like you'd see anywhere. The horizontal one, though, is the *pièce de résistance.* Its transparent dial, when lighted, is reflected on the ceiling. Do you realize what this means? To learn the time you don't have to turn over in bed, or even roll your eyes. You just remain as you are, quietly staring at the ceiling. Languidly raising one hand, you press a button. And there it is.

Sailing in a Teacup

Continued from pages 96-162

twenty-four year old William Bithel, of Massachusetts, sailing the *Yankee II*, a boat built by himself, after a design by Harry Richardson. For the eleventh successive year, America suffered disappointment, the *Prince Charming II*, skippered by the Norwegian Sam Berge, carrying off the trophy. America's continued inability to capture the prize, in spite of the excellence of her boats and the skill of her skippers, is due in great part to the fact that European sailing conditions are quite different from conditions in the home waters; that there, heavy weather is the rule, and that European models are built for thirty-five mile wind velocity, whereas American models, to date, have been designed to cope with the milder weather and five to fifteen mile winds that prevail here. It is probable, therefore, that next year, when the American champion is sent to Norway, which by its championship captured the 1936 regatta, he will take with him a boat of entirely new design, built especially for its sailing potentialities in foreign waters.

What of some of the American Model Yachtsmen? And what of the qualifications for membership in one of the clubs? There are but two considerations; an interest in the sport, and the ability to pay an excessively small membership fee. And there is no age—or youth—limit. There's Fred Pigeon, for instance, of Boston, who has been sailing since 1887, and who is famous in Model Yacht circles as an eminent designer. Ten times he has won his Club Eliminations; and in 1934 he represented the United States at the International Challenge Cup Races in England.

Then there's Orville Sonntag, an eighteen year old Chicago youth, who has been sailing since he was eleven years old. He was the first Chicago winner of the Sheldon Clark trophy, when, entering his *Monsoon*, he sailed off with that cup in 1933; and he has been twice winner of the Gold Bowl contest, held each year at Saugatuck. There, if indications mean anything, is a lad to watch; the chances are strong that he will be sent abroad before many years to represent the United States at the International Races.

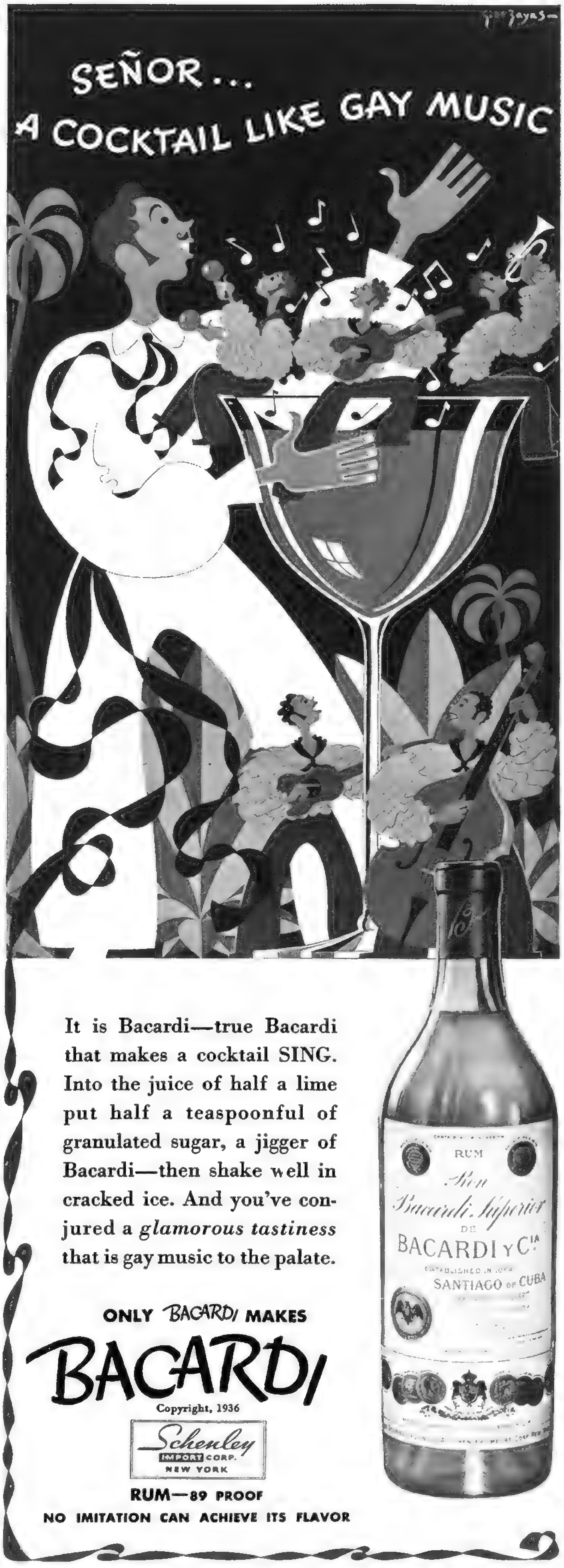
E. L. Cheney, of Saugatuck, Michigan, president of the national association, has lost practically all interest in full sized craft since he took up model yachting half a dozen years ago. Recently, for the second successive year, he won the two day event with his *Mizpah* which entitled his name to two successive places of honor on the placque that is the perpetual Sheldon Clark trophy.

F. A. Lippold is a former German Naval Architect, who designed the tug that towed the dry dock from Hamburg to Buenos Aires, and who, after coming to this country, built all the ship models on exhibition in the Rosenwald Museum in Chicago, during his service as curator there. His models are—no pun intended—models of perfection and beauty.

One of the saltiest of the lot is George Baron, who has sailed models for thirty-seven years, and who represented the United States in 1933 at the international races with *Vanja*, a yacht of his own design. Baron is a champion in the Marblehead class, as well, having won the Midwest championship for that class boat this year with his *Zip*—also his own design. The fact is that Baron is more than a trifle scornful of anyone who can't design his own boats—but the man can't be entirely blamed, for he knows boats, from keel to tops'l, and regards them with the same tender love that a mother bestows on her firstborn.

John Black, of Boston, has become nationally famous among model yachtsmen for his line of boats bearing the name *Bostonia*—and it was his *Bostonia III* that came closer, in 1927, to winning the international cup than any other American boat ever entered in that regatta. He lost, in fact, by a single point; but it is possible that he derives consolation from the knowledge that Jordan Cawthra, present owner of *Bostonia III*, has won the Midwest Contest with that boat for five years in succession.

Practically all of the model yacht racing enthusiasts have at one time been large boat sailors; many, after taking up the model sports, continue to follow the larger canvas. But once the germ has entered their blood, they seem unable to give up model yacht racing. There's something about it—and it isn't the mere fact that model yacht building and racing can be enjoyed by a poor man. It is something more than that. Maybe it's the absolute perfection of skill required for the sport. When you come down to points, there *is* something to be said for a sport that allows a man to follow through, with his own brains and hands, from the planning of the first slender plan, to the triumphant capture of the cup. Blow me down, that's sailing! ⌗



It is Bacardi—true Bacardi that makes a cocktail SING. Into the juice of half a lime put half a teaspoonful of granulated sugar, a jigger of Bacardi—then shake well in cracked ice. And you've conjured a *glamorous tastiness* that is gay music to the palate.

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Smart

IS THE MAN

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TWINTWILL — *A beautiful draping, smartly patterned fabric in striped, plaid and figured designs . . . Double-lined for double wear.*

TWINBLEND — *An "end and end" cloth very finely woven, featured in bold, all-over patterns with smart blendings of color. Double lined to keep it smart looking, longer.*

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With your first glimpse of their distinctive fabrics, their fine hand tailoring, you will recognize that here are ties made to take their place among the fashion leaders. Look inside and you'll find something you've never seen in a tie before — two linings instead of one. An extra insurance against wrinkling and loss of shape that makes these smart ties the smartest buys of the season. They'll still be smooth, smart, and wearable long after the ordinary tie has lost its shape completely.

Featured now at all good stores in a gorgeous array of styles specially selected for mid-fall wear. One dollar to two dollars and a half . . . Hewes & Potter, Inc. 65 Bedford Street, Boston.

Twin Flex

DOUBLE LINED FOR DOUBLE WEAR

The Success Secret

Continued from page 83

bells. Hunger was gnawing at his vitals.

He decided on the theatrical district. He watched a man buying theatre tickets, spotting the place where he returned his wallet. He followed the man, moved slowly up abreast of him, waited for a brush from the crowd walking the other way. He tried to time the moment perfectly, but as his hand touched the pocketbook his head became dizzy, and he staggered. His knees seemed to sag. Somebody gripped his wrist. He heard a voice shout. A policeman with a clean shave clawed at his shoulder. He whined. Somebody kicked him in the thigh. A lot of people talked. They were rushing him somewhere.

Willie didn't care much, now that he was fed. They'd given him a big plate of hot stew in the precinct station. The next day he was trying to explain to the magistrate. The magistrate sighed, wanting to understand. The magistrate told Willie not to steal things, to buck up and be an honest citizen. He asked Willie whether he'd buck up and be an honest citizen if he were let off this time. Willie said yes. He decided then and there to buck up. The magistrate took some bills from his pocket and counted out three dollars and handed them to Willie. Next case, said the magistrate wearily.

Willie was fine while the three dollars lasted. He hadn't such a discouraged viewpoint of life since talking to the kindly magistrate, who had given him three dollars out of his own pocket. Stomach filled, he sat in the park, trying to solve the secret held by those who lived in splendid hotels and drove great expensive cars. It somehow eluded him. All he could figure out was that they didn't use their hands. Finally the landlord caught him going through the basement and threw him out of the tenement. This, Willie thought, was bad.

He went back to the theatrical district. This time he wasn't weak from hunger, and did not falter. The wallet contained twenty-six dollars and the two tickets to *Highlife Brevities*. Willie went to a clothing store and bought a second hand suit for four dollars, got a room in another tenement, had a shave and a haircut, slept soundly for a few hours, and then took a trolley to the theatre. No sense wasting the tickets. The lights went out and the chorus came on the stage and danced. Suddenly, in the darkness, someone put a hand harshly on his arm, and a voice told him to come quietly or he would get banged on the head with a club.

Willie was hustled into a police car and over to the station house. It dawned on him that the cops had figured he would use the tickets he'd stolen, and had lain for him. He thought, meanwhile, of a saying. Crime doesn't pay. He looked down in shame when he faced the magistrate who had given him the three bucks, who said he thought Willie had promised to buck up and be a man. Willie was sentenced to thirty days in the city prison.

He met an interesting fellow in the city prison, a tall blond man of thirty, good-looking, with an ingratiating manner and a nice voice, a fellow named Egrit. Egrit knew things. Willie tried to puzzle out how it came about that a clever, smooth lad like Egrit had got sent to a place like the city prison. It turned out, from what Willie could gather, that Egrit was simply laying up, as the saying was. He was planning a stickup and had got himself tapped for vagrancy in order to pick up a helper who wasn't known to the bulls or the district mobs. He got the story of Willie's life, and laughed, calling him sucker-meat. Egrit asked Willie why he didn't wake up and find out what it was all about. Willie was more than anxious to wake up, and from Egrit got a few glimpses of a paradise in which men did not use their hands.

Egrit finally made the proposition to him. Willie's belly was filling out, his eyes were bright, the color had come back to his cheeks, his muscles were as hard as nails. He began to think of the Willie Cardo of the printing press and the freight elevator and mops and cheap pickpocket stuff as another person, a strange simple dub if there'd ever been one. Egrit laughingly reassured him that the chances of getting pinched for a stickup were somewhat less than the certainty of his starving to death if he went on as he had been going. It sounded very good to Willie. Willie knew he had the guts. His talents simply needed to be given direction, and then, perhaps, there'd be a limousine and a yacht and so forth.

It was a payroll job. Egrit had the whole thing timed to a T. The place was an isolated factory down by the water. Fridays at four o'clock a clerk and the paymaster, accompanied by a cop, drove down from the bank, walked around to the back gate, where they left the cop and went in. Egrit planned to work without rods, telling Willie only suckers took any chances on the hot seat. Willie thought this marvellously clever. They'd hire two U-Drivit cars, parking them away from each other. They would walk up to the gate from opposite directions. Egrit would get in close and sock the cop in the back of the head with a lead-filled jack. Willie would grab the satchel and make for his car. Egrit would beat it, too; they'd meet a few blocks away, abandon the cars, and hightail off in Egrit's flivver. Like eating apple pie.

As four o'clock on Friday approached Willie got a little nerv-

Continued on page 168

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The Success Secret

Continued from pages 83-166

ous. Egrit bucked him up by telling him there were thirty thousand dollars in that little brown satchel. They sized up the cop. He was about 23, a kid. The moment came. Willie took a breath, saw Egrit signal and come up the street behind the men with the money. He came on. He must have walked too fast, for Egrit hadn't time to sock the cop. He tried to grab the bag. The cop didn't even bother to draw his gun. Egrit turned and ran when he saw what was happening. The cop hit Willie square on the point of the chin. The crash rocked him out of existence.

There was a period of examination, then the trial. An interim while his background was investigated. Finally the sentence. The judge said something about weak moral fiber, lack of social conscience, ending with arrested opportunity. He took his bad hand into consideration, too, and the actual sentence was a mild one. Willie wasn't particularly disturbed. Prison had no terrors in store for him. Life, beginning with the quick snap of a gripper, seemed to have become a huge and ridiculous mistake. Willie thought he would have two years to straighten the whole situation out in his mind.

There were all sorts of men in the penitentiary. The same sort of crowd you'd see at a baseball game, the same kind of fellows that worked in the shop. Good and bad. Willie learned there was nothing in particular to be found out from them, nothing that would help to solve his own problem. On account of his bum hand he was given an easy job sweeping up in the shoe shop. Talking was forbidden. The day went quickly and the food was good. Everyone ate ravenously. At five o'clock the whistle blew. A cold shower, then supper of stew or hash, tea and bread. At six the great bar was lowered over the iron gates in the cell blocks. Half past eight the keeper on duty, with a screw carrying a checklist, walked up and down the tiers. As each row was counted in, the lights went out. The next day back to the shoe shop. Dinner, then, of slum and coffee. Night. Again the big bar fell. On Thursday nights, a movie. Everybody jammed into the recreation hall. Saturday afternoons groups were taken to the library to choose the one book they were permitted to have for the week, the two magazines.

Every day. At first it was interesting. Willie ate and ate, glowed with health. There was an hour in the prison yard on Sunday afternoons. They walked in slow circles and talked. Talked. Everybody talked about what they would do when they got out. Back to the shoe shop. The check-up. Lights out. Breakfast, coffee, frankfurters and fried potatoes, bread. Shoe shop. Sunday in the yard. Every day. The bar dropped over the gate with an iron clang. Somebody cut his wrists with a rusty razor blade. Willie sat cross-legged on his steel cot and thought. Tried to understand. Lived back over his whole life. He read his weekly book hungrily, trying to understand. He got permission to go to school at night. He studied automotive mechanics and political science. They said the prison courses were equal to a school education on the outside. He read books on finance, poring over the intricacies of credit expansion and capital structure. He was finally transferred to the garage, where he worked on motor repairs.

Willie took naturally to mechanics and went on studying political economy. He had a hazy feeling that great worlds existed that he had never been aware of before. There were huge forces at work, forces too overwhelming and at the same time too subtle for his mind to grasp. He tried to worm the secret of these tremendous worlds out of his thoughts. He perceived that he must learn it before his two years were up, or he would not survive. And Willie Cardo wanted to survive. Maybe men were like animals, to be driven, maimed, overworked, sentenced to prisons, starved, killed—because they couldn't find the little secret, the little secret that others, more fortunate, possessed.

The lights went out, but his thoughts continued. There were only a few months more in which to understand. Perhaps the secret was to use other men as tools, to think of human beings as slaves to be kicked, used heartlessly, exploited, and, their usefulness ended, cast aside like worn-out automobiles. Never give a sucker an even break. Sucker-meat. Willie didn't know. Maybe people were born with wonderful brains who knew instinctively the right thing to do in order to survive.

The warden talked to him in a very friendly fashion when the day came, gave him his ten dollars and his ticket to the city. Willie wasn't very sure of himself. It was good to see so much daylight, to get away from the tiresome routine, to see new faces, new sights, pleasant smells. He thought that everything would come out all right. He'd hunt for a job in a garage. Maybe they wouldn't be too particular about references. He could produce the goods, and that was all that should matter.

He went from place to place. They wanted to know where he'd worked last. He said honestly, at the prison. They said sorry. Finally he went down to the police station, then in desperation to the judge who had sentenced him. He explained that he realized that crime doesn't pay, and could the judge do anything for him. The

Continued at top of page 171

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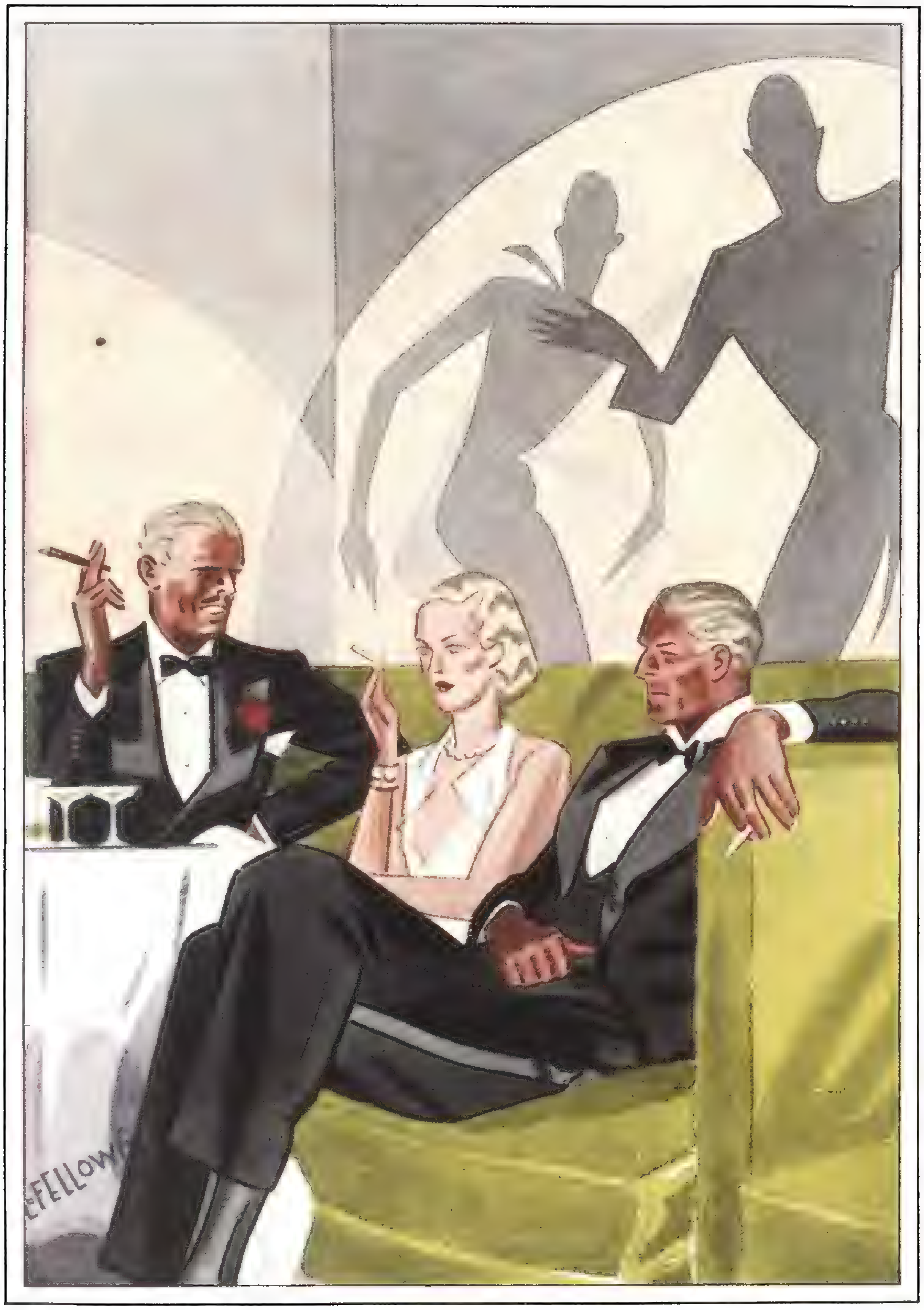


WHILE THE BLOND YOUNG MEN ARE BRONZED

Strict propriety calls for a white tie when there are ladies in the evening, but during the early part of the social season—say as long as your summer's tan lasts—you won't be noticeably out of step if you wear a dinner coat for dinner, dancing and the theatre. If you want to make a slight gesture in the direction of formality you might wear a wing collar with the dinner jacket rather than the turnover collar that is now virtually standard for informal wear. In general the dinner coat is proper on shipboard, in the tropics, for dinner parties at home, theatre parties and club and stag affairs. With it wear either the black or midnight blue Homburg. It is correct also (but very uncommon in this country) to wear a silk hat with dinner clothes. But don't under any circumstances, wear a derby with a dinner jacket. Better to go bare headed or wear a checked cap or an immigrant's shawl!

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

The Success Secret

Continued from pages 83-166-168

judge said that he would write a letter of recommendation, which he did. Willie showed it to the different garage owners. They told him they'd like to put him on, but things were slow just now. It wasn't because he had done time. It really was slow. But to come back in a few weeks. With this new administration in Washington things might get better.

Soon Willie's money was gone. He went to the municipal employment agency, and to the city's lodging house, which was full of stinking bums. He gave up trying to get automobile work, and tramped along the wharves, finally landing a stevedore's job. But a big man in a brown sweater with an Italian accent came around and demanded to see his union card. Willie didn't know anything about a union, and the boss had to knock him off. And at last he had to leave the lodging house. The food made him deathly sick, the vermin bit into his flesh, someone had vomited on his coat.

He walked about tiredly, trying to think. He guessed he'd never find the secret now. The secret, the little tiny secret of how men lived. It wasn't anybody's fault but his own. Others seemed to make out all right. A woman parked a long shiny blue roadster in front of a gem shop, leaving the motor running. Willie'd always wanted to know what it felt like to drive a powerful car like that. Power—that was what Willie wanted. A little feeling of power. He saw the woman through the window. She was looking at men's wrist watches.

He slipped into the car and under the wheel, luxuriating in the rich smell of the leather under him. He pulled the gear into low and let in the clutch. The car jerked away; he was unaccustomed to its great horsepower and had raced the motor too fast.

Soon, however, he had the feel of it. The nose of the car stuck out before him like the front of a locomotive. He drove crosstown and over the bridge and out into the country. On the open road the motor roared. Sixty and seventy were just as easy as walking, he marvelled. Willie decided not to think any more. He was tired of trying to think. He really didn't care now about the secret. He knew he wouldn't be able to understand even if somebody told him.

The big car sang along at eighty, and Willie hadn't even put the accelerator all the way down. Willie felt glory welling up in him like a wave of sensual excitement. One moment of supreme happiness, and he no longer cared about the secret of anything. He saw a sign warning of a narrow underpass, and the concrete embankment loomed ahead. Willie felt sure this was the exact moment, the perfect second, and that he would never realize another. He lifted his right hand and looked at the scarred wrist. Suddenly all he could feel was the gripper dragging off his finger. A slight twist of the wheel aimed the careening car as a projectile at the embankment. He jammed his foot to the floor. The magnificent car leapt ahead in perfect obedience. #

Merchant of News

Continued from page 80

years, and in nearly every year there was a gain. Some half dozen of the leaders of this group had Field to thank for a bonus and participation system which he instituted and which yielded each of them as much as a quarter of a million dollars a year for a number of years.

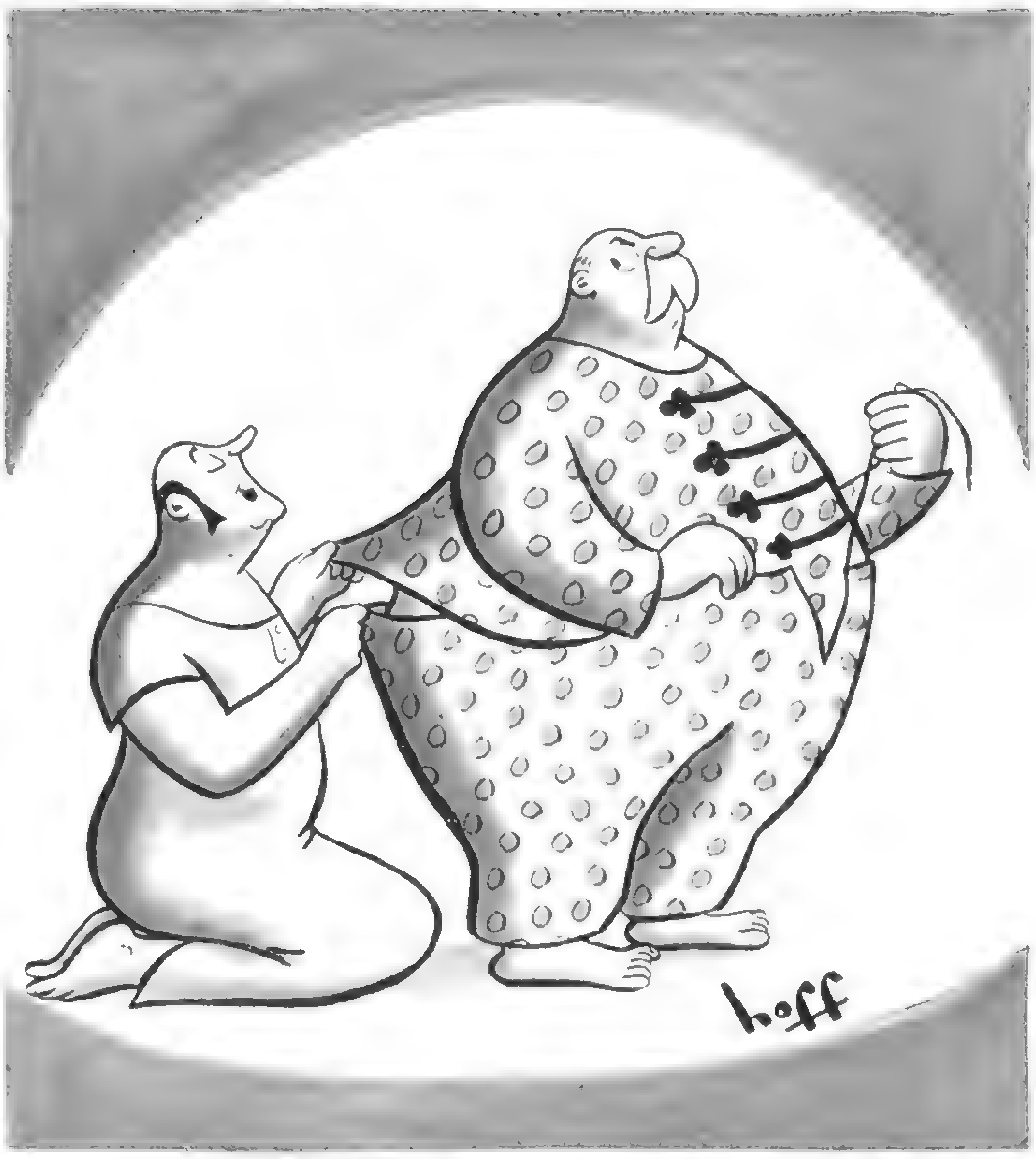
The war took Robert R. McCormick and Joseph Medill Patterson, the sons of the principal heiresses to the Medill estate, to France and left Field the publisher in full charge. But with characteristic modesty Field hung above Patterson's desk a sign bearing this optimistic legend:

"This is Joe Patterson's office.
He is fighting in France.
I am sitting in his chair
For a little while
Until he comes back."

And with the return of Patterson, McCormick and some three hundred other *Tribune* men, Field expressed the wish to leave Chicago. He had never been able entirely to overcome his preconceived notion of the city, and neither his wife nor he had been happy there. In fact it has been thought the chief reason for his accepting the call to Chicago was that after his marriage he found he was best known in his native state as the son-in-law of Governor Clements. Hence he welcomed the chance to go West to make his own mark in the world of journalism. Now that he had done this, he wanted to return to his home in Vermont and to spend part of each year in New York. It was this part of his plans which enabled his friends, the publishers of the *Tribune*, to persuade him to become their general eastern manager.

Field looked upon this eastern managership as something of a sinecure, and, ever conscientious, was reluctant to accept the assignment. These later years in New York, however, turned out to be the busiest and the most momentous of his life. First he was authorized to buy enough timber lands in Canada to provide an independent newsprint supply for generations. This necessitated protracted negotiations with the Canadian Government. When these were successfully completed and the *Tribune* owners were thus placed in a position which made it desirable for them to increase their use of news-

Continued on page 172



"I've found it, sir!"

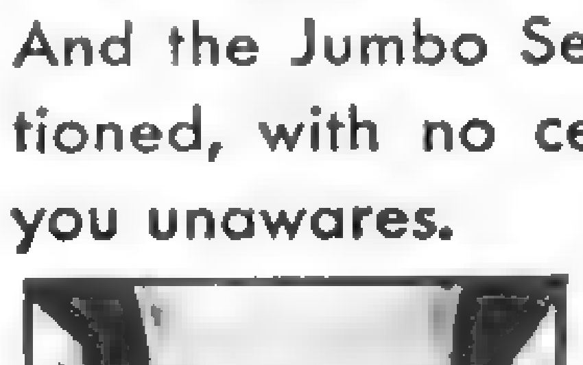
No night work with Hardwick BELTLESS PAJAMAS

Are you having labor troubles? Does your gentleman's gentleman threaten to give notice if he has to work overtime finding your pajama string? Arbitrate! Settle your labor problems with Hardwick Beltless Pajamas . . . so simple to work they're on or off in the twinkling of an eye. The Lastex waistband can't get lost or broken or knotted . . . fits snugly yet stretches when you do. And the Jumbo Seat is amply proportioned, with no center seam to catch you unawares.

Illustrated
1.95 Pair

Other Hardwick Pajamas,
1.65 to 3.50

Patterned broadcloths and sateens; plain broadcloths. Notch-collar coat and middy styles. Sizes A to D—no skimping.



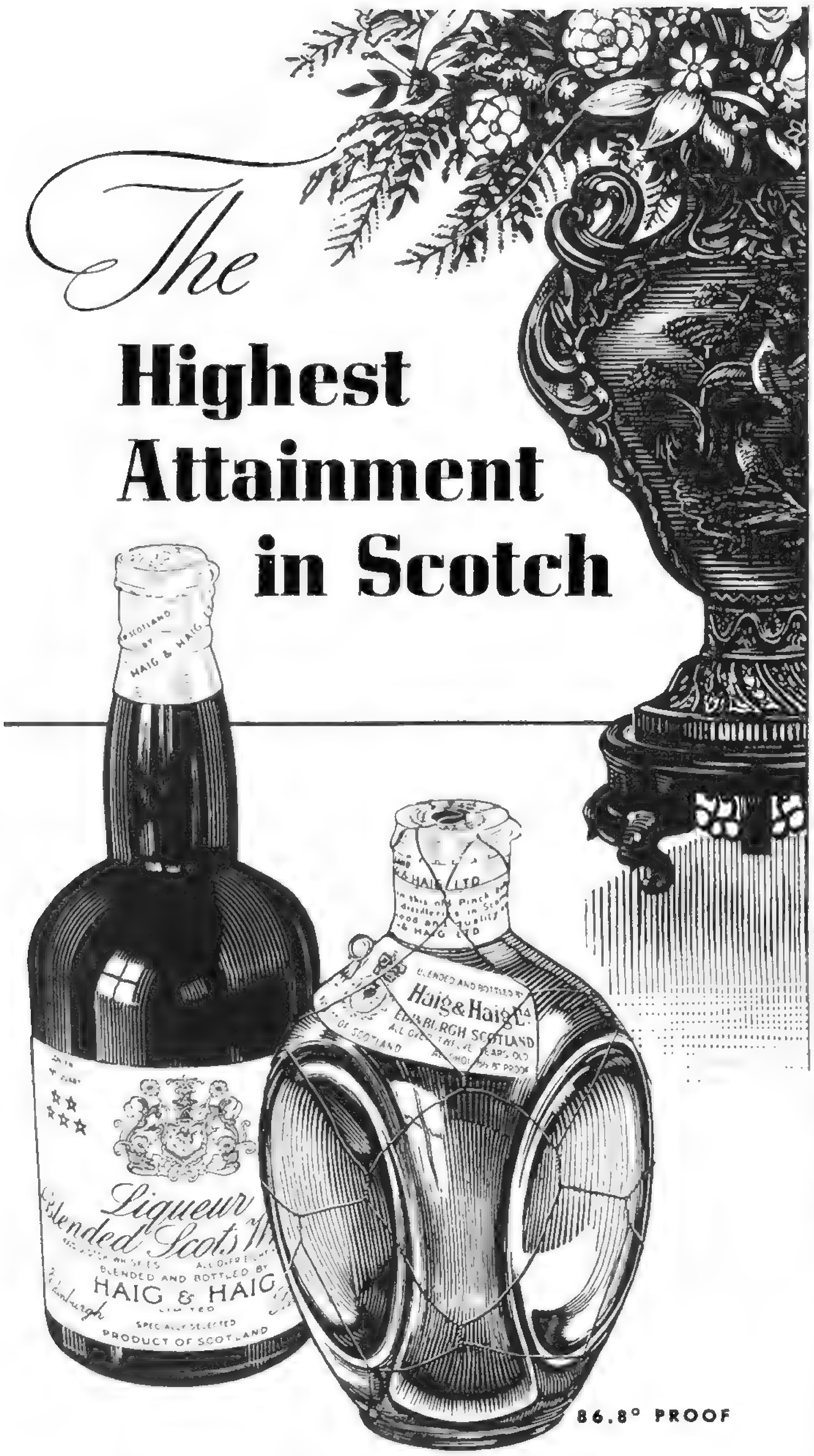
Wide, flat, pressureless waistband of Lastex replaces drawstring.

Jumbo Seat is extra roomy . . . with no center seam to bind. Gives lullaby ease.

HARDWICK BELTLESS PAJAMAS *sold exclusively by these stores*

Akron, Ohio The A. Polsky Co.
Baltimore, Md. O'Neill & Co.
Boston, Mass. C. F. Hovey Co.
Butler, Pa. Troutman-Reiber Co.
Cincinnati, Ohio Rollman & Sons Co.
Columbus, Ohio Morehouse-Martens
Connellsville, Pa. A. E. Troutman Co.
Dallas, Texas Titche-Goettinger Co.
Du Bois, Pa. A. E. Troutman Co.
Grand Rapids, Mich. Herpolsheimer Co.
Greensboro, N. C. The Meyer's Co.
Greensburg, Pa. A. E. Troutman Co.
Harrisburg, Pa. Pomeroy's
Indiana, Pa. A. E. Troutman Co.
Jackson, Mich. L. H. Field Co.
Lake Charles, La. Muller Co., Ltd.
Latrobe, Pa. S. P. Reed Co.
Lebanon, Pa. The Bon Ton
Lincoln, Neb. Rudge & Guenzel Co.
Lynchburg, Va. Guggenheimer's
Malden, Mass. F. N. Joslin Co.
Minneapolis, Minn. L. S. Donaldson Co.
Paterson, N. J. Quackenbush Co.
Pottsville, Pa. Pomeroy's
Reading, Pa. Pomeroy's
St. Paul, Minn. The Golden Rule
San Antonio, Texas Joske Bros. Co.
Seattle, Wash. The Bon Marché
Tampa, Florida Maas Bros.
Waterloo, Iowa Black's
Wilkes-Barre, Pa. Pomeroy's

If you do not live near one of these stores write to "Hardwick," 1440 Broadway, New York City



The incomparable sense of satisfaction one gets from ordering Haig & Haig is inspired and enhanced by the knowledge that its name has always meant the highest attainment in the world of Scotch. The "Five Star" is 8 years old; the "Pinch Bottle" over 12 years old.

WARNING: *All pinch bottles are not Haig & Haig. So always ask for that name — and be sure you get it.*

Haig & Haig

BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY

SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD. • NEW YORK • CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO

Merchant of News

Continued from pages 80-171

print, they asked Field to look for a New York outlet. This led to negotiations with his old employer, Frank Munsey, for the purchase of his New York newspapers. Munsey's ill health at the time inclined him to sell, and it was only after weeks of discussion and the drawing of contracts that a recovery of health and a new burst of energy caused him to call the deal off.

As no other New York papers were for sale, the *Tribune* forces had the choice either of withdrawing to their stronghold in Chicago and admitting defeat, or launching a new offensive. Field, although he had wished to live less strenuously, could not consider the possibility of being licked. The only question, therefore—but what a question—was as to the kind of paper to be started by this conservative, cautious Vermonter for his western associates. And what an answer he made—this man of paradoxes! The first picture tabloid in the western world! Today it is difficult to realize that this precedent-shattering event in the history of American journalism and this significant development in our western culture took place only sixteen years ago. That it would not have taken place—at least at that time—had it not been for William Henry Field is certain. "Without Field there would have been no *Daily News*," is the tenor of the comments of all the informed men with whom I have talked.

Was it the sensationalism, which many of us who are not regular readers of the tabloids are wont to associate with them, that Field sought to purvey to New Yorkers? This most certainly was not his aim or his ideal, and whatever of the sensational he was obliged to tolerate was undoubtedly most distasteful to him. His confidence in the ultimate success of the tabloid was based on quite different grounds. He believed, first of all, in the marked convenience of the small size of the *News* page to the readers in an overcrowded city, particularly to those whose reading time is limited to the dash to the office in crowded trains or trolleys or buses. The brief treatment of the news—and, contrary to the general belief of many non-tabloid readers, *all* news is treated—is also welcomed even when the reading is done in the homes. But he placed, perhaps, his greatest reliance on the appeal and the value of pictures. Even in the early days of his experimenting his staff of photographers was almost as large as his staff of reporters, and in addition he bought many pictures which were not taken by his own camera men. Eventually he built up a staff of photographer-correspondents which reached around the world, and which numbered fifteen hundred before he retired.

On June 26, 1919, appeared the first issue which bore the name *Illustrated Daily News*. Later the word *Illustrated* was dropped as a label no longer needed, and finally the present style was adopted:

The News
New York's Picture Newspaper

Curiosity sales may always be expected for a new magazine or newspaper, particularly if a good job of advance publicity has been done. And our first tabloid was backed not only by paid advertising in other papers, but by all the usual arts of publicity, to which was added the innovation of the first of the modern Beauty Contests. Hence circulation in the first few days ran above 150,000 copies, but when the advertising and the Beauty Contest were over, the usual reaction was so great that by August the "net paid" was as low as eleven thousand on some days. During this period a Fifth Avenue store ran a quarter-page advertisement of women's black silk stockings at one dollar. The wives of six of the *News* men made purchases, and the advertiser reported seven sales! The unknown reader was never identified.

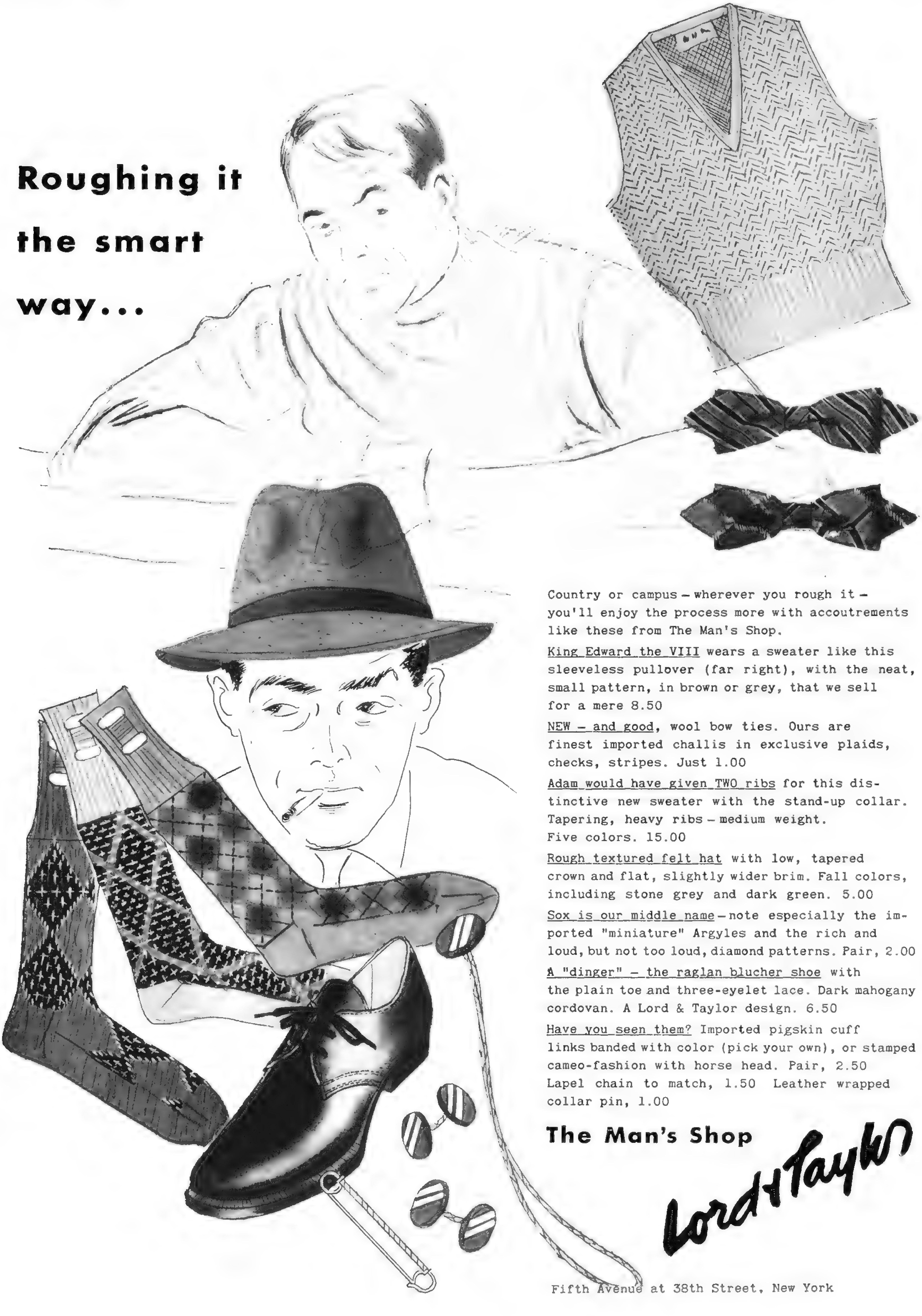
It was at this time that the newspaper wiseacres began to predict, with ill concealed delight, that such a newspaper could not live in America—that it would all be over by the first frost. But Field never lost heart nor confidence in ultimate success. Once he had reached a conclusion, after careful study and analysis, he never lost faith in his judgment, and that trait of his served him well in this, his greatest venture.

The paper was changed almost daily. Experiment was the watchword. Editorial matter, pictures, format were undergoing a lightning-like evolution. In September came the Limericks—one hundred dollars, a day for the best last line. And for September the average daily sale was 32,500, and it climbed steadily from that month onward. The first hundred thousand was reached in December, 1919; the second in March, 1920; the third in October, 1920; the fourth in March, 1921; the fifth in April, 1922; the sixth in March, 1923; the seventh in October, 1923; the eighth in February, 1925; the ninth in May, 1925; and in December, 1925 the circulation of the daily issue averaged more than one million.

The Sunday issue, which was started in May, 1921, made an even more rapid growth. It reached the million mark in February, 1925, and in December of that year averaged a little less than a million and a quarter. The circulations of both issues continued to climb long after Field left the driver's seat. Today they are the largest of any paper in the world published in a single city—

Continued on page 174

Roughing it the smart way...



Country or campus – wherever you rough it – you'll enjoy the process more with accoutrements like these from The Man's Shop.

King Edward the VIII wears a sweater like this sleeveless pullover (far right), with the neat, small pattern, in brown or grey, that we sell for a mere 8.50

NEW – and good, wool bow ties. Ours are finest imported challis in exclusive plaids, checks, stripes. Just 1.00

Adam would have given TWO ribs for this distinctive new sweater with the stand-up collar. Tapering, heavy ribs – medium weight. Five colors. 15.00

Rough textured felt hat with low, tapered crown and flat, slightly wider brim. Fall colors, including stone grey and dark green. 5.00

Sox is our middle name – note especially the imported "miniature" Argyles and the rich and loud, but not too loud, diamond patterns. Pair, 2.00

A "dinger" – the raglan blucher shoe with the plain toe and three-eyelet lace. Dark mahogany cordovan. A Lord & Taylor design. 6.50

Have you seen them? Imported pigskin cuff links banded with color (pick your own), or stamped cameo-fashion with horse head. Pair, 2.50 Lapel chain to match, 1.50 Leather wrapped collar pin, 1.00

The Man's Shop

Lord & Taylor

Fifth Avenue at 38th Street, New York

Man against the sky!
in a CLIMATEER
topcoat
KENWOOD
WOOL PRODUCTS

Outstanding in every way — this luxurious, water-resistant Climateer Topcoat. Outstanding fabric — loomed by the world famous Kenwood Mills (that's saying something!) *exclusively* for Timely Clothes, nationally known Rochester tailors (that's adding a lot more!). A year-round weight that knows no seasons. Warm as an election-speech, soft and lustrous as a colt — styled in rich colors, with an ear to London and an eye to the future. Now at your Timely dealer, outstanding — and *easy* for modest budgets to afford. See Climateer today, Sir!

Hang your clothes properly — write Dept. E for modern TIMELY Wishbone black enamel hanger, enclosing ten cents to cover handling and mailing costs.

TIMELY CLOTHES
Rochester, New York

© Keller-Heumann-Thompson, Rochester, New York

Merchant of News

Continued from pages 80-171-172

1,600,000 Daily and 2,600,000 Sunday.

More noteworthy even than the circulation growth is the fact that only fifteen months after publication of the first issue, the *News* showed a profit. This accomplishment of Field's will probably stand as a record for all time in metropolitan publishing. It is now many years that the *News* has been one of the most profitable papers in the United States.

The development, to a high degree of success, of the use of contests as circulation builders, and the creation of the morning newspaper habit on the part of women in the homes, are two of the achievements of the *News* during the Field era.

Before the establishment of the *News* it was the habit of advertisers to assume that the morning newspapers were not read by the stay-at-home women. Field, however, determined to make these women devotees of his paper, with the result that we find in the early issues such regular features as *Real Love Stories, Bright Sayings of Children, Most Embarrassing Moments*, and *Funniest Motor Experiences*. Showing keen understanding of reader psychology, the editors sought this material from the readers, paying from one to five dollars for each item published.

Incredible as it seems today, the taboos against comfortable bathing suits for women were still in force only fifteen years ago. Without directly taking up the cudgels by editorial comment, the *News* cleverly used many photographs of the champion women swimmers who, even then, were allowed to wear the efficient one piece suits, while on other pages of the same issues would appear pictures of women being arrested for appearing on the beaches without stockings or wearing suits without skirts.

For the women, primarily, were the *How to Keep Well* column by Dr. Evans, the self caricatures by famous artists; perhaps also the John McCutcheon cartoons and the Andy Gump comics.

Both men and women were undoubtedly interested in the initial contest, but the greater appeal, of course, was to the women, sole contestants for Beauty prizes. A nostalgic glamor clings now to the names of the judges—David Wark Griffith, then the foremost movie director; Harrison Fisher, artist creator of the Harrison Fisher Girl; George M. Cohan, then at the height of his stage career. And the prizes—ten thousand dollars to the winner; twenty-five hundred to the runner-up; one thousand dollars for third.

The rules, when compared with rules for similar contests today, reveal amazing contrasts. Imagine a beauty contestant of 1936 being instructed to sign only the initial of her last name, and to give only the street but not the street number of her home! There were no entry fees, and free photographs were made for all those who survived the first eliminations.

Pages of pictures of the contestants, identified only by initials or first names, were published in every issue while the contest was in progress. Ingenious classifications were devised in arranging the pictures. Vocational groups, sectional groups and first name groups were all used, and interest was evidently maintained at a high pitch throughout the contest. One can almost feel the intensity with which the Helens scanned the issues in which the most beautiful girls of this name appeared. And an examination of the *News* files for those first months shows that the beauties of 1919 could easily hold their own with those of 1936. In fact this observer is inclined to give the earlier contestants the decision by a shade—this being a magazine for men!

From the large prize beauty contest and the dollar to five dollar readers' contributions of the first months, the *News* went on to many and varied contests and exhibitions, such as: Cross Word Puzzles, Beautiful Child (87,000 entries) and Dance Contests (100,000 attendance at Central Park forced transfer of Dance Contest to a sell-out at Madison Square Garden); Water Circus (125,000 attendance); Golden Gloves Boxing Bouts (attendance 20,000, gate receipts $40,000.); Football Scores Forecasts (1,114,000 coupons received). The contest is frankly regarded as an artificial attraction intended to engage the non-reader and hold him long enough to form a reading habit. These contests introduced millions to the *News* and quite evidently held many of them as permanent readers.

When the million mark had been reached by both the daily and Sunday issues Field felt that his task had been performed and that at last he was free to retire. This desire was strengthened by the sudden loss of sight in one eye, which could not be restored despite two operations. Although the owners wished him to retain his office and salary indefinitely, he insisted that he resign in order that others could participate more fully in the vast enterprise of merchandising the news which he had started and guided to success.

What manner of man was this upon whom we must now look in retirement? What methods, what traits of character, what power of intellect and of will enabled him to write his name so indelibly and yet so unobtrusively upon the pages of publishing history? So quiet was his private life, so little did he seek social prominence, that we must turn for our answers solely to the world of journalism. Here he was esteemed first of all for his character—a man of complete sincerity of pur-

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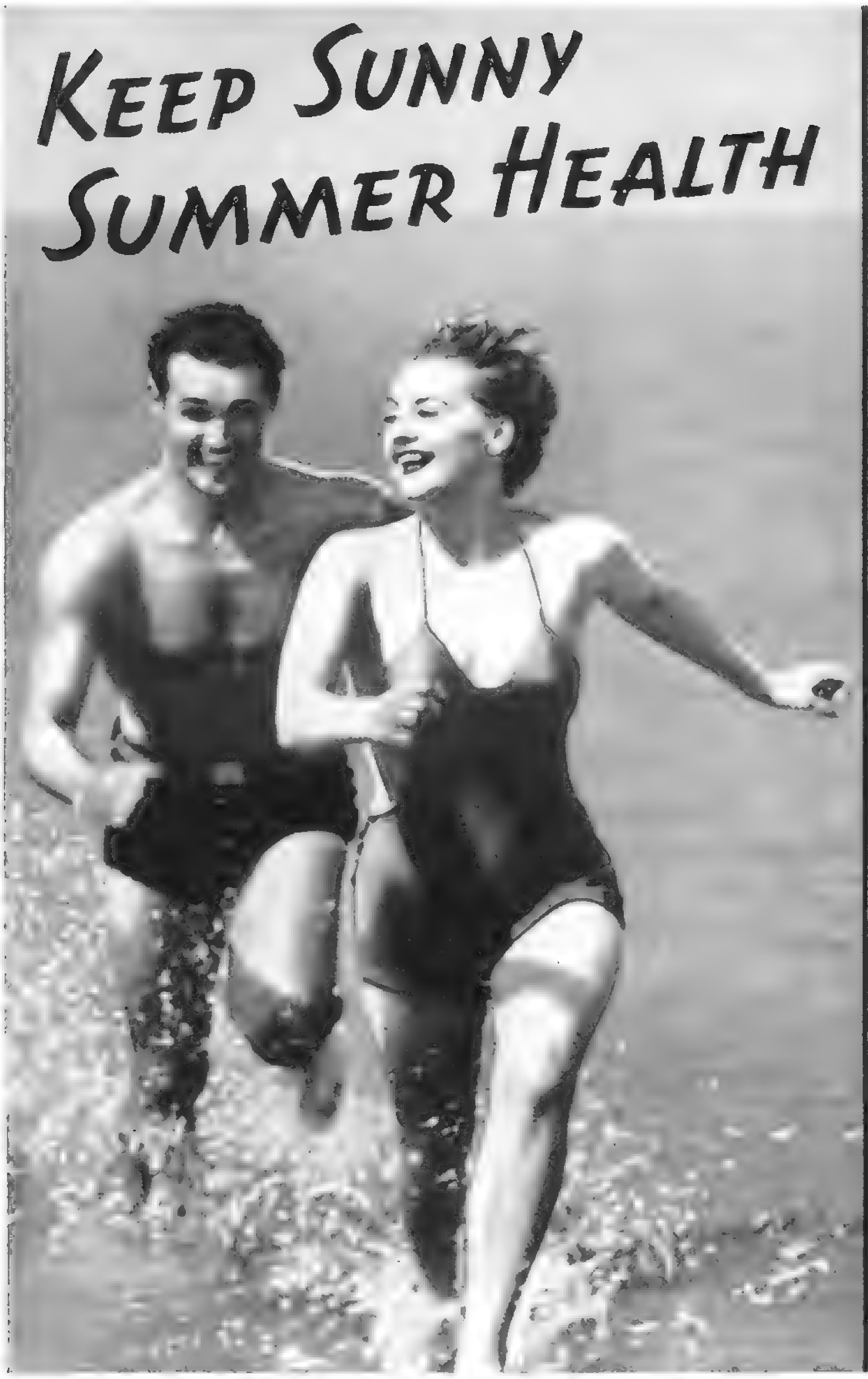


DRINK SCHLITZ
ALL WINTER

TO help retain the peak of sunny summer health—to help maintain rugged resistance to winter colds and sickness—drink SCHLITZ, with SUNSHINE VITAMIN D.

As the summer sun heads south; as days grow shorter and stormier—we get less and less of sunshine's benefits. Likewise, our ordinary foods are lacking in Sunshine Vitamin D, so essential to robust vitality.

SCHLITZ, with SUNSHINE VITAMIN D*, gives you the sunny source of health you need the whole year around. Beer is good for you—but SCHLITZ, with SUNSHINE VITAMIN D, is extra good for you. It has all the old-time SCHLITZ FLAVOR AND BOUQUET brewed to mellow ripe perfection under PRECISE ENZYME CONTROL, with new health benefits . . . and at no increase in price.

Drink SCHLITZ regularly — every day—for health with enjoyment. Jos. Schlitz Brewing Company, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Schlitz

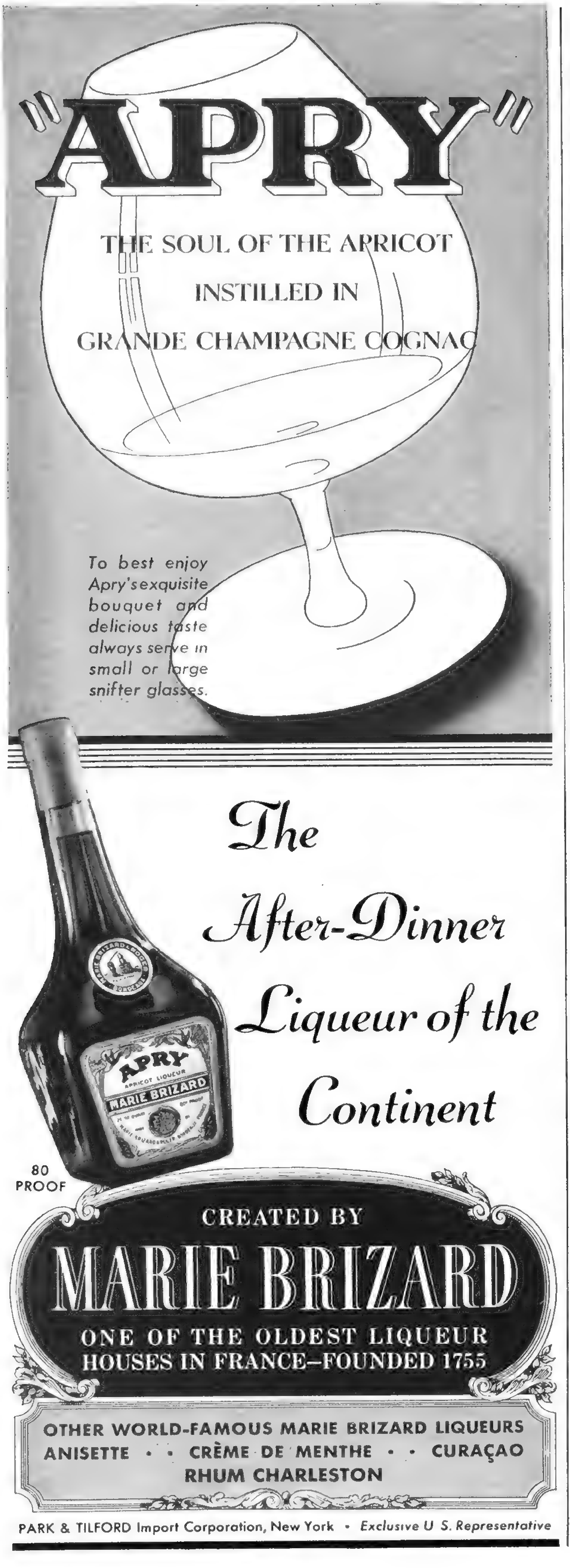
WITH SUNSHINE VITAMIN-D

*Each 12-ounce bottle or can of SCHLITZ contains 100 U.S.P.XI. Units of Sunshine Vitamin D. SCHLITZ brewer's yeast contains pro-vitamin D which is activated directly by the ultra-violet rays of the sun to form Vitamin D. (Protected by U. S. Letters Patent.)

Schlitz
Schlitz

Copyright 1936, J.S.B. Co.

The Beer That Made Milwaukee Famous



"APRY"
THE SOUL OF THE APRICOT
INSTILLED IN
GRANDE CHAMPAGNE COGNAC

To best enjoy Apry's exquisite bouquet and delicious taste always serve in small or large snifter glasses.

The After-Dinner Liqueur of the Continent

80 PROOF

CREATED BY
MARIE BRIZARD
ONE OF THE OLDEST LIQUEUR HOUSES IN FRANCE—FOUNDED 1755

OTHER WORLD-FAMOUS MARIE BRIZARD LIQUEURS
ANISETTE • • CRÈME DE MENTHE • • CURAÇAO
RHUM CHARLESTON

PARK & TILFORD Import Corporation, New York • *Exclusive U S. Representative*

Merchant of News

Continued from pages 80-171-172-174

pose. His Yankee heredity and his frail physique combined to make him a man of moderation, of thrift. He paid for the stamps on his personal office mail, he rolled his own cigarettes, he drank but little, he wasted no words, and, in a profession not precisely noted for abstemiousness, he used no profanity, indulged in no racy stories.

But despite these manifestations of New England reserve, his fairness, his warm sympathy won and held the loyalty of his staff and his associates. He had an infinite capacity for detail, but, excellent and shrewd executive that he was, he did not hesitate to delegate responsibility to others. Once a man was assigned to a job, Field gave him a free hand and seldom interfered.

He was open minded and willing to consider suggestions from anyone. He was systematic in his methods, and soundly analytical in his thinking. Hence his judgment was extremely reliable and enabled him confidently to take advantage of opportunities in men, projects and ideas. Great power of application, a strong sense of duty, and an inflexible determination, once he had made a decision, did not combine to make him domineering. On the contrary, he was affable, considerate and tactful. His innate sympathy, especially for the less fortunate, was shown in his relations with his workmen and their union leaders. In his dealings with the Labor Unions he never lost sight of the human values involved in their demands, and he always sought to safeguard the interests of his employees for the future as well as the present, in contrast with their leaders who sometimes seemed concerned only about the present.

Caution and conservatism marked his buying, but this was true only to the point at which he decided that a purchase was absolutely necessary. Then he spent liberally and without trying to drive a hard bargain.

Field was one of the few men who were thoroughly grounded in all phases of newspaper work and could take his place at any desk in the office from purchasing agent's to managing editor's. He could read all the New York papers in half an hour and point out a minor story that the *News* had missed. When he wrote an editorial, which he did only occasionally, it was done effectively and with a telling brevity.

Seldom was a problem brought to him with which he was unfamiliar, but when this happened he asked keenly searching questions, grasped the matter quickly and announced his decision quietly and promptly. If the decision was adverse, the reasons, which he was always considerate enough to explain, usually convinced the man who was overruled.

All this, says the reader, is pure panegyric; every man must have some weakness, some faults. And with this belief I heartily concur; my difficulty is that from none of the many of Field's friends and associates with whom I have talked have I been able to discover his faults. "He clashed with his first Yankee boss," but that boss recalled him and it was Field who years later decided to quit in order to go west.

This, obviously, is the story of Bill Field, in which no effort is made to give a complete history of the *News*, nor even to portray the important parts played by his able and resourceful associates and the members of his staff.

The saving grace of humor was his—he did not take himself too seriously, despite his achievements. Only one adult photograph of him is known! During the war when he was carrying the entire management of the Chicago *Tribune*, a younger staff member sent him a seventy page suggestion for a *Tribune* motor caravan to the Pacific Coast. Field's reply was to the effect that he was "having so much trouble these days running a newspaper he hesitated to undertake anything really big."

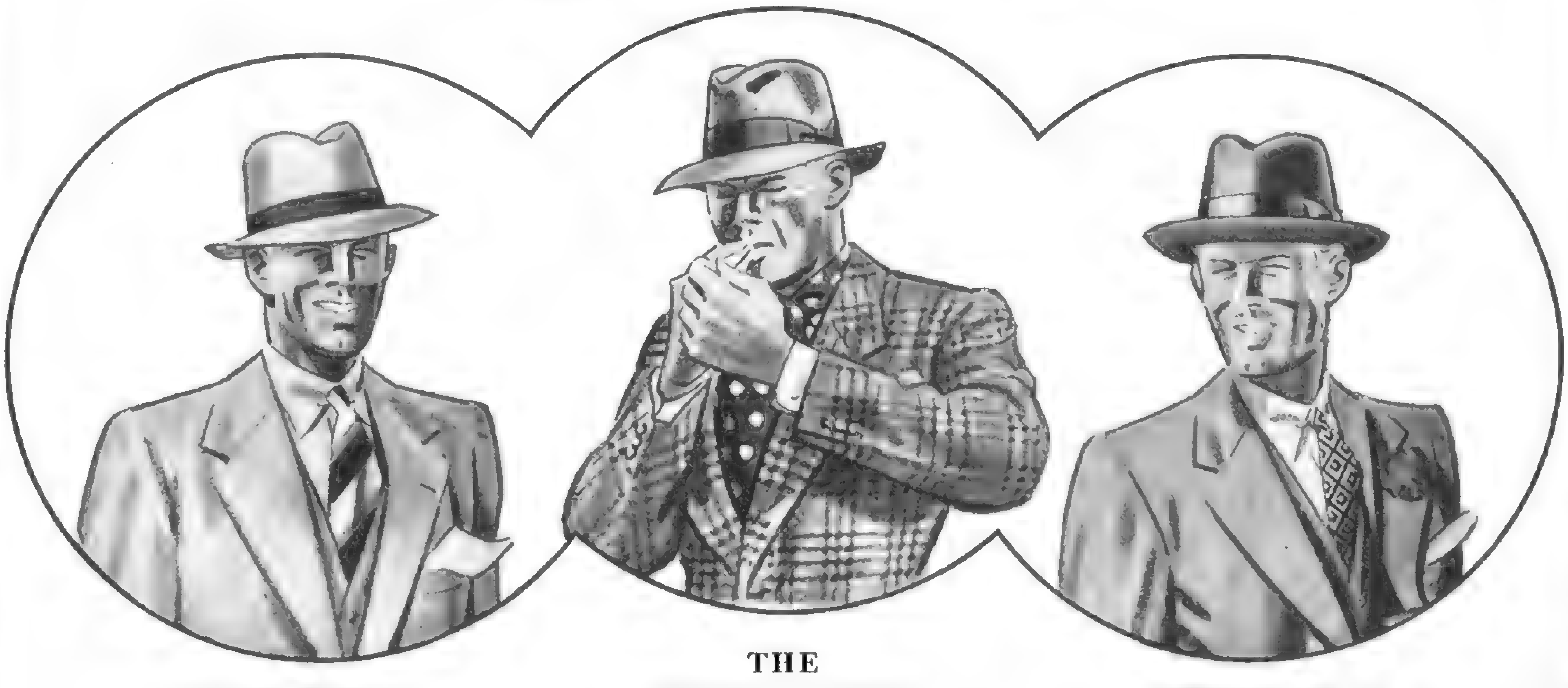
Field returned to his home in Vermont, to the ancestral farm which he had repurchased and restored, but even there he did not retire—one more paradox! The Rutland *Herald* was purchased from the estate of his father-in-law, and Field gave himself to the task of making it a power in the state. His only serious difficulty was in realizing that he could not use the methods of the big city newspapers—not because they would not work, but because they were too costly. But when his spirit was irked he calmed it by long walks in the woods he loved.

Tragedy threatened in 1930 when the other eye failed, but an immediate operation saved the sight, although considerably impaired. Then came the death of his wife, and early in 1934 further trouble with the eye. A famous specialist operated once more, and for four weeks the patient lay, cheerfully, with his head between sand bags to prevent the slightest movement. Enough sight was saved to permit him to walk in his beloved woods, but not enough to enable him to read. Friends believe that the pessimism of the surgeon on the ultimate outcome of his case became known to Field.

To some the final act, which came on March fifteenth when he voluntarily laid down life's burden, may seem the last paradox, but to me it seems the courageous decision of a gallant spirit who knew that his work and his joy were ended by the blackness which had come upon him, and who wished that the lives of others should not be darkened by the sorrow which he knew he could never successfully conceal. ⧺

THE LEE WATER-BLOC*

No other hat like it



THE CASCADE

...a 2 ounce WATER-BLOC with a narrow band; hand-felted edge; and fitted with the patented LEE CUSHION LEATHER which prevents red marks on the forehead—guarantees fit and comfort **$5.00**

THE PANTS POCKET

...it's hard to describe this lightest of lightweights on paper. You just have to get hold of it, feel it, crease it and put it on to get the effect, with hand-felted edge and LEE CUSHION LEATHER **$7.00**

THE GUARDS

...a new hat designed to be worn "up". With a hand-felted edge — that keeps the brim better looking longer—and the famous LEE CUSHION LEATHER—a medium-weight hat **$5.00**

The WATER-BLOC is a patented process which makes felt hats rollable, foldable and superserviceable. Style and good looks are *water-bloc* in for keeps.

Fine, long-cut hare's fur and cut coney are used in a WATER-BLOC hat. Each hat is stretched by special process; the blocking is done on a special machine, and a careful handfinish actually makes the materials used in these remarkable hats improve with age. It takes three times longer to make a hat by the WATER-BLOC process than by ordinary methods.

AT ALL LEADING STORES, INCLUDING:

ALABAMA
Loveman, Joseph, & Loeb, Birmingham

ARIZONA
Meredith & Wimberly, Douglas
Sachs-Parker, Tucson

CALIFORNIA
Brand's, Hollywood
Bravo & McKeegan, Stockton
Capital Clothing Co., Sacramento
Capwell, The H. C., Co., Oakland
Coffee, Harry, Inc., Fresno and Bakersfield
Columbia, Los Angeles
Cunningham's, Long Beach
Cunningham, Larry, Oakland
Eastern Outfitting Co., Sacramento
Elkus, Albert, Sacramento
Harris Co., The, San Bernardino
Harris & Frank, Los Angeles
McCauley's, Oakland
Mullen & Bluett, Los Angeles
Vargaus, Frank, San Jose
Wallace & Wallace, Berkeley
White House, The, San Francisco

COLORADO
Cottrell Clothing Co., Denver
May Co., The, Denver

CONNECTICUT
Besse-Richey, New Haven
Fitzgerald & Platt, Waterbury
Hartwell-Brady Co., Danbury
Steiger, Albert, Inc., Hartford

DELAWARE
Mullen, J. T. & Sons, Wilmington
Papperman & Jarrell, Wilmington

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
Fashion Shop, The, Washington
Hecht Co., The, Washington

FLORIDA
Alan, David, Inc., Miami
Anthony & Son, West Palm Beach
Maas, The Haberdasher, Tampa
Mote, Otis, Orlando
Rutland Clo. Co., St. Petersburg
Warren, Kent, Co., Jacksonville
White & White, Pensacola

GEORGIA
Renick, Frank, Augusta
Zachry's, Atlanta

IDAHO
Falk's Men's Store, Boise
Wade Bros., Idaho Falls

ILLINOIS—Chicago
Carson Pirie Scott & Co.
Hub, The, Henry C. Lytton & Sons
Spalding, A. G., & Bros.
Von Lengerke & Antoine

ILLINOIS
Anderson, Albert, Clo. Co., Rockford
Brooks, Peoria
De Wenter & Co., Bloomington
Fitz Gibbon, Geo. S., Moline
Landman & Vogt, Danville
Myers Bros., Springfield
Sessel's, Decatur and Alton

INDIANA
Ayres, L. S., & Co., Indianapolis
Ball Stores, Inc., Muncie
Lindsay, E. E., Co., Columbus
Patterson Fletcher Co., Ft. Wayne

IOWA
Armstrong Clo. Co., Cedar Rapids
Cavanagh, P. J., Co., Clinton
De Lorbe's, Waterloo
Frankel Clo. Co., Des Moines
Fuhrman Triller Co., Dubuque
Grimm's, Iowa City
Raymond's, Sioux City
Sunstrum's, Oskaloosa

KANSAS
Leader Clo. Co., Topeka
Strasburger's, Coffeyville

KENTUCKY
Eilerman & Sons, Covington and Newport
Rodes Rapier Co., Louisville
Thorpe, R. S., & Son, Lexington

LOUISIANA
Labiche & Graff, New Orleans
Varsity Shop, The, Baton Rouge

MARYLAND
Leed's, Baltimore
Musey & Evans, Hagerstown
Schwarzenbach & Son, Cumberland

MASSACHUSETTS
Continental, The, Boston
Denholm & McKay Co., Worcester
Star Store, New Bedford

MICHIGAN
Baumgartner Clo. Co., Detroit
Davison, A. M. Co., Flint
Miller, E. J., Bay City
Oppenheim's, Inc., Jackson

MINNESOTA
Bergquist-Kirby, Inc., Duluth
Dayton Co., The, Minneapolis
Meyer Co., Inc., Hastings
Morterud-Koneczny, Duluth
Standard Clo. House, Minneapolis

MISSISSIPPI
Steven's, Inc., Jackson

MISSOURI
Guerdan Hat Co., St. Louis
Harbin Bros., Independence
Stier Clo. Co., Lexington
Stix Baer & Fuller Co., St. Louis

MONTANA
Hat Box, The, Butte
Hub, The, Andrew Thisted & Sons, Great Falls
Lucke, Lou, Havre

NEBRASKA
Brach's, Hastings
Davidson-Hansen, Inc., Lincoln
Lykke Clo. Co., Grand Island

NEW JERSEY
Altman, B., & Co., East Orange
Collyer & Co., Newark
Wallach's, Inc., Newark

NEW MEXICO
Spitzmesser's, Albuquerque

NEW YORK—Manhattan
Ackerman, C. W.
Altman, B., & Co.
Gimbel Bros., Inc.
Kelly, Fred
Kronfeld, Inc., Phil
Simon, Franklin, & Co.
Wallach's, Inc.

NEW YORK
Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn
Altman, B., & Co., White Plains
Benjamin's, Inc., New Rochelle
Friedman, Louis, Brooklyn
Hudson, J. L., Buffalo
Loeser, Frederick, & Co., Brooklyn
Murray's Men's Wear, Port Chester
McManus-Riley, Albany
National, The, Rochester
Sisson, B. F., Syracuse
Stone's Clo. Shop, White Plains
Wallach's Inc., Brooklyn
Wallach's Inc., Flushing
Wallach's Inc., Jamaica
Wicks & Greenman, Utica

NEVADA
Paterson's, Reno

NORTH CAROLINA
Ammons & King, Raleigh
Mellon, Ed., Co., Charlotte

NORTH DAKOTA
Esquire (The Shop for Men), Fargo
Havig, H. M., Grand Forks

OHIO
Baker, B. R., Co., Cleveland
Baker, B. R., Co., Toledo
Burkhardt Bros. Co., Cincinnati
Higbee Co., The, Cleveland
Lazarus, F. R., Co., Columbus
Printz Co., The, Youngstown
Taylor, Wm., Son & Co., Cleveland
Walker's, Akron
Walker's, Canton
Walker's, Columbus
Walker's, Dayton

OKLAHOMA
Herzberg Men's Store, Enid
Siegel, Ben, Durant
Tag Men's Store, Guthrie

OREGON
Bishop Woolen Mills Store, Salem
Blain Clo. Co., Albany
Eastern Outfitting Co., Portland
Meier & Frank, Portland
Olds, Wortman & King, Portland
Pacific Outfitting Co., Portland
Robinson Detlor, Portland
Stanley's Clo. Shop, Portland
Sugarman, K., Klamath Falls

PENNSYLVANIA
Boggs & Buhl, Pittsburgh
Canty, Tom C., Altoona
Direct Hat Shop, York
Doutrichs, Harrisburg
Gimbel Bros., Pittsburgh
Hub, The, Wilkes-Barre
Printz Co., The, Franklin
Printz Co., The, Kane
Printz Co., The, Oil City
McCreery & Co., Pittsburgh
Samter Bros., Scranton
Snellenburg, N., Co., Philadelphia
Woolf & Reynolds, Johnstown

RHODE ISLAND
Shepard's, Providence

SOUTH CAROLINA
Jack's Men's Shop, Charleston
Hope-Davis Co., Columbia
Smith, Alfred T., Greenville

SOUTH DAKOTA
Nielsen & Co., Yankton
Osborn Clo. Co., Huron

TENNESSEE
Bacherig, Sam, Memphis
Blakeley-Mitchel, Bristol, Va.-Tenn.
Davidson's Clo. Co., Chattanooga
Frank, Joseph, & Sons, Nashville
Lowenstein's, Memphis
McCall Hughes Clo. Co., Jackson

TEXAS
Blackburn Bros., Amarillo
Hoyte Bros., San Angelo
Littman, Chas. S., Galveston
Lowich Clothier, Waco
Mueller, F. E., San Antonio
Norton's, Inc., Houston
Reed, Caleb, Abilene
White House D. G. Co., Beaumont
Wilson Dry Goods Co., Midland
Wilson, James K., Co., Dallas

UTAH
Mullett-Kelly Co., Salt Lake City

VERMONT
Wilson Clo. Co., Rutland

VIRGINIA
Airheart-Kirk Clo. Co., Roanoke
Baker, C. C., Norfolk
Miller-Rhoads, Richmond
Young's Men's Shop, Newport News

WASHINGTON
Eastern Outfitting Co., Seattle
Eastern Outfitting Co., Spokane
Hat Freeman, Spokane
Lundquist-Lilly, Seattle
McCormack Bros., Tacoma
Padden, James J., Vancouver
Ralph's Clo. Shop, Spokane

WEST VIRGINIA
Allen & Hunter, Wheeling
Dixie Clo. Co., Bluefield
Oppenheimer, Benj., Morgantown
Parsons Souders, Clarksburg
Sharp-Hamilton Co., Fairmont
Stern Bros., Parkersburg

WISCONSIN
Floan-Leveroos, Inc., Superior
Prange, H. C., Co., Green Bay
Prange, H. C., Co., Sheboygan

WYOMING
Kendall, Bon., Cheyenne
Mednick Bros., Casper

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LEE
WATER—BLOC

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

In any weather
. . . any month

The
WEATHERALL
an American Favorite
$35.

PROBLEM: to develop a coat light-weight enough to wear in fair weather — warm enough for cold weather — and completely moisture-proof. *The answer:* after years of research and effort: the Weatherall, a coat as distinctive in its usefulness as it is in its appearance. Many men like the Weatherall's wear-proof qualities — the way it keeps its good looks year after year; many men appreciate the smart exclusive patterns, others the perfect Morse tailoring. . . . But *every* man agrees that the Weatherall is an ideal all-weather, all-purpose coat. Try one on at your favorite men's store today — or write us for your nearest dealer's name.

CLOTHIERS: Several exclusive-franchise territories available. Write now for complete details—

Leopold Morse Co
BOSTON

Our Old King Cole

Continued from page 107

To King the sight of a closed door was an anathema and a challenge. He wasn't satisfied unless he could enter the house by the front door, trot casually through the living room, dining room and kitchen right out the back door. He liked to circulate. I don't. I like to stay put. "Is it alive?" people often ask, seeing me in my native haunts.

King regarded any closed door, including the bathroom door, a personal affront and never hesitated to voice his displeasure. To have staffed the house with the number of persons needed to keep both of us happy, to open doors for King and to close them for me, we should have had to appeal to the WPA and had a project made of it. Not that the WPA wouldn't have been willing.

King had another idiosyncrasy which we found disturbing at times. He invariably went to sleep on his back with all four feet upraised. This was mildly diverting at first but definitely disconcerting when company was present. Because, sooner or later, King always rolled to one side or another, the force of his fall awakening him suddenly, bringing him to his feet indignantly, growling and snapping. I think he suspected someone of pushing him. Guests seemed to be fascinated by his performance. Conversation was out of the question.

We might have curbed the claustrophobia in time, but I am sure we never could have coped with the hallucinations. For all his moroseness, King was imaginative. He peopled his surroundings with fictitious villains to whom he bared his teeth and snarled and from whom he slowly backed away.

"What's the matter with him?" people would ask.

"He sees a man with a knife, probably a killer," we would explain.

"Well, so long," they would say. "It's getting pretty late and we've got to go. Had a very pleasant time."

We enjoyed these fancied encounters until the day we described them to a maiden aunt. She looked grave.

"Of course you know," she said, "that often dogs see things which we humans cannot see."

"Do you mean," we asked, "that King actually sees some sort of shade or ghost at such times?"

"That's exactly what I mean," she replied with a morbid satisfaction.

So the next day we advertised King for sale. ⧺

Horror on the High Seas

Continued from page 86

it to shore. By daybreak of the fifth several feet of water had seeped into the *Medusa's* hold and the preparations to leave her were carried out "in panic and disorder."

Topmasts, yards, booms and timbers had been lashed together in a rough triangle and boards were nailed as a sort of crude deck, barely awash, to the heavy pieces. This crude contrivance had been thrown together the preceding evening amidst wild excitement and with little forethought and though the raft was about twenty meters long and seven meters wide it was so poorly constructed that although it should have been able to support 200 people, even fifteen persons did not have sufficient space to stretch out.

But on to this "machine," on which "several casks of flour, six barrels of wine and two small casks of water" had been placed, some 147 people, including soldiers and their officers, several passengers, ten seamen and one woman (the wife of a sutler, long used to hardship around the campfires of the Napoleonic wars), were driven by "threats and cajolery." Some of them were half-drunk; the broken and littered decks of the *Medusa* were in the wildest confusion; men had smashed into the spirit room during the night, had stove open the casks of liquor, and many of the passengers and crew had collapsed dead-drunk about the decks or were staggering blearily amidst cordage, flapping canvas, piled baggage and tearful women.

It was "*sauve qui peut*"; only the Governor and the Captain and their entourage left the wreck in comfort. The Governor was lowered carefully over the rail in an armchair into his barge, where surrounded by his wife and family, their luggage and "an ample store of provisions," he lolled back comfortably while sailors rowed him away from the ship. The Captain, with his mistress and his wines, also made off in a well-found, half-filled boat. The rest of the 400 were left to their own devices, without leadership except for a few gallant officers, without courage or nobility, except for a few isolated individuals. The strongest fought their way into the four remaining boats; the rest swarmed on the raft; sixty, including M. Picard and the women and children (one of them "yet at breast") in his family of eight were left marooned aboard the wreck. Picard, however, picked up a firelock from the deck and leveling it at the occupants of the yawl, which was rapidly making away from the frigate, he forced them to return and take off his family. The long boat was sent back for others and took aboard all but seventeen men, who were "either drunk and incapable or distraught with fear."

So on the bright morning of the fifth of July, 1816, the motley convoy stood away from the grim

Continued on page 181

★ FLAVOUR
★ BOUQUET
★ CLEAN TASTE
HENNESSY

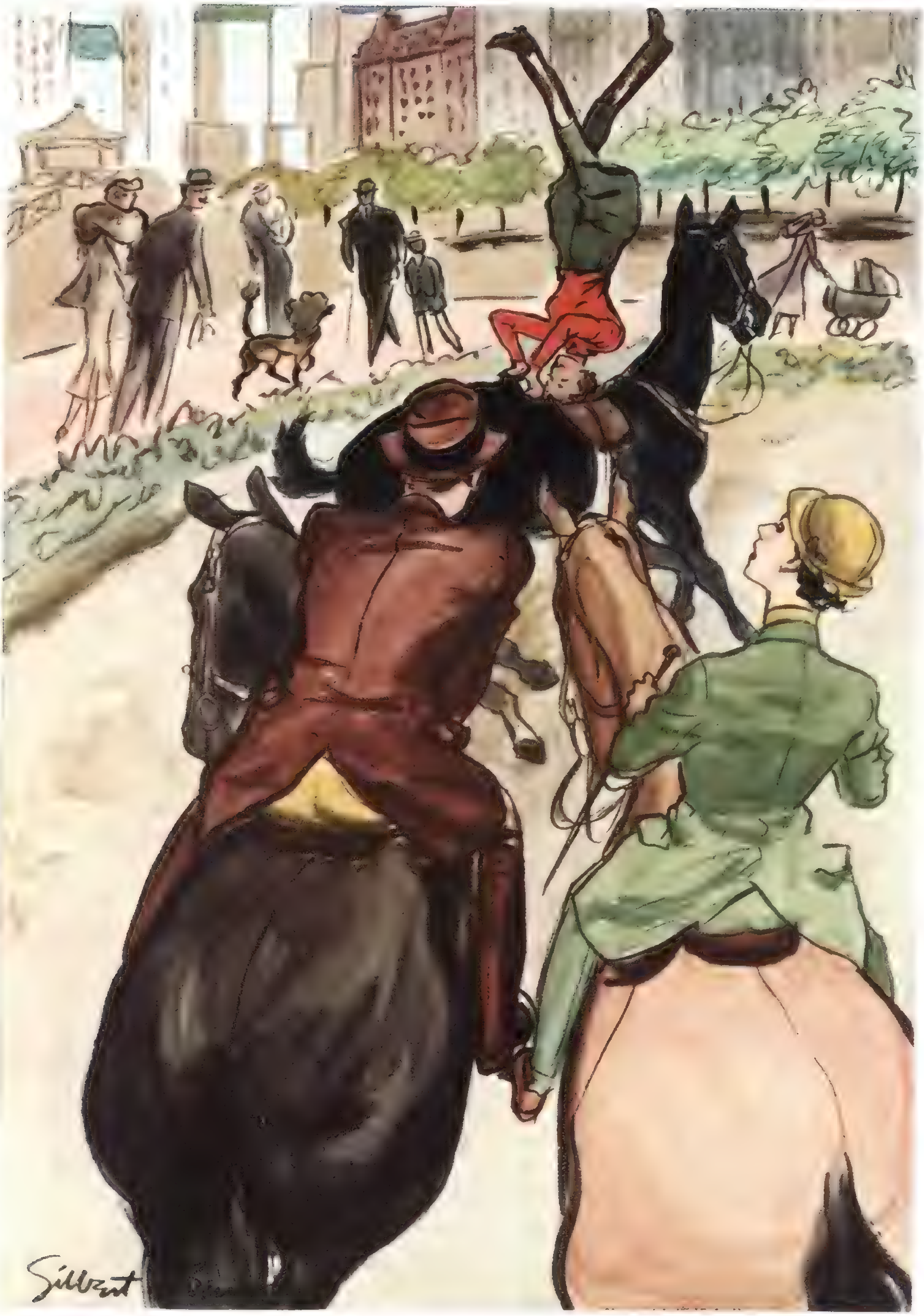
Fortunate, indeed, is the beautiful Cognac region of France, favored by Nature with a combination of sun and soil found nowhere else upon the earth . . . the secret of the bouquet and flavour that make Three-Star Hennessy the world's preferred liqueur. Fortunate, too, was the world when, in 1765, Captain Richard Hennessy was inspired to send to friends in other lands shipments of this incomparable brandy.

HENNESSY

COGNAC BRANDY

84 PROOF

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES · Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY · IMPORTERS SINCE 1794



"She's Warner Bros.' new star—she's vacationing here to escape publicity"

Horror on the High Seas

Continued from pages 86-178

hulk of the shattered frigate, bedded deep on Arguin Bank. There were a few cries of "*Vive le Roi!*" and the white flag of the Bourbons fluttered from a musket barrel.

* * *

The boats were to have towed the crowded raft direct to shore; "the officers in command had sworn they would never abandon it," and for so brief a time they made their honor good. But the raft was unwieldy and cumbrous; with its huddled cargo it had sunk two or three feet beneath the waves; its people were crowded shoulder to shoulder; the sea was at times surging "up to their middle," and each wave "that struck it made them stumble in heaps on one another . . . their feet getting entangled among the cordage and between the planks."

The convoy was barely two leagues from the *Medusa*, gaunt wreck against the seascape, when the tow rope to the raft was let go, cut or broken. Later Governor Schmaltz contended the rope had broken, but "it is very doubtful whether the Governor and the Captain ever had the smallest intention of keeping to the undertaking which they had given," and in any case "by a piece of callousness and cowardice which is surely unparalleled in the records of the sea the men on the raft were left to the mercy of wind and tide."

The boats made off—scattering, Captain LaChaumareys too deeply concerned with his mistress to worry about the wretches on the raft.

The people in one of the badly-stocked boats asked their Captain for a little wine and food; LaChaumareys, leaning back comfortably in the stern, with a cup of wine in his hand and a toast to his mistress on his lips, refused.

* * *

A sea breeze rippled across the tropic sea and dappled the ocean, green above the white sand of Arguin Bank, with little bolls of white. Far overhead white clouds rode across the sun. Around the thighs of the wretches on the raft white foam boiled as the 147—one a woman—jammed rump to rump, stared, eyes veiled with repressed terror, upon the sunlit sea. . . .

Rage first; then later—prayer...

Their plight was hopeless. There was no mast, no anchor, no cable, no oars, no lines, no chart; they had canvas but no way to spread it; they were completely at the mercy of the sea. The coast of Africa was but some fifty miles away, but it might well be 2,000. The casks of flour had been thrown overboard to lighten the overloaded raft; they had but a twenty-five pound bag of biscuits soaked with sea water and the barrels of wine and casks of water.

The wreck of the *Medusa* was still in sight, but there was no way to return to it; the wind was off the sea.

Midshipman of the first class, Coudin, with a bruise on his leg so terrible that he almost fell senseless each time he had to brace himself to the raft's motion, assumed his first command.

With the help of his ten seamen and the officers of the stupified, half-drunken soldiers, he put up a mast of sorts jammed in between the openings of the raft and braced with makeshift shrouds cut from the lashings binding the raft together. They stretched a kind of sail. . . .

The first meal was really the last; the salt-soaked biscuit mashed to a paste in wine provided little more than a mouthful apiece.

The night came—the first night in a "monotony of horror."

The sea made up; the raft creaked and groaned. The crowded, jumbled men staggered back and forth, spindrift in their faces, swirling water about their legs. They clung to the mast, to the raft's lashings, to each other. Some of them were swept away and were drowned; to them God was kind. The damned raft groaned and labored, changing its shape, opening and shutting like an accordion. Some men slipped down between the openings; the great spars squeezed shut and held them there; they too were drowned and they too were lucky.

* * *

JULY 6—SECOND DAY

By morning there were 127 left; twenty had gone, the bodies of some of them still trapped in the interstices of the raft, more stumbling blocks for the living. They were all numb, bruised, half-drowned and starving, already going slowly mad. The soldiers looked with dull brutish eyes upon the sea; like trapped animals they waited death.

Illusions and hopes—that died with the sunset.

"If the preceding night had been terrible; this was still more horrible."

The wind again rose; the sea licked hungrily over the raft; the boiling spume swept it bow and stern; only in the center could a man live. Those who could not get there perished—and many died, but to them, too, was God kind.

The press of bodies in the center of the raft was so great that some men were "stifled by the weight of their comrades." The officers at the foot of the mast directed the men how to shift from side to side to keep the raft from being overturned. The night wore on in a black horror of darkness to the dirge of beating sea, howling wind and the last groans or shrieks of the dying. Men, dribbling blood, clung with broken and bleeding nails to the raft's lashings. The rich stuffs of uniforms that once had graced the *Champ de Mars*

Continued on page 182

The Yale Fence —known to generations of Eli's men as the traditional meeting place of seniors.

NEW HAVEN

Another Modish New Shirt for Young Men . . . by Kaynee

A STRIKING STYLE that will be worn a lot. Exclusive small checked pattern—with just enough swank. Two shades of same color. That new button-down collar which has become such a favorite. Beautiful tailoring. Generous cut. Fine shrink-proof fabric.

For years, boys and young men have considered Kaynee shirts the very top for exclusive design, quality and rugged wear. You'll like the New Haven. It's a natural for fellows who wear sizes up to 15. You can get it at the better stores for $1.50.

Two of the Famous Patented Features that Add to Kaynee Ruggedness

Sleeve Placket—made of one continuous strip of fabric that folds back on itself. It is then securely stitched—giving greater strength, longer wear, neater appearance.

Button Reinforcing Cord—a strong, continuous cord sewed under the button line. Then the buttons are sewed around the cord. They are anchored—can't come off.

THE KAYNEE COMPANY • *Cleveland, Ohio*

Kaynee

QUALITY WEAR FOR BOYS

So many millions can't be wrong!
Smart to Give - Smart to Own
RONSON
WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER
Touch Tip— and it's lit!

Above: RONSON PENCILITER
It lites!
It rites!

Left: RONSON Lighter-Cigarette Case Combination with Vanity

RONSON Watch Lighter (Pocket Model)

Have you, too, been noticing how many smart smokers are using RONSONS?

Through the years, RONSON owners have passed their enthusiasm along so effectively, that today, there are veritably millions of RONSONS in active use.

The sure, simple, one finger, one motion action, the exquisite styling, the superb craftsmanship, the enduring service, are just a few reasons why these millions of RONSONS are being chosen for personal and gift use.

Carry a RONSON yourself. Select them for gift occasions. Every model is a handsome personal accessory, abreast of smart style trends,—real jewelry, built for years of service.

Choose from a distinguished collection of Pocket Lighters, Lighters combined with Cigarette Cases, Vanities, mechanical Pencils, Table Lighters, etc. Prices begin at $3.50.

See them at your jeweler or at any store selling fine smokers' articles.

RONSON Lighter-Cigarette Case Combination

RONSON TOUCH-TIP Watch-Combination (Desk Lighter)

RONSON Ace
One of many pocket models

RONSON Vee
Lighter swings fanwise out of case

—Free—
Illustrated Catalog of "What's New in RONSON" Send for it giving dealer's name

ART METAL WORKS, Inc., 15 Aronson Sq., Newark, N. J.
Canada: DOMINION ART METAL WORKS Ltd., Toronto, Ont.
England: RONSON PRODUCTS Ltd., London, W. C. 2
Australia: W. G. WATSON & CO., Ltd.
Sydney

FLIP—it's lit!
RELEASE—it's out!
One Finger—One Motion

Horror on the High Seas

Continued from pages 86-178-181

were reduced to pulpy, torn and filth-stained rags. The night wore on.

The hopeless either blow out their brains or take many drinks.

On the raft on that July night in 1816 Napoleon's veterans were hopeless. They opened a cask and drank deep of its wine. There followed saturnalia.

Crazed by their sufferings, maddened by the wine, the soldiers sounded the "signal for revolt." One man with a boarding axe rushed to the raft's edge and commenced to hack the ropes that bound it together. An Asiatic of "hideous air" and "extraordinary size" in the torn uniform of a Colonial, advanced towards the group of officers. M. Alexandre Correard, an engineer, saw him and shouted the alarm:

"*Aux armes! À nous, camarades; nous sommes perdus.*"

The Asiatic reeled bleeding into the sea struck down by an officer's sabre; the axeman, too, was killed; soon the melee was general; the mutineers drew sabres or knives and rushed on the officers. They were repulsed, but not for long. They withdrew to the bow, and behind a "bristling line" of steel, commenced to hack at the raft's bindings. The fight raged, stamping over the foam-covered platform; the yawning holes in the raft, hidden by the sea, cost many their lives; others died beneath sabre blows or were dirked in the darkness; some fell screaming into the reaching sea. The Southern Cross — mariners' sign of hope—gleamed above the dark horizon. The mutineers hacked the mast stays and shrouds; the mast came crashing upon a struggling group, and "nearly broke the thigh of a captain of foot," who fell senseless.

"He was seized by the soldiers who threw him into the sea; but we perceived it, saved him, and placed him on a barrel, from which he was taken by mutineers who were going to cut out his eyes with a penknife. Exasperated by so many cruelties, we no longer restrained ourselves, but charged them furiously."

The poor *vivandière* and her husband were pushed into the sea by the madmen, but were hauled out again by Engineer Corréard and Chief Workman Lavillette. Seated on dead bodies, their backs against a barrel, they spewed out the salt water and gasped their way back to life.

The moon came up and shone down on the slain. The crazed mutineers crawled to the feet of their officers and asked for pardon, but before midnight, like wild beasts, they were tearing with fists and nails and knives and teeth at the throats of the same officers. All things human seemed to have gone; there was left the ravening beast.

Midshipman Coudin, with his first command in chaos, sat, bleeding from many wounds, on the foam-covered platform, holding in his arms a boy of twelve.

In their obsession the mutineers believed that Lieutenant Lozach was a Lieutenant Danglas (who was safe aboard one of the boats), whom they believed to have been "instrumental in the desertion of the raft," and time after time in the moonlight, they made determined efforts to throw Lozach overboard. Toward dawn, with the sea calming and the clean wind whispering gently over the raft foul with man's worst passions, exhaustion stopped the butchery.

But sixty had gone during the night — most of them soldiers, sixty, and two casks of water; there was one barrel of wine left among the sixty-seven survivors.

* * *

July 7—Third Day

". . . they were tortured between the pieces of wood which formed the scaffold on which they floated. The bones of their feet and their legs were bruised and broken every time the fury of the waves agitated the raft; their flesh, covered with contusions and hideous wounds, dissolved, as it were, in the briny waves, whilst the roaring flood around them was covered with their blood . . ."

Delusions, thirst and griping hunger; sharks nosing about the raft's ghastly cargo. The mast was stepped again and some of the men tried to catch fish without success. Because of the loss of the water casks, the sixty were cut down to half their wine allowance.

The raft drove back and forth before the wind.

Famished men looked with ravening eyes on the bodies of the dead. Some gnawed at the leather of their sword belts and *cartouchières*. A few who still had hats ripped out the greasy sweat bands and chewed them to a pulp. Finally one hacked at a stiffening body. In a moment, like a pack of slobbering wolves, many had partaken of "*cette offreuse nourriture.*"

"Seeing that this horrid nourishment had given strength to those who had made use of it; it was proposed to dry it in order to render it a little less disgusting."

A sailor tried to eat something worse, but gave up the attempt, sick and ghastly green.

The raft beat back and forth, drifting to wind and tide.

The day was calm and fine.

The doomed men stood in little groups, the water lapping about their knees, unable to lie down, leaning one against the other.

That night twelve more died.

* * *

July 8—Fourth Day

The forty-eight clung to life. A shoal of flying fish passed under the raft and about 200 of them were caught in its interstices.

The men devoured them, but "our hunger was so great and the quantity so small that we were obliged to eat a kind of food at which humanity shudders"—strips of salted flesh from the one dead body not heaved overboard during the night.

The fourth night again the startling cry of "*Aux armes, à nous!*" rang across the raft. The Spaniards, Italians and Negroes—most of whom had taken no part in the first mutiny—ravened for their officers' blood. The Negroes, in their half-delirium, believed the coast was near; their prize was a bag of money and valuables which the officers had tied to the mast for safe-keeping.

The Spanish leader made "the sign of revolt"—the sign of the Cross—with one hand, his lips invoking the name of God, while in his other hand his knife gleamed in the moonlight. The half-crazed men were again looking for the hated Danglas. "A terrible combat again ensued"; bleeding skeletons fighting in the moonlight on the foam-covered raft. The loyal sailors threw the Spanish ringleader overboard; the poor *vivandière*, with great scabrous wounds upon her legs, was again heaved into the sea by the mutineers, but was again rescued by Midshipman of the first class, Coudin, who still held his first command. "Both sides fought with desperate fury"; by daylight eighteen more were dead and the thirty left were nearly all hacked and broken from wounds.

* * *

July 9—Fifth Day

"The sea water had stripped the skin from our feet and legs; we were covered with wounds and bruises which, constantly irritated by the salt water, gave us the most intolerable pain; only twenty of us were able to stand upright or move about; we had wine only for four days, and scarcely a dozen of fish—."

The raft drifted and beat before the wind; the clean winds whispered across the great clean sea.

* * *

July 10—Sixth Day

Two soldiers tried to tap the remaining wine cask; they were flung into the sea; "on this day died also the young boy named Leon" in M. Coudin's arms. Twenty-seven left.

Far overhead the white clouds sailed and at night the cold beauty of the stars looked down upon the surging sea.

Twelve among the twenty-seven—among them the *vivandière*, her legs swollen and the skin peeling to her thighs—were dying; "they were covered with wounds and had almost entirely lost their reason.

"They might have lived long enough to reduce our stock (of wine) to a very low ebb, but there was no hope that they could last more than a few days; to put them on short allowance was only hastening their death, while giving them a full ration was uselessly diminishing a quantity already too low; after an anxious consultation we came to the resolution of throwing them into the sea and thus terminating at once their sufferings. . . ."

Three sailors and a soldier—stronger than the rest—heaved the dying veterans of Napoleon and the sutler's wife into the waves, where the sharks waited greedily.

"This gave us the means of subsistence for six additional days—."

The fifteen left cast into the sea after their victims all the weapons—which had already done their bloody work—except one sabre.

* * *

There followed the rapid disintegration — the decomposition within a few days—of the blood and bone and muscle and sinews, the bodies, that nature had taken decades to build, the dissolution of the souls and spirits that God and man had fashioned in ten thousand years. Such was the slow monotony of torture that there was nothing left of all that centuries had made noble, nothing left of instincts and impulses that poets had praised, nothing left of the intellect that had builded cities and formed governments—nothing left but the beastly instinct, the tenacious life spark, dwindling low, which said to them, "Hold on."

They lived—but barely, while the raft drifted, and the white clouds raced above the tropic sea.

In the days the sun burned them, and their tongues gagged their puckered, dried-up throats. In the nights they took turns resting on a kind of platform, clear of the water, they had made from the raft's planks.

On the ninth day, "a white butterfly of the kind so common in France," settled on the listless sail. . . . Hope.

Bastille Day in France—ah, La Belle France . . . Bastille Day . . . the barricades, the blood of Frenchmen running in the streets of Paris . . . for *Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité* . . . the blood of Frenchmen dripping into the waters of a tropic sea. . . .

The *Marseillaise*—

"*Marchons, marchons, les enfants de la patrie*—"

One of the fifteen feebly stirred and squeezed between his cracked lips a drop of tooth-cleaning fluid from a small phial that had been found.

It produced a "delightful sensation," but not for long. Thirty cloves of garlic and a small lemon, together with tiny sips of wine, kept them alive; they sought refuge from the terrible, burning heat beneath the water which covered deeply the fore part of the raft. . . .

Bastille Day. . . .

"*Marchons, marchons*—"

Pewter in their mouths cooled

Continued on page 184

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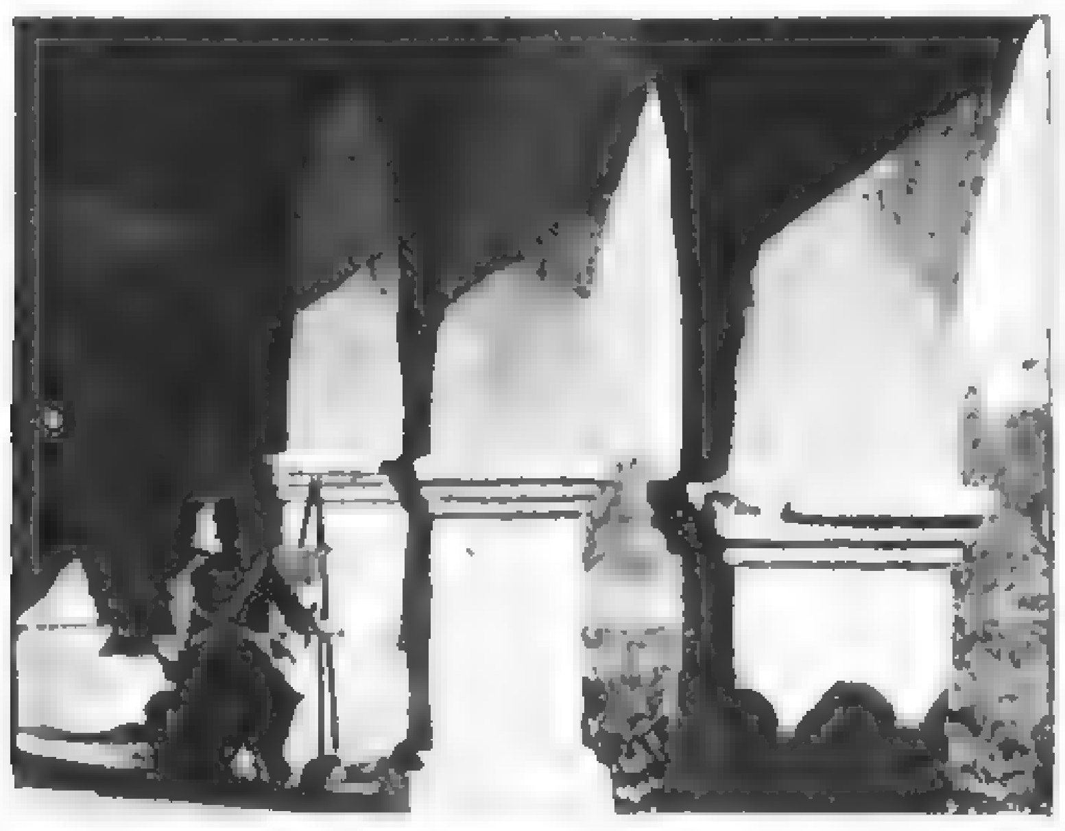

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"IT'S DESERT!" Sand dunes, joshua trees, mirages, horned toads ... smart oases. flowering cacti, salt seas, geysers ...

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Horror on the High Seas

Continued from pages 86-178-181-183

their burning tongues. . . . Thirst, Thirst!

Even the smallest sips of wine produced intoxication in their wasted bodies; Coudin, Charlot and others—despite the nosing sharks, tried to throw themselves into the sea, and "were dissuaded with difficulty."

The days wore on; the raft drifted, like the smiling clouds so far above.

Raging thirst—blazing, sunken eyes; bodies that stank with the approaching putrefaction of the dying.

"One or two drank sea water—or worse."

* * *

They were saved, the miserable fifteen, on July 17th by the brig *Argus* which had made Senegal and had been sent back to look for them.

They were more beasts than men then; their dead-white bellies swollen and protruding from starvation; their salt-caked lips cracked and bleeding portals to mouths blackened and dried; their faces matted with tangled beards; their hair unkempt, bleached and whitened; their legs raw and red to mid-thigh; their bodies seabrous; half-naked, hollow-eyed, dull, almost dying. They crawled whining to the edge of the raft when the boat put out to take them off; whimpering and gasping they were taken back to the world of men, back from the realm of horror which would leave forever its terror in their broken bodies, its screaming fear in their broken minds.

Of the miserable fifteen, five of them died a short time after reaching St. Louis; the rest carried to their graves the mark of the beast—the memories of the raft.

* * *

Of the people in the boats, all reached shore safely. Four of the boats landed at different points along the coast and their passengers made their way painfully and with privation to St. Louis. Governor Schmaltz and Captain LaChaumareys, traveling in style in their well-stocked, well-found boats, had their crews take them "with security and despatch" direct to St. Louis by sea, abandoning all pretense of leadership and all solicitude for the rest of the shipwrecked.

No attempt was made to rescue the seventeen left aboard the wrecked frigate until July 26th, seven days after the survivors from the raft had been landed, and seventeen days after Schmaltz and LaChaumareys had reached Senegal. Then the Governor "at length recollected that there was, on board, about five thousand pounds in specie and a quantity of provisions which it would be a great advantage to recover.

"'In speaking of those things,' said M. Corréard (one of the raft's survivors) to him, 'you make no mention of something infinitely more precious—the seventeen unhappy men who remained behind.'

"'Pooh,' answered the Governor, 'you may depend on it, there are not three of them surviving.'"

But there were just three survivors.

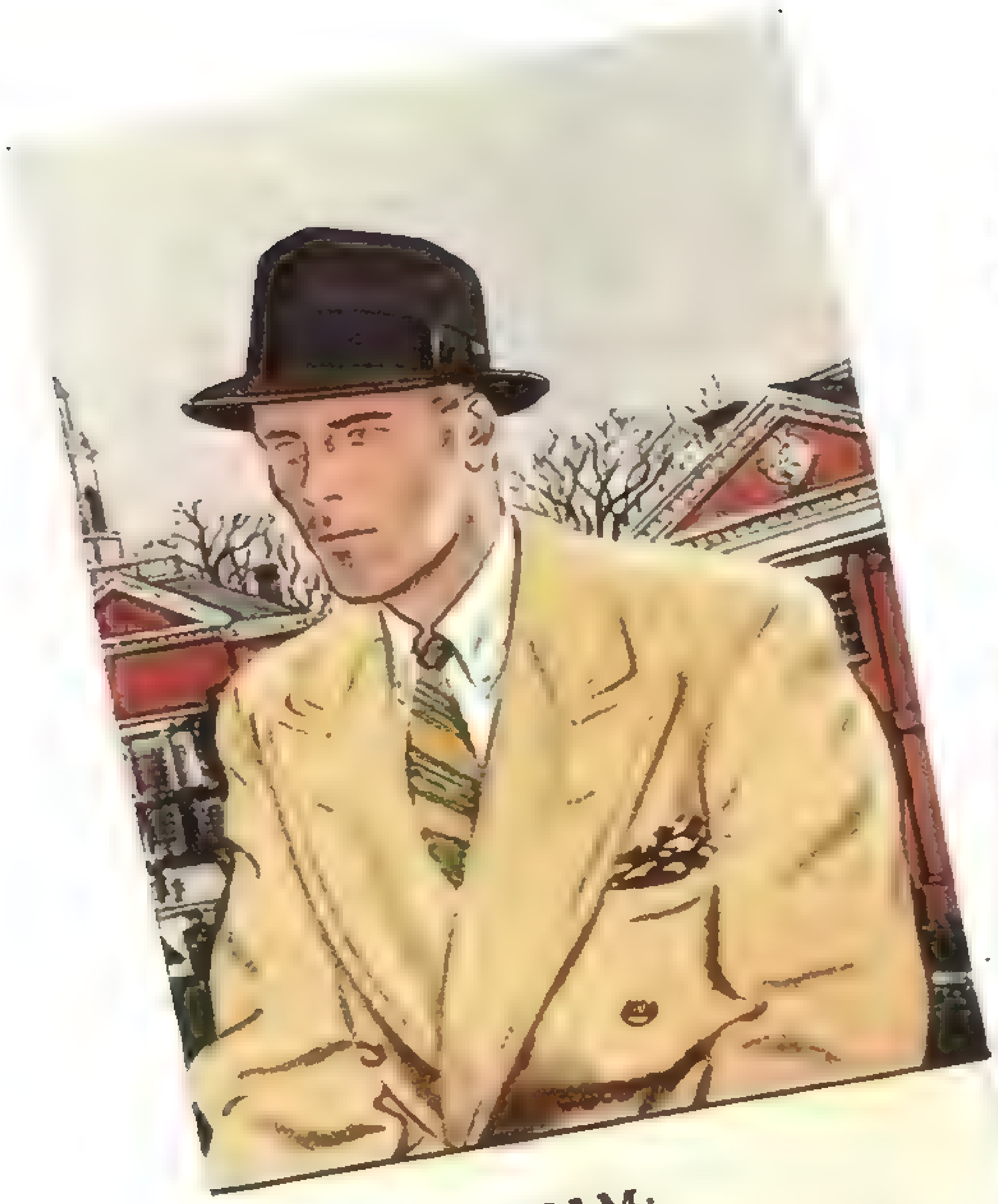
A schooner started for the wreck of the *Medusa* on July 26th, but twice returned to port without reaching the broken frigate, because she was "badly-equipped and ill-found." Finally, fifty-two days after the *Medusa* had been abandoned in disorder and fear, the schooner reached the sun-bleached, weather-beaten wreck, and took off from its sagging decks three half-mad, shaggy beasts who had subsisted for days on tallow and a little bacon. Of the original seventeen, twelve had given up hope of rescue after six weeks aboard the wreck, had built a raft and had tried to reach shore. The raft broke up and they were drowned. Another — half-crazed—entrusted himself to a hen coop and was never heard of again. Another had just died when the schooner arrived.

The three survivors—the skin above their joints stretched tight and waxy yellow like parchment, their stomachs swollen, their minds reeling—had scurried like rats about the rotting wreck, each man for himself. With knives and snarls and growls they eyed one another, greedily scavenging from hogshead and slop barrel and bilges whatever nourishment they could find. The schooner's crew found them half-naked, bestial, but slobbering with joy at the sight of the rescuing vessel.

Two of the three died soon after arriving at Senegal; the third, "who pretended to know a great many particulars relative to the desertion of the frigate was assassinated in his bed at Senegal when he was just upon the eve of setting off for France. The authorities could not discover the murderer." ⧺

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Horror on the High Seas is a factual account of what is generally considered to be the most horrible shipwreck recorded in nautical history. The author has studied the first-hand accounts and reliable translations for this story, and is also indebted to J. G. Lockhart's description of the wreck of the *Medusa* published in Mr. Lockhart's book, *Peril of the Sea*. A few of the quotations are from Lockhart; more of them are from the account written and published in 1817 by Jean Baptiste Henri Savigny, ex-Chirugien de la Marine, and Alexandre Corréard, Ingénieur-Géographe, who were two of the fifteen saved from the raft.



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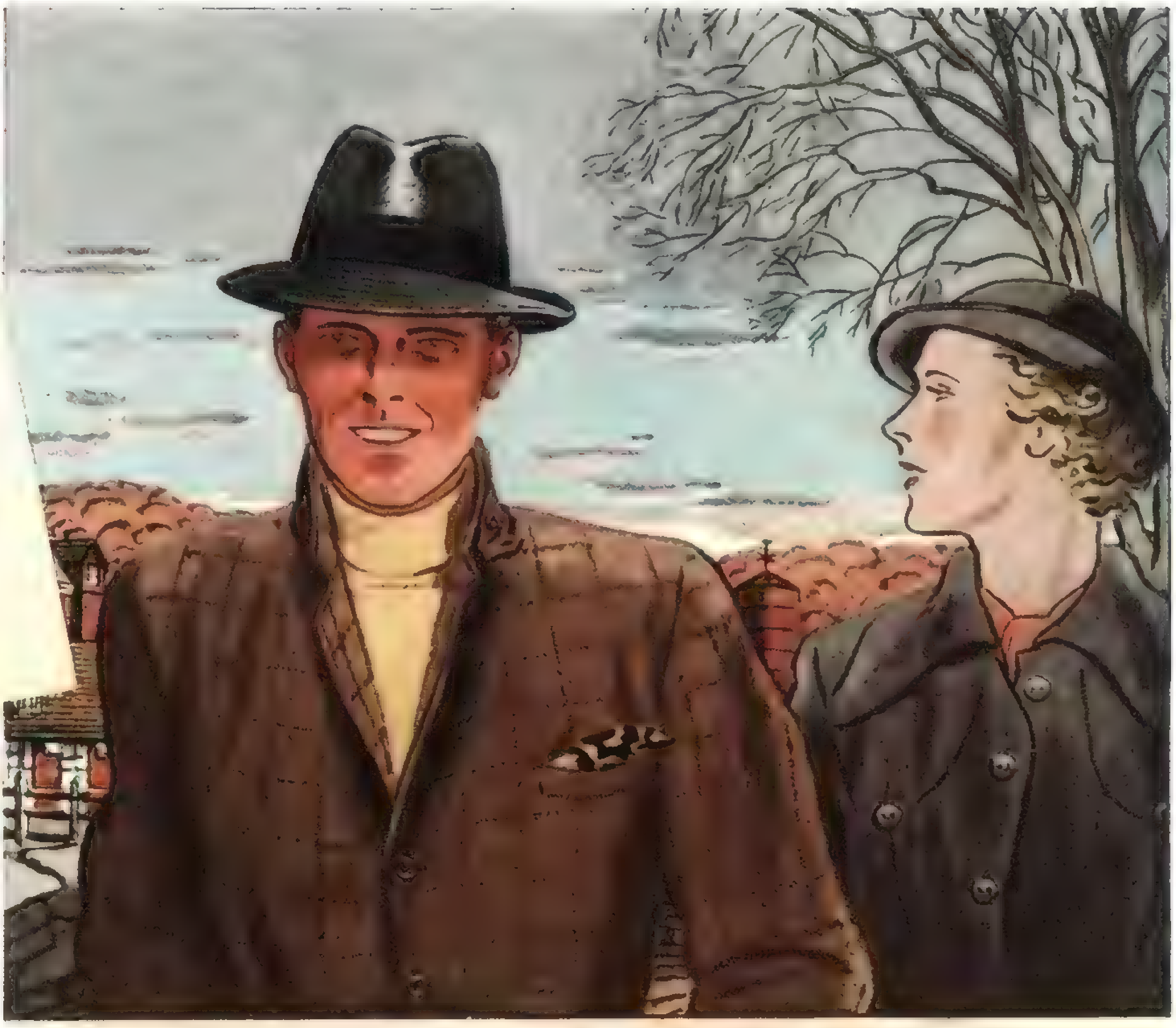
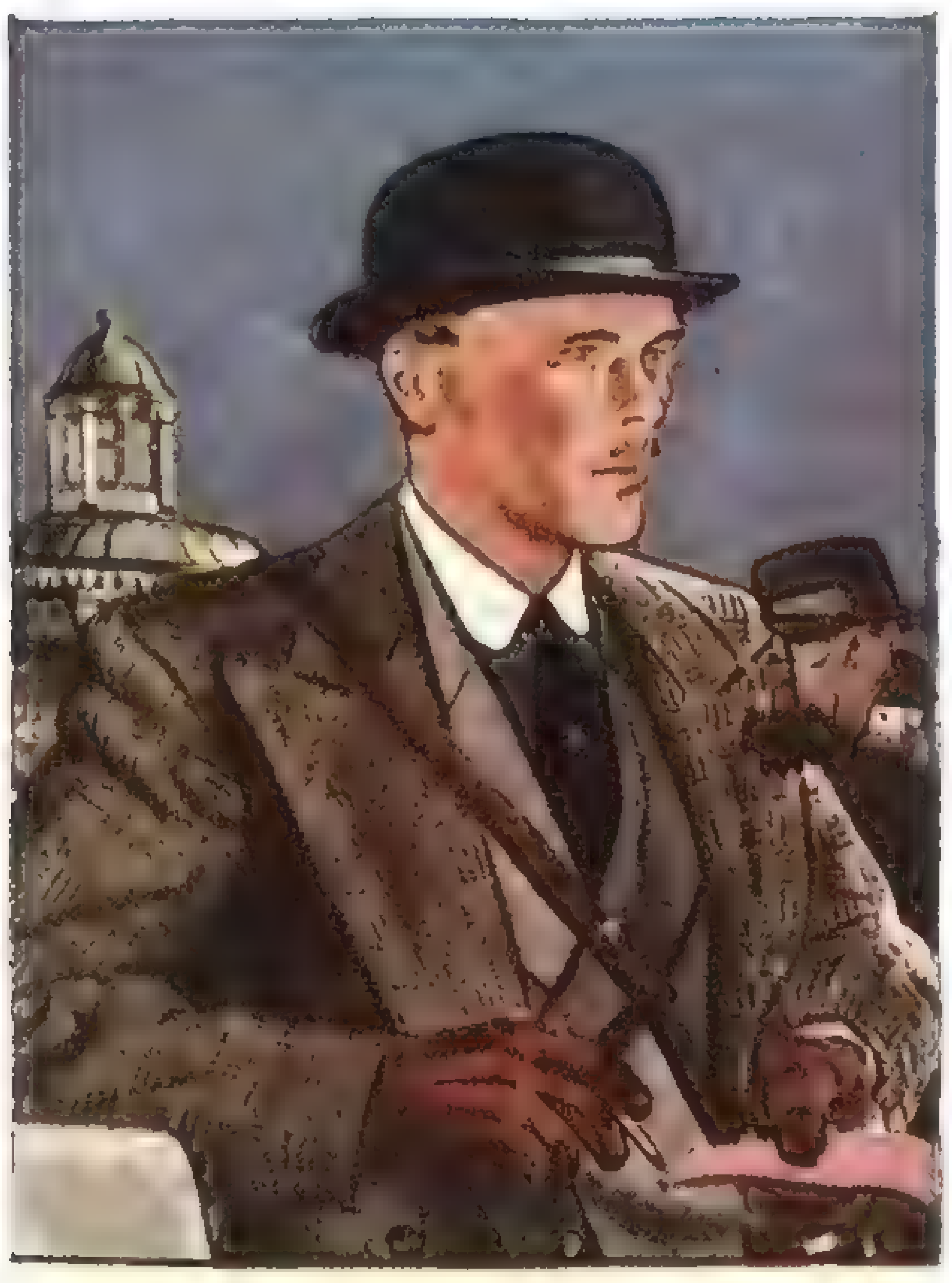


STETSON-GRAM:
ALPINE HATS STILL GO DASHING ABOUT THE COUNTRYSIDE AT SMART SPORTS EVENTS. THE NEWEST ONES HAVE A DECIDED TAPER TO THE CROWN, A MUCH WIDER BRIM, AND A DEEPER UP-TURN AT THE BACK. STETSON'S "SKYTOP"—ROUGH, TWEEDY, WITH BOW AT THE BACK—IS WORN WITH TWEED JACKET AND FLANNEL SLACKS. NOTE THE NEW ROWS OF STITCHING ON THE BRIM. COLOR SHOWN: "SPRUCE-MIX" GREEN.



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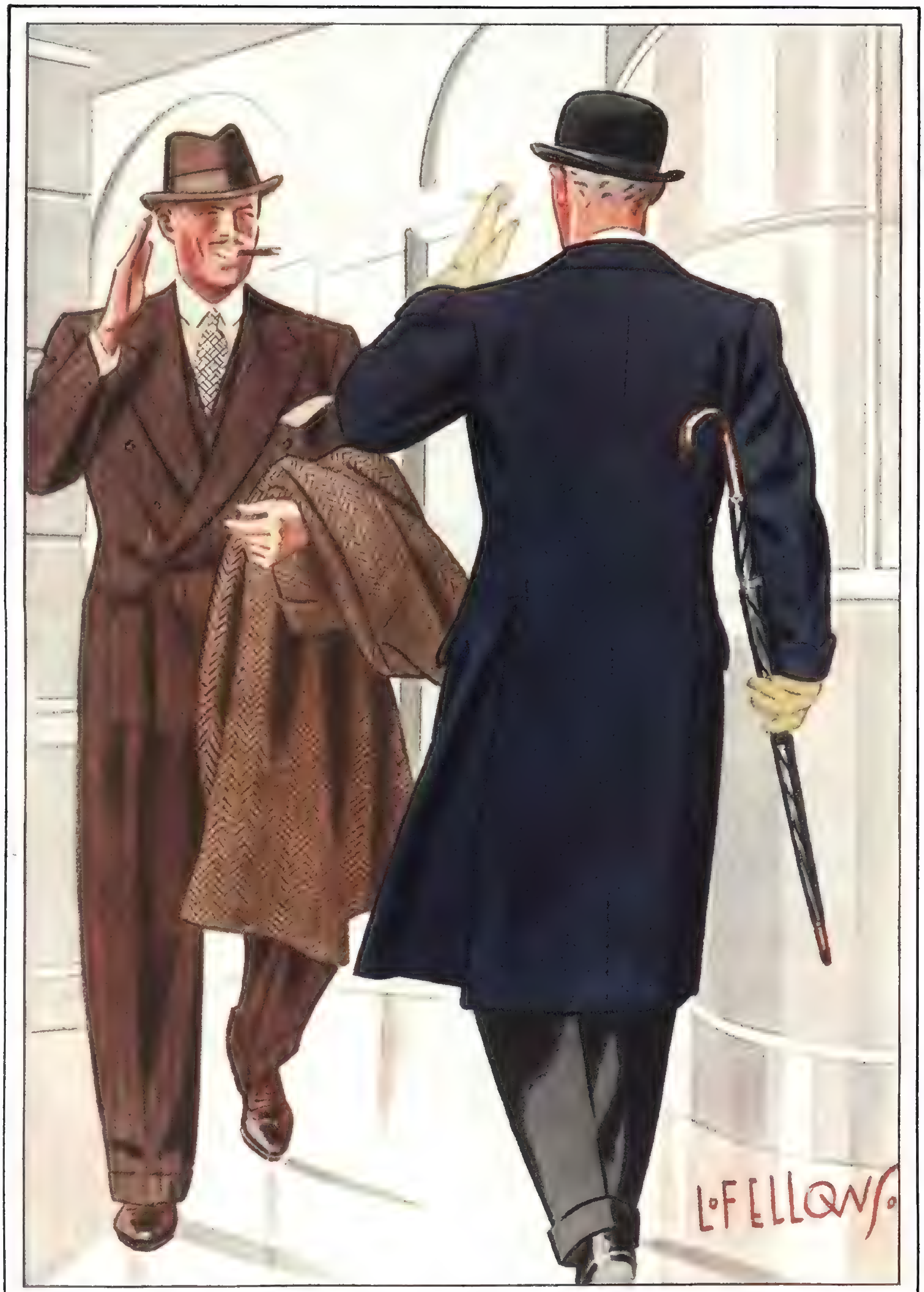

FASHION IS ALWAYS ON THE COME AND GO

In the realm of men's fashions it is almost true, as the cynic contends, that there is nothing new under the sun. But fashions for men are in constant flux and in the changing cycles many things come up that are so old that they are new. For one instance, the man on the left is wearing a starched collar. Certainly this is anything but a startling innovation, yet it is news that more men are wearing starched collars to business today than at any other time in the years since the Great War. For another instance, note the two inverted side pleats giving a flare to the skirt of the coat on the right. This is a fashion that harks back to the Gay '90's when paddock coats had a great vogue. But it's this season's last word from London. These inverted pleats eliminate the necessity of a center vent, thus giving your legs plenty of room without airing them to the cold winds. Note the fashionable colored striped suiting.

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First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from page 117

even the lowly movies can teach the producers and directors a few of its tricks.

For example, there are only a handful of actresses on our stage today who know the craft of make-up, and they are mainly so venerable that it no longer matters much how they look. The others, some of them lovely enough, are such amateurs at the business that when they come out on a stage their faces resemble infinitely less something human than they do plates of tomato salad liberally covered with mayonnaise. The directors perceive this quite as clearly as the audiences, but they do nothing about it. There isn't, so far as I know, a single American producer who has the sense—displayed by even the dumbest movie producer—to hire an expert make-up man for his players. In the matter of actresses' general physical appearance, an equal negligence is observable, to the pain of audience imaginations otherwise willing and eager (else why a doling out of $3.30?) to endow the ladies with the perfumes of moonlight and honeysuckle.

Consider the spectacle presented by most of our actresses, young and not so young, when they are cast in romantic rôles. In the authors' specifications they are supposed to be characters of an intangible and mystic beauty, of a rare delicacy and lovely fragility, of a fragrant and soft cloudlike quality—in short, so many dishes of starlight, roses and whipped cream. That they sometimes *act* such characters is true, but it is surely not often, whatever share of beauty they may naturally possess, that they look like them. Directors permit them, among other things, to wear stockings with visible reinforced heels—and one doesn't somehow associate visible and very practical reinforced heels with a character about whom a dramatist writes: "She is as ethereal as the twilight, as remote from actuality as thistle-down, as unworldly and dainty as the edelweiss on the top of a far mountain." Nor are stockings with large patches of protective material in the region of the heels the only aesthetically disturbing items. Visible outlines of rubber girdles and brassières, long garters and clasps clearly observable through the actresses' gowns, hinterparts made unduly conspicuous by being encased in satin (one often wonders if an actress realizes what her satin-bedecked rear looks like when a spotlight hits it), and other such instances of inattention to detail work further havoc to the romantic mood. The stage has made enormous strides forward in the matter of dexterous lighting, but all the improvements of the Swedish Ars projection system, Fortuny's and Linnebach's devices, Schwabe and Phillips 3,000 watt bulbs and the rest cannot avail to make audiences oblivious of such fifty-cent romantic blunders.

ACT III
Scene 3

The movies, idiotic as they otherwise are and impossible as they are for the consumption of any person with an intelligence quotient above that of a vaudeville imitator of bird noises, do not commit these tacky mistakes. They hire make-up men, as noted, to look after the women's faces, hair-dressers to see to it that their hair is washed, dress experts to safeguard the lines and drape of their clothes, dentists to fix up their teeth, and clergymen to pray for their souls. The theatre's women do not seem to be in any particular need of the clergymen, but they and the theatre could find ready use for the other listed advisers and assistants.

Another thought that assails me in this lull period before the curtains' rise is the unintelligible squeamishness that overcomes producers in the presence of Shakespeare's less polite locutions and their deletion of them lest audiences be offended. Just how these producers arrive at the conclusion that Shakespearean audiences, which are presumably better educated and more intelligent than most other audiences, will be disquieted by words and phrases that those other audiences give ear to with impunity, I am unable to figure out. One of the regularly and imperatively verboten words in the Shakespearean text, a word no Shakespearean producer would think of having his actors utter, was freely spoken in a play by a movie scenario writer that not so long ago ran for several months at the Longacre Theatre. A phrase always deleted from Shakespeare has even passed the Will Hays office and the other movie censors and has been heard freely on the screen all over the country. A noun that appears in at least half of Shakespeare's plays and is frequently repeated in many of them is banned from the Shakespearean stage, though you may hear it nightly, without censorship interference, in the burlesque shows. A word in Shakespeare that is generally mumbled so the audience will not too clearly catch it was a favorite old standby in our revues and musical comedies. And there are many similar instances of Shakespearean cowardice on the part of our managers, producers and even actors.

It seems high time that they rid themselves of such childish and offensive timidity. ⧺

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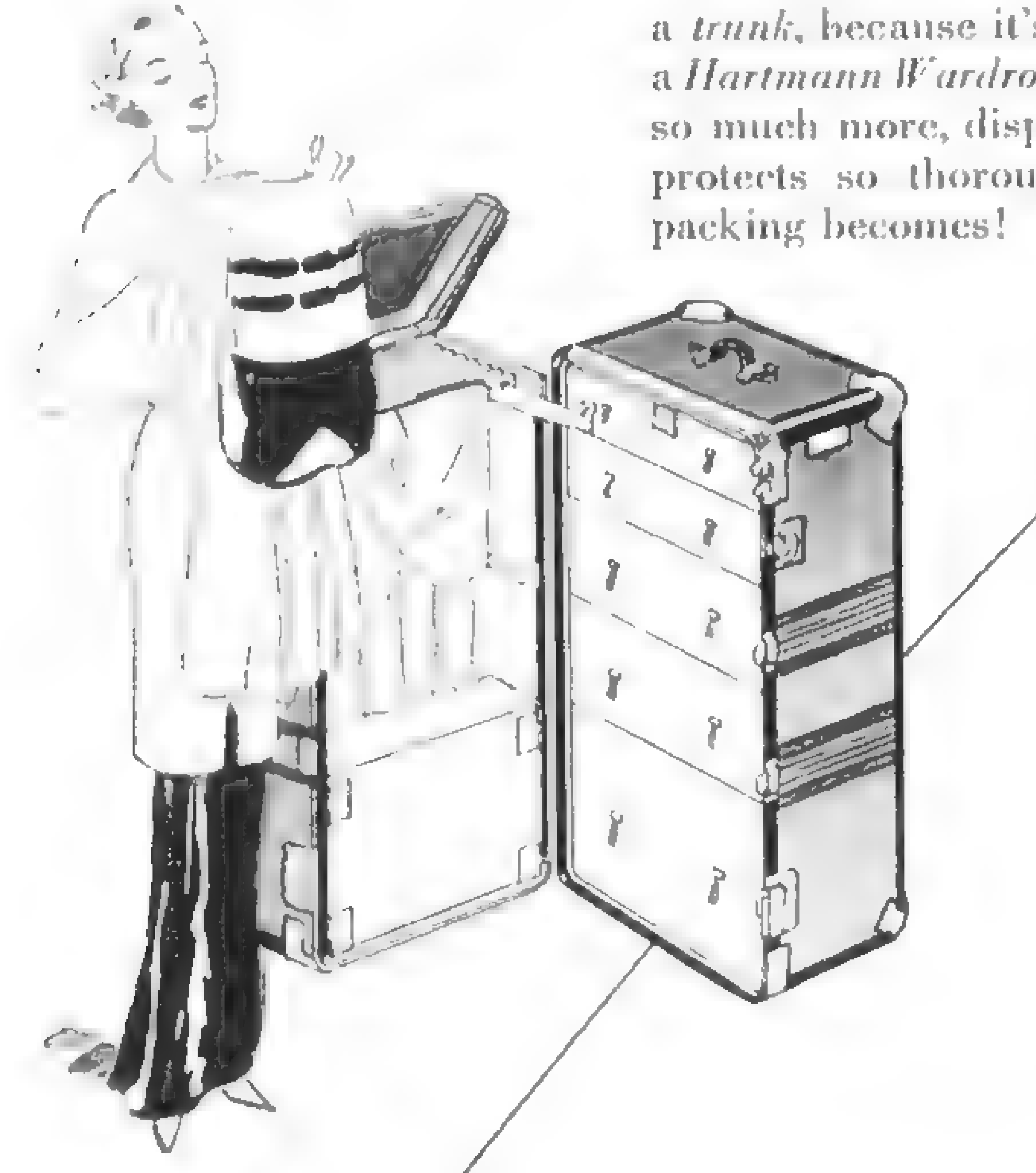

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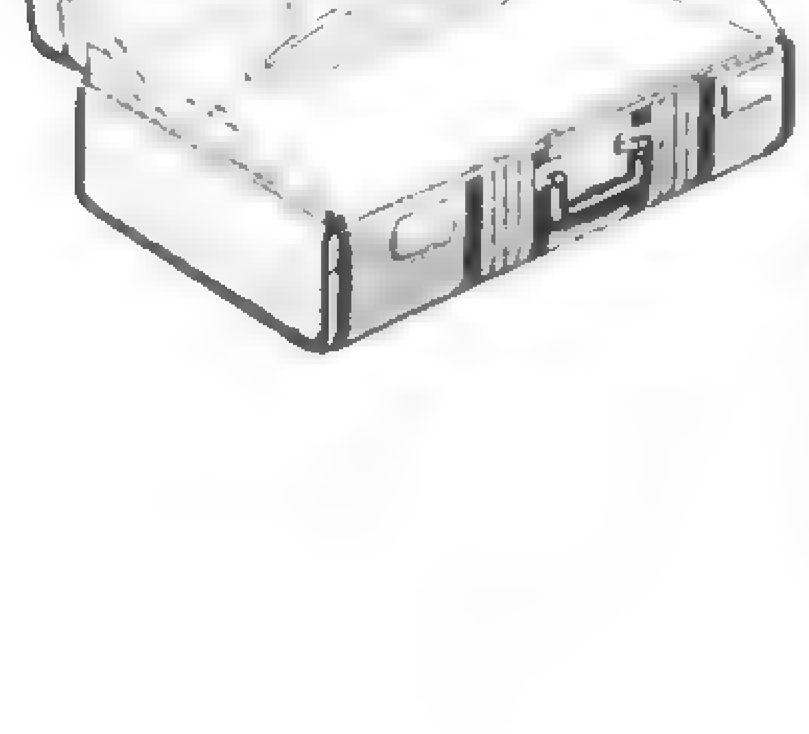

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A Congo Prayer

Continued from page 69

You could hear their breaths sucked in, and then let out again, as the Reverend Mott looked down at us.

"White man," he intoned contemptuously, "you are going to have to pick your own cotton and plow your own corn. We are going back to Africa, and we are going to spread the word of Christ," he rumbled, "in that dark land."

"How," my uncle repeated, persistent as a fly annoying a bull, "are you going to talk when you get there? How are you going to make those stranger niggers understand?"

"We will speak the word," said the Reverend Mott, "and they will know. And I will feed my flock," he smiled, "with a wave of my right hand."

"This nigger," my uncle turned and faced the crowded church, "is a liar and a fake, after your money and not your souls." His eyes roved over the rapt faces there, and I guess he knew every one of them by their first names. "If he could produce food by waving that black paw of his, why not ships and plows? And he could no more talk to your black brothers in Africa—" he hesitated, and his gaunt face suddenly brightened—"he could no more talk to them than he could make the Widow Gilbert's boy talk like you or me."

There was a silence then. Everybody knew about Otis Gilbert, the tongue-tied nigger at the Abbott place, just as you would know about it if a two-headed chicken was hatched, or a calf born with five legs. He had been born tongue-tied, and never able to say a word. We boys used to plague him, like boys do most crippled things, just to get him excited and make him grunt.

"Bring him forth," said the Reverend Mott, "and I will make him talk."

I did not notice when Pastor Wilkes slipped out, there was so much excitement then, and the church buzzed like a hive of bees. From somewhere in the audience, Otis was produced; and there he was, sitting on a cracker box before the pulpit, a scrawny little ragged nigger with an empty, expressionless face, and half-open mouth through which his teeth shone like pearly grains of corn.

Now, looking back, I wonder if the Reverend Mott intended to produce a miracle.

"Have you ever been to Africa?" he thundered down at my Uncle Rannie, and I knew again, though my heart denied it, that he was just a fraud, for he rumbled "I have," and who could imagine a nigger who had ever been anywhere at all?

"I have preached," he lied, and I knew he lied, "on the muddy banks of the Congo. And this poor black boy," he stepped down from the pulpit and put a ringed hand on Otis' head, "can understand my voice as well as they. Speak," he said.

Otis grunted from his stomach, as he always had, and it sent a shiver down your back to hear it. The Reverend Mott spoke on:

"And does he know the word of God?" he shouted. "No! He is today a poor, black heathen soul, God pity him, just like a hundred million of his brothers there in Africa. You can pray, and I can pray to the living God, but this poor boy," his bulldog features softened to a glance of sympathy, "prays to a god of the mud, and the ooze and the slime. He prays to the River God, to the crocodile.

"In just a moment," he lifted his hand commandingly, "I am going to make him speak, but first I am going to let you hear him pray as his brothers pray today, squatting on their hands and knees, with their heads in the mud. Get down," he pointed to Otis, "get down and pray."

Like a puppet, the Widow Gilbert's tongue-tied boy got down off the cracker box and put his kinky black head on the floor, squatting there on his hands and knees. You can call it prayer if you like, but I went cold like a person with a chill, for he grunted like a creature of the swamp itself.

He grunted deep down in his belly like an alligator, and it made you think of dark and troubled things. I know that visions are just dreams, but I could have sworn that for an instant in my mind I saw him crouching at the edge of a black pool, softly grunting at a huge reptilian shape that confidentially grunted back. Such things don't happen. I grabbed hold of my uncle's arm, and we got out of there and into the clean air again.

Outside the church, drawn up in the front yard, was a delegation of white folks from the settlement where, it turned out, they had been properly primed by a very enthusiastic address from the circuit rider on why it was wrong for President Roosevelt to have Booker T. Washington to lunch. With them was Parson Wilkes, vengefully contented.

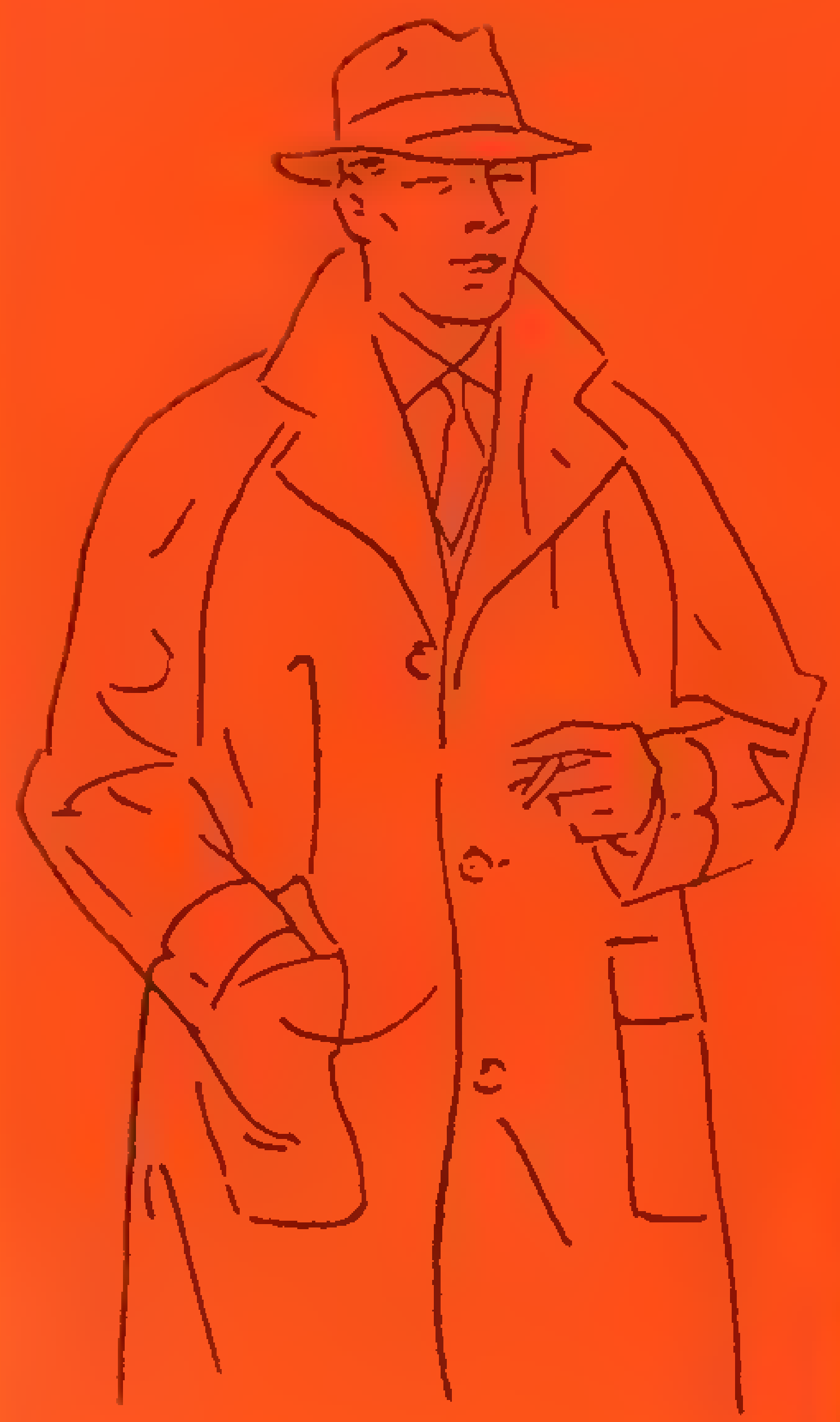
The leader of the mob, a man named Clayton, who hailed from just over the Georgia line, trotted up to my Uncle Rannie and suggested that it would be just as well if he and I cleared out.

"I guess that boy is old enough to see a lynchin'," he declared, "but it might be a trifle delicate for you, bein' as you're county judge."

"You can't lynch a man," said my uncle, "even a nigger, just for preaching salvation in a church."

"No," Clayton replied with agreeable candor, "but we are going to. This damn' Yankee nigger," and he cursed again, "stopped off to talk in the Waycross quarters. He may have preached salvation, but he left with every buried dime and mouldy dollar bill in nigger town. Now you can't get a black man to pick up a hoe. If we don't hang this

Continued on page 190



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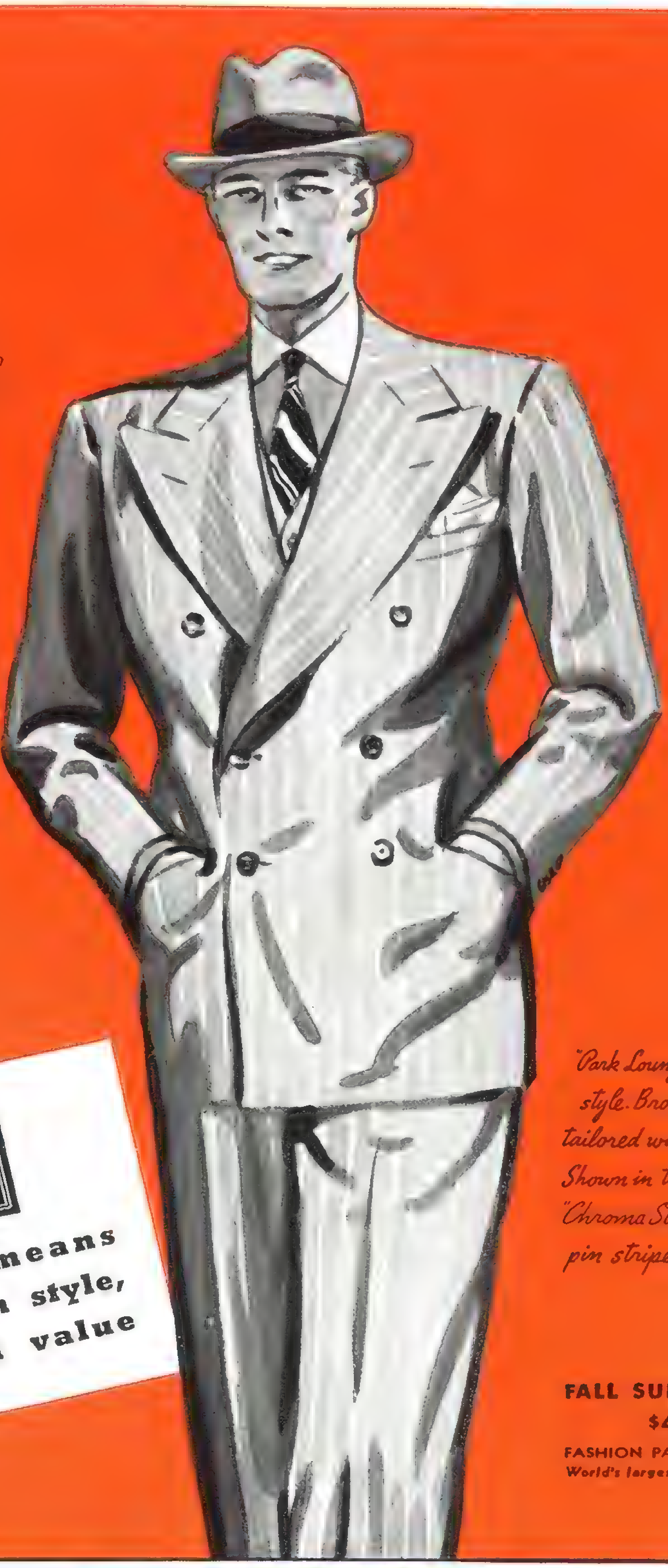

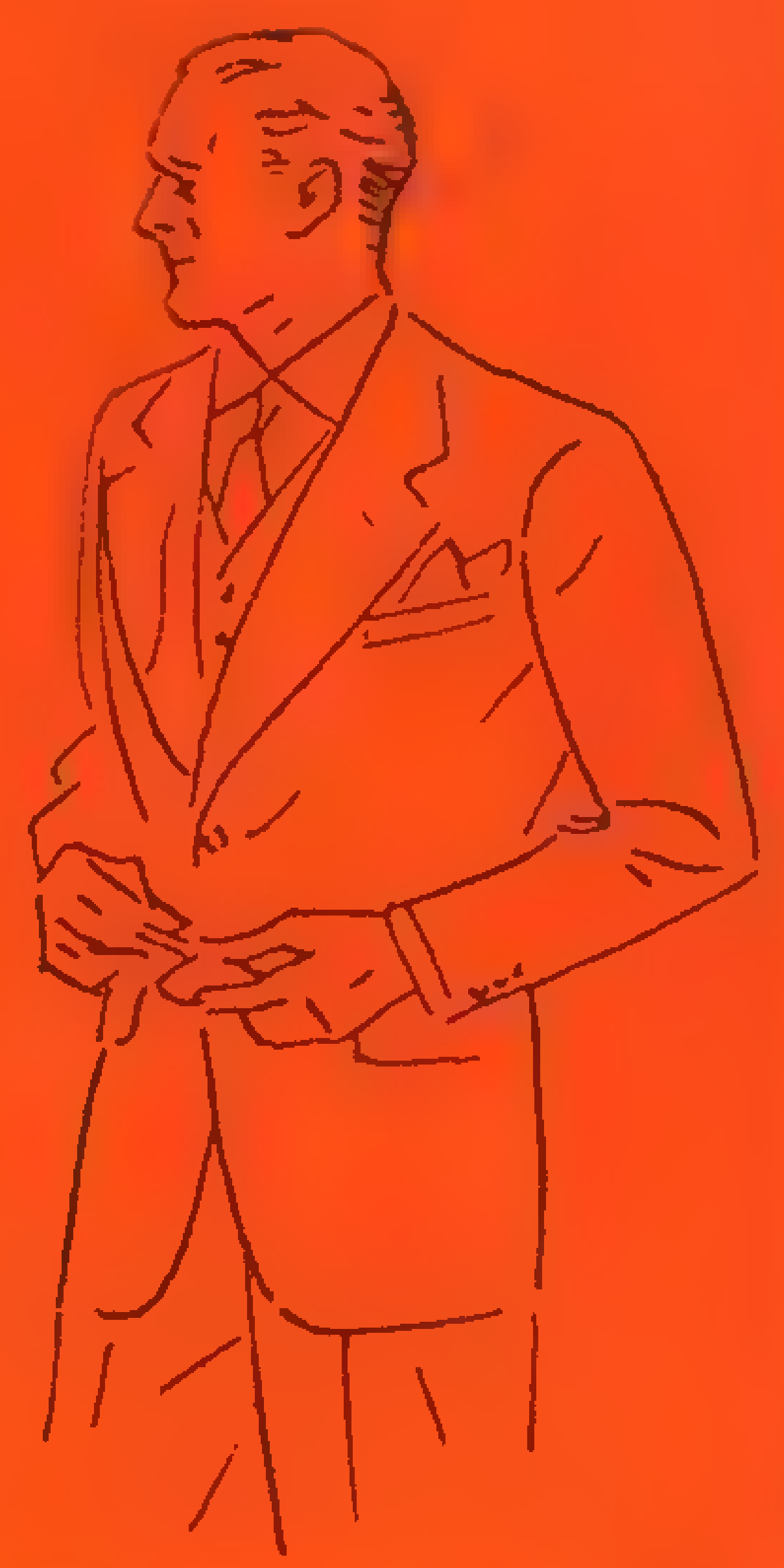

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A Congo Prayer

Continued from pages 69-188

damn' educated nigger soon he'll have every field hand and turpentine nigger in south Georgia and north Florida thinkin' he's gonna put on a white robe and sail back to Africa."

There were about fifty white men there, all experienced in matters of the kind, so in just a moment there was scuffling and shouting in the church, and niggers running in all directions like a covey of quail when you scatter it. Out of the door they brought the Reverend Mott, struggling like the giant he was, and I saw with dismay that they had the little grunting nigger, too. Quicker than you could say Jack Robinson, there was a noose around Mott's neck, and the shirt and ragged pants were stripped from Otis' spindly frame. It looked like a lynching and a whipping then and there.

My uncle made a plea from the church steps for them to obey the law, though it sounded rather lame coming from a man who had always taken the law into his own hands, and they just laughed at him; he reminded them that he was county judge, and it was going against justice to hang a man and flog a boy before his eyes without trial of any kind.

"He's guilty as hell," said Clayton, indicating the Reverend Mott, "and that tongue-tied nigger helping him will run hog-wild iffen he ain't taught a lesson, too. The fact is we aim to hang the preacher, and strap the boy, but if it will make you feel any better to give them a trial, go ahead."

"Take the rope off his neck first," said my uncle, "and take off your hats. This," he surveyed the church yard, and the hempen noose hanging empty over the limb of a live-oak, "is my court room for the time being, and shall be respected as such.

"Now, you," he said to the bull-necked black evangelist, "are on trial for your life, and although there are no formal charges against you, I guess the most fit one would be fraud. And you," he turned to Otis, who was shivering with nakedness and fear, "are a victim of circumstances, brought about largely by myself. I can vouch for your innocence. I might add," he spoke solemnly and distinctly, "that the penalties you both face are not at the discretion of this court, but your method of trial is.

"It is the dictum of this court that you, Emanuel Mott, having just a little while ago promised to produce a miracle, to wit, that you would make the defendant alongside you now speak in a civilized tongue, do so to the satisfaction of these witnesses assembled."

"Do you mean," asked the man Clayton, "that if he will make this tongue-tied nigger talk, we will set him free?"

"That is the proposition, stated simply," said my uncle.

"Agreed!" yelled Clayton with a whoop, and several laughed, for they all knew that Otis Gilbert had been tongue-tied ever since the day he was born, and had never spoken a word that anyone could understand.

"Give them a gambler's chance," my uncle said, "and I will be satisfied."

The Reverend Mott prayed proudly. He stood firm in the sand of the church yard, facing that throng gathered there to hang him, his head held high and his eyes flashing as he called on that glorious voice of his.

"Oh, Lord", he rolled the words, and they rumbled without one trace of fear to mar their majesty, "give this poor boy a voice. The beasts of the field have voices and the birds of the air, and to the sons of Man Thou hast given Thine own voice. Oh, Thou who hast twice ten thousand voices, give but one."

I don't know how to phrase it, for it was just a mood of mine, and boys are always impressionable. Now I would say that, listening, I was struck by the fancy that the man was clay and would be dust, but that voice was an immortal thing, imperishable, something which might be loaned to many men, but never belong to one. It seemed to me then, and does still, that that voice and the Reverend Mott were separate things, and all his pride of owning it was like the pride of a child leading a lion by a string.

"Speak!" he commanded, steadily and confidently, and I thought just a little contemptuously, like a magician about to produce a spectacle.

The Widow Gilbert's child opened his mouth as if to utter words. He opened his mouth, and grunted from the bottom of his belly like a creature of the swamp. He grunted exactly like I have heard an alligator, and it sent shivers down my back again.

The Reverend Mott began to wilt like a cabbage struck by frost. I noticed drops of sweat coursing down from his forehead to his jowls as he turned and stole a glance at the noose a little bit away, then rallied, afraid, but still as proud as Lucifer.

"Give him a voice, Oh Lord," he said, "and I will mend my ways. I will be a faithful servant, and never more leave the path of righteousness. Oh, Lord, Thou hast so many voices—spare him one!" His eyes took in the crowd, stern and menacing, and all at once you could hear the pride ebb out from him. "Speak," begged the Reverend Mott, "just one word . . ."

The abbott's little tongue-tied nigger tried. He filled his lungs until his ribs showed smooth against his skin, and he strained the muscles of his throat so that they stood out like knotted ropes, and just another grunt came forth. In a jiffy, the rope was around Mott's neck again, and Clayton was about to give the order to pull away when my uncle intervened once more.

"Hold on!" he shouted, and the mob hesitated. "You can't hang this nigger until I pass my judgment, and I never pass judgment," he continued, walking up and loosening the noose, "without giving the condemned a chance to say a parting word.

"You," he spoke to Mott, "are undoubtedly guilty of fraud, though I can't see how you deserve to die on account of it. That, however, is beyond my power to prevent. You may have a few last words."

And we knew then what the Reverend Mott had been holding back, what he cherished most in all the world beside his life. He looked out over the mob, and he looked up into the sky, and he looked down, cringing and loose-lipped, with the face of a man who saw death everywhere.

"Oh, Lord," he moaned, and these were the last intelligible words I ever heard him speak, "let me live. Give him my voice, and give me his—" and the rope snapped tight around his neck, and he was dangling in the air, kicking like a panther in a bag.

Men were shouting and cursing, and most of them looking the other way, when someone called out that the Widow Gilbert's boy was trying to escape, and pointed to him bounding off through the woods. A little group detached itself and started in pursuit. Then the rope broke, and the Reverend Mott came tumbling down, clutching at the hemp on his neck, for no one had thought to tie his hands.

I got excited and ran off about a hundred feet, then stopped and looked back. There was Uncle Rannie leaving the mob and running after me in gangling strides. And I saw that they were stringing up the Reverend Mott again before I turned and fled once more. My Uncle Rannie caught up, and the next thing I knew he and I were racing with a crowd, hunting Otis Gilbert like a pack harries a fox.

Justice is queer. Once it gets in motion, the large and the small look alike to it. You would have thought that a hanging underway would have been enough to satisfy folks, but the very fact that Mott was lurching in the air, kicking and threshing in his frock coat, seemed to make it all the more important that Otis should be whipped.

Someone found a pair of hounds and loosed them on the trail. After them we went, through plowed fields and over rail fences, through patches of briar and clumps of forest, while the dogs bayed on. It was my first man-hunt, and my blood pounded and my heart beat a wild tattoo with the thrill of it. I do not think it was so noble now, chasing a boy to tie him down across a log and flog his body till the blood came through the welts, which was what we hoped to do, but we were grimly serious then, and as I ran my conscience consoled me with the thought that a good whipping now would, most probably, save another uppity nigger from growing up to hang.

We were going fast, but that tongue-tied nigger boy was racing for his life, darting and dodging through the tangle with an age-old wisdom of escape. We came to clumps of straggly palmetto, and then to bay-heads and tupelo, which meant that the swamp itself was near.

The edges of Okefenokee were wild in those days, as the center is today, and straight for the swamp Otis fled. His trail, marked by the exciting barking of the dogs, led us down into the gloom of the cypress runs, where the moss hung from the trees like old men's beards, and we tripped and fell on the knobs everywhere underfoot. We raced through black water, sometimes up to our ankles and sometimes over our knees. Then, clear as a bell, far ahead and to the left, came the final frantic baying which signalled that the hounds had closed in upon their prey.

"Here he is," their voices said, clear as day. "Here's your little grunting nigger that we've chased through these miles of canebrake and morass. Come and get him . . . Come and whip him . . . Come . . ."

I imagined I could see him, backed up against some grey cypress bole, naked and plastered with mud from head to foot, like an animal that had fought against a trap, speechless and terrified, mute and dumb as a beast, eyes wide, tongue hanging out, while he fended off the dogs and listened to their clamor filling all the swamp. I remembered how the dogs had always barked at him, and how we boys had plagued him, throwing stones just to make him grunt. . . . For an instant I was sorry; then I joined the rush to reach the center of that baying sound.

There came a silence in the swamp, sudden, abrupt, terrifying. The calling of the dogs ended as instantly as you sometimes hear a thousand rain frogs, in full concert, stop. While that silence, complete and utter, endured, like the echo of a silence, the mob halted, then crashed on again.

We burst through the tangle to the edge of a black pool, and I felt all at once as I had felt that morning when my Uncle Rannie and I and Old Parson Wilkes had broken through the niggers in that crowded church, and stood before the pulpit. There were men there ahead of us, and men strung out behind us coming up, but all that I could think of was that there are strange things in this world. There was not any Otis Gilbert, and there were not any hounds, just a silence, and an emptiness, and a dark pool in the swamp that brought back my vision of Otis Gilbert talking to the River God . . .

"Hit's plain as day," a woods-

Continued at top of page 192

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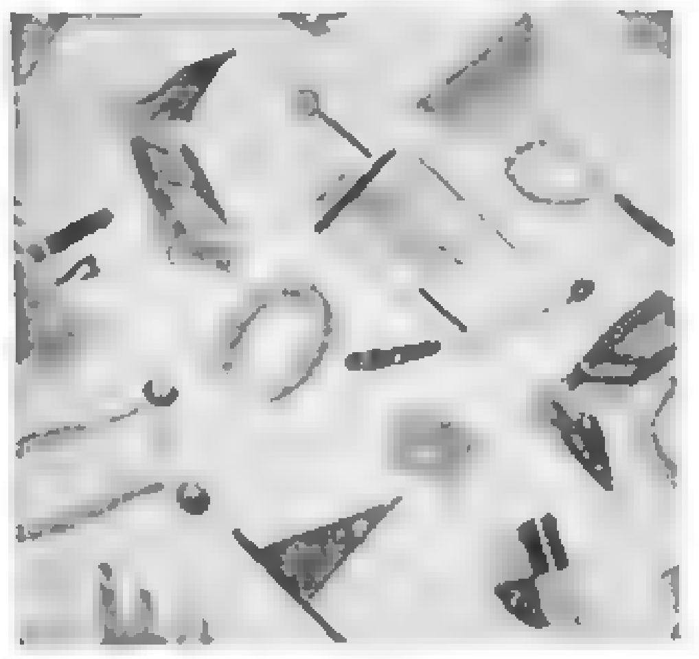
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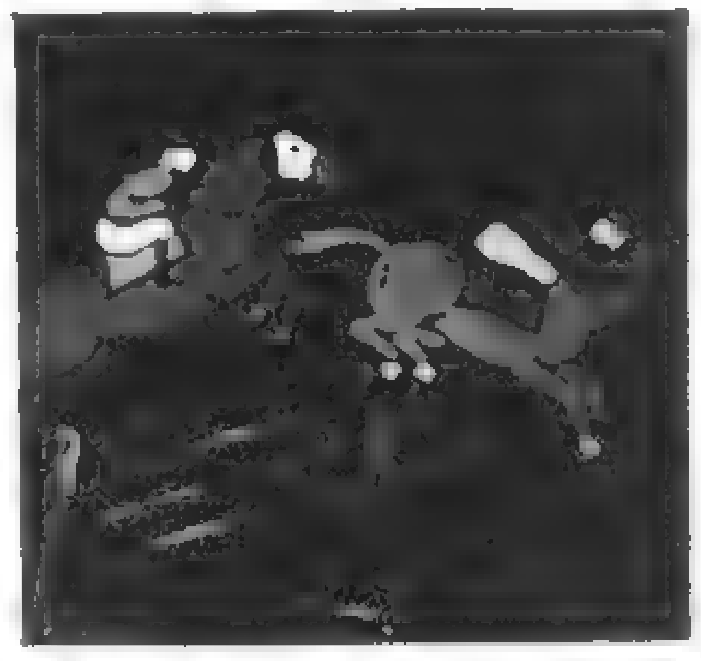
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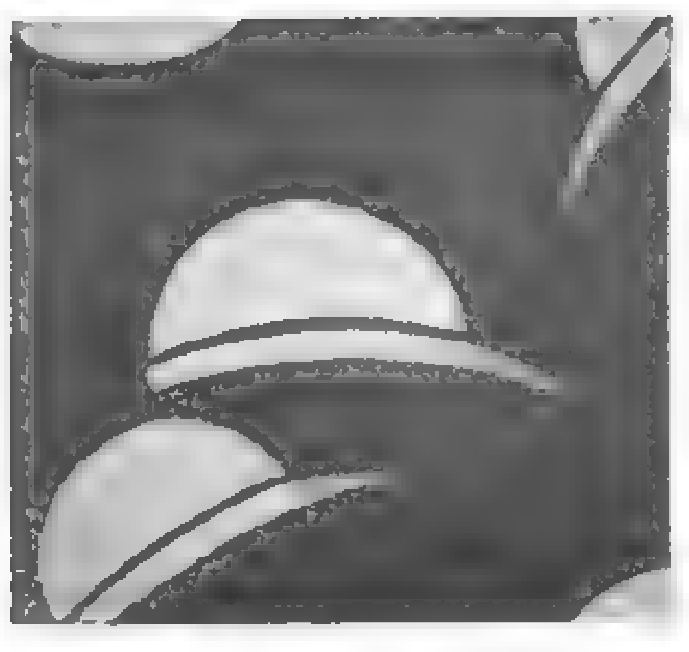
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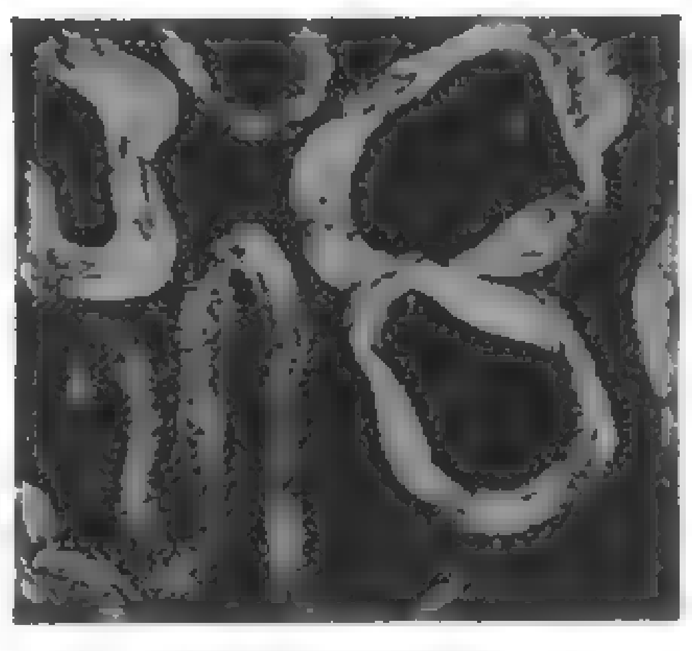
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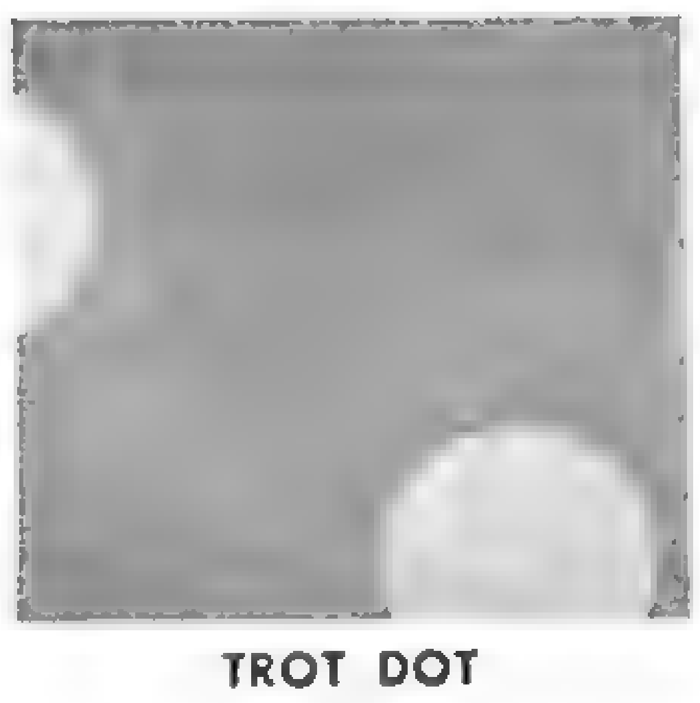
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A Congo Prayer

Continued from pages 69-188-191

man said, pointing down to faint impressions there. "The nigger got down on his knees here in the mud and 'grunted up' an alligator, as anybody kin do if they just know how. An' the 'gator came up with a slap of hit's tail an' knocked nigger and dogs both into the water."

It was a mystery, but it wasn't plain as day. Some claimed they could find signs on the other side of the pool, and they theorized that Otis had swum across and raced off through the swamp again.

Everyone agreed that an alligator had gotten the dogs, and the hunt was ended.

We trudged on back to where the Reverend Mott should have been swinging grotesquely dead, and he was not there at all. The mob had dispersed, except for the man Clayton, who shambled up to my Uncle Rannie, and hemmed and hawed. He asked us if they'd caught the tongue-tied nigger, and when he heard about what had occurred he spoke in an apologetic monotone:

"Judge, I wish you'd stayed just a little longer. You remember the last thing that nigger preacher said?"

"Yes," my uncle nodded, picking his teeth with a straw, "he offered to make a trade, his voice for the voice of the nigger that ran away."

Clayton nodded soberly.

"When the rope broke the first time," he said, "and before we got it tied back on again, he got the noose loose and started to talk . . . Well, Judge," he smiled mechanically through a deathly seriousness, fumbling his hat in his hands, "he grunted just like that nigger boy, but we were bound to hang him just the same. Well, suh, the rope broke a second time, and he grunted some more, so we finally let him go."

I am certain about what happened to the Reverend Mott. His frock coat, his gold watch chain, and his rings are gone so long ago that I suppose I am one of the few to recall he ever owned them. Everyone calls him old Uncle Grunt, and he shuffles along past our store every day in his rags, coming uptown to mumble, grunt and beg.

About the best that can be said of him is that he is still alive, although he cannot speak a word, and it seems an awful price to pay for living. You can guess what a fine, majestic figure of a man he was, for he is like an old swaying tower that nothing lives in any more.

But I do not know for sure what happened to the Widow Gilbert's boy. Some day soon I mean to go to New York, and down to Harlem where Father Beatitude is cutting such a wide swath today. They say that his followers believe he can produce abundance with a wave of his right hand. They say that when he sounds out with that marvelous voice of his, people listen, and they believe.

For Otis Gilbert may have changed, but I will never forget the voice of the Reverend Emanuel Mott. No one who ever heard it ever will. #

A Shelter from the Storm

Continued from page 110

she took him in, thinking him maybe a bit demented with the dark mind on him, and she wanting to nurse him back to a bit of health.

Would you believe it now there was ever in this world a case where lived a woman doubting a man to be her own husband or not! Well this was such a case. And you can imagine the daily drama of that household, herself waiting for the sweet, soothering words of old that never came and himself insisting now and then he was the man called Considine.

And yet, mind you, he grew to love her in a way, and it came to be that every day in the flowering time he would bring her bouquets of buttercups or gather for her the sweet Summer thyme from her little fields. And he would hand them to her in silence and walk away. But she might as well whistle jigs to a milestone as far as getting a word of love in response to her love for him. For still she thought him her husband.

But by degrees now her love so great turned to a doubt as great, and the doubt she had before and him away was as nothing to the doubt she had now and him beside her. Sure, it was worse than any disillusion, worse in a way than death itself, for her to have this living mystery in her house. Her spirit was a storm within her, and her heart but a piece of twisted, empty horn. And her grief was greater and stronger than herself because it was about something she could not understand.

And so it went on for several months, and a bit of a scandal in the country-side it came to be, and the neighbors asking her to get the priest in case it might be a curse on her it was, for wasn't he like a man himself come back from the land of the great Shee, as they call the spirits of the Irish Other-world. But she bade them all be still.

If she but only knew, that was the thought kept hammering in her head, turning the rest of her mind to stone. Och, there was something terrible about it all.

How did it turn out? Well to put a head on it, 'twas the way one fine morning unbeknownst to herself or anyone else he ran away packed off for Dublin town. Only there he took sick to death; and word came he had an important message to tell her alone ere he died. So she hurried off, and when she arrived he was dead.

So that's the story, as sure as my name is Cormac mac Dara. And if she didn't bring him back and hold a grand wake for him with the whiskey flowing. Only some of them were thinking he was a rapscallion who looked like her husband and took her in, like. Maybe, only she didn't think that way and there you are. And 'tis the way she thinks now, poor woman, he'll come back some night maybe from the other side to tell her the message he never gave during his life to ease her troubled mind of doubt, and she lights of evenings a holy candle in the window to beckon his wandering spirit, if it whistles down the wind.

Will he come, do I think? Who knows! Erin's a land where we still believe in the invisible presences. Och, 'tis our right to be superstitious, as they call it, and as far as that goes I was never a man myself to care much for what every knave must see with his own two eyes to believe. But whisht you now, here comes the woman of the house herself. . .

As he spoke a figure silently entered the room and placed a candle in the window. Beneath her gray hair, graved in the ruined beauty of her face softly umbered in the golden candlelight, I saw the thousand traces of pain that a secret and terrible sorrow brings. I heard her words uttering a prayer in the ancient Celtic tongue of the country-side: "*Sha dhu vahah a Muire. . . .*" (Hail Mary, full of grace . . .). Instinctively I turned towards the old man, who suddenly looked at me. He saw the question in my eyes. His voice was a whisper in my ear.

'Tis, that's the very woman herself now, och God forgive me! The storm has passed I'm thinking and we'll be going. But 'tis the quiet spot now as you say, and a funny world no matter where you go. ##

A Father Remembers

Continued from page 95

restaurant downstairs from the office, with the boss. He bought me one, and of course I bought him one, which made two. Two of those little glasses with the built up bottoms, like the kind you get at the hotel. Maybe seven ounces in each glass. Say fourteen ounces in all. You wouldn't call that an awful lot of beer, would you, Jack?"

I smiled as though fourteen ounces were ridiculous to think of.

"You might just as well call it one glass of beer, one regular glass. Of course it would be a lot simpler if I hadn't had any, but it does seem sort of silly to say that one glass of beer would have anything to do with it."

"Of course!" I said. "I wouldn't even bother to think of it."

"I know it," he said. "And I know this is going to sound funny to you, but I want you to know. I get thinking about those two glasses of beer every once in a while, and here's what I do. Once in a while I go down to the corner and have a few glasses—three or four, maybe. Then I come back and go out in the kitchen and try it with the sugar sack. It's one of those fifty pound sacks, you see. You know—just to find out. Come in, I'll show you."

I grabbed his arm as he started for the kitchen. "Come here. Don't be a damn fool!" I shouted.

"It's all right. I just wanted to show you," he said mildly. "I know it's sort of foolish."

"Listen," I told him, "don't ever do a thing like that—anytime."

He nodded slowly. "I know. You're afraid that sometime I might drop it, that sometime a couple of glasses of beer might make just that difference."

"That isn't it at all," I told him. "I know you won't drop it, and it wouldn't prove anything even if you did. But just the same it's a fool thing to do. All it does is just make you feel worse."

"No, that's the funny thing," he said. "It doesn't. It makes me feel better, somehow. Besides, I've only done it a few times, anyway. I know it's foolish, but I just want to be sure."

We talked of other things for a while, and pretty soon I told him I'd have to be going. We shook hands at the door. "Don't worry about the other thing," I told him. "Things like that just happen. I'd just try and forget about it if I were you."

"I know," he said. "But I just want to figure it out."

"And I know it's going to be all right about Kay," I said. "She's just upset now, that's all. Wait and see; she'll be back. She's probably sorry right now for anything she said."

He followed me out to the elevator. "No, you've got that wrong," he said. "Kay never said anything to me. She's through, all right. But she never said it was my fault."

"Of course not," I said. "Of course not. Why should she? Why, you know yourself that if it had been Kay, you'd never think of blaming her."

"Well, no," he said thoughtfully. "I don't suppose I would ever really blame her."

He shook his head puzzledly, frowning. "But just the same," he continued slowly and without heat, "I know that I'd hate her as long as I lived."

The elevator came before either of us spoke again. I shook his hand, muttered some thing or another, and turned into the car. The door slid to, shutting out the sight of him standing there in the hall, gazing at me with the vague and absentminded look of an interrupted scholar intent upon a difficult sum. ##

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A Man's Cellar Is His Castle

Continued from page 120

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APERTIF—(Sherry, the foreign apertifs or standard cocktails. Hence cocktail ingredients)
HORS D'OEUVRE—Dry white, Chablis, Sauterne
OYSTERS—Chablis, Sauterne or Champagne
SOUP—Chablis or Sauterne
FISH — Chablis, Sauterne, Moselle, Alsacian
ENTREE—light meats, chicken, etc.—White Burgundy; Pouilly or Chablis, Rhine wines
GAME—Red Burgundies: Chambertins, Pommards, etc.
ROASTS—Red Bordeaux; red Burgundies, Claret
CHEESE—Burgundy or Claret. (Stilton takes Port)
DESSERT—Champagne or White Bordeaux, Chateau Yquem
COFFEE—Brandy (cordials for women)

Check off the sort of menu you favor in your house and take the list to your dealer, unless you yourself want to experiment. And endeavor to find a dealer that has a good foreign shipper. For in the shipping ports, my friends, even foreigners have been known to adulterate wine and fortify bad wines with sugar. Several dealers have permitted me to look over their books to see what the young folks buy hereabouts. Of course it is an individual matter. But these sample cellars are actual collections, the designations giving an idea of the individual buyer in each case.

BACHELOR'S CELLAR

1 Bot. pale dry sherry	$2.15
1 Bot. Dubonnet	1.99
4 Bots. white Graves, Chateau La Ville Haut Brion	7.00
	$11.14

YOUNG MARRIED COUPLE

1 Bot. Sherry	$2.15
2 Bot. Chateau Paloumey, Red Bordeaux	3.10
4 Bot. Chateau La Mission, Haut Brion	14.60
2 Bot. Pouilly Fuisse, White Bur.	4.50
2 Bot. Chambolle Musigny, Amoureuses	5.20
2 Bot. Chateau Neuf du Pape, '29	4.60
	$34.15

YOUNG WIDOW

1 Bot. Sherry	$ 2.15
1 Bot. Dubonnet	1.99
12 Bot. White Graves, Chateau La Ville, '33	19.25
12 Bot. Liebfraumilch, Kloster Doktor, '32	27.50
	$50.89

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12 Bots. Chateau Paloumey, '29	$17.05
12 Bot. Chateau Belgrave, '28	22.00
12 Bot. Chateau La Tour, Haut Brion, '26	27.28
12 Bot. Graves	18.15
12 Bot. Chateau La Tour, Martillac, '29	24.75
12 Bot. Filhot, '28	25.85
12 Bot. Chateau Latour Blanche, '29	30.25
RED BURGUNDY:	
12 Bot. Beaujolais (good shipper)	18.75
12 Bot. Pommard (good shipper)	24.75
12 Bot. Les Echezeaux, '23	35.20
12 Bot. Chambertin, Clos des Ruchottes	36.85
WHITE BURGUNDY:	
12 Bot. Pouilly Fuisse	23.10
12 Bot. Montrachet	22.00
12 Bot. Chablis	24.75
RHINE WINE:	
12 Bot. Liebfraumilch	17.60
12 Bot. Ruedesheimer	19.25
MOSELLE:	
12 Bot. Zeltinger	17.05
12 Bot. Bernkasteler	20.35
12 Bot. Steinwein Sylvaner, '33	27.50
	$452.48

WEALTHY COUPLE
(*own collection*)*

1 Bot. Amontillado Sherry	$ 3.25
RED BORDEAUX:	
12 Bot. Chateau La Mission, Haut Brion, '23	30.25
12 Bot. Chateau Mouton Rothschild, '29	35.75
12 Bot. Chateau Margaux, '29	18.00
12 Bot. Cheval Blanc, 1st growth	59.50
WHITE BORDEAUX:	
12 Bot. Chateau Laville Haut Brion, '33	19.25
12 Bot. Chateau Yquem, '28	55.00
WHITE BURGUNDY:	
12 Bot. Montrachet, '29	60.00
12 Bot. Mersault, Goutte d'Or, '26	38.50
RHINE WINES:	
12 Bot. Schloss Johannisberg (bottling Prince von Metternich), '29	45.00
12 Bot. Liebfraumilch, Kloster Doktor, '21	34.10

Recently the offer came of making a selection for my own use. It was a great trial as there were some hundred items. But as amount to be spent was limited, the decision finally came to this:

PERSONAL CELLAR

12 Bot. Chambertin Gevrey	$34.50
12 Bot. Pouilly Fuisse	24.75

Experts might consider that a peculiar cellar. It represents an individual taste and is a result of a vote, taken in retrospect of the finest meals over a year. If there was more to be spent the next category would include:

WITH BIG IDEAS

12 Bot. Grand Reserve Traminer (Alsace)	$31.90
12 Bot. Vosne-Romanee	33.00
12 Bot. Chateau La Mission, Haut Brion	30.25
12 Bot. assorted Champagne: vintage years '21, '23 or '26 Approx.	90.00

Give us the above and a desert island, and a miracle, and—well we will let you know what happens later.

In buying the wine for your cellar remember that the laws of France are somewhat stricter than ours and do not allow subterfuges. A chateau wine means that it has been bottled right at the chateau of the owner and the chances are a million to one that the product has not been tampered with, by addition or subtraction. It is well to bear in mind that the wine must bear the county of its origin. And, if you care, any brandy Napoleon left over would kill you if you could find it to drink. From ten to fifteen years is a good age for a ripe brandy. Don't worry about vintage years, unless you are an expert. Some improve with age and some deteriorate. Try a few bottles and become your own expert. ⋕

---

*The couple are gradually laying down a cellar, and will try to save this collection for special occasions and epicurean guests.

there's one Best in everything

. . . in tomato juice it's Heinz . . . pressed from the pick of the world's finest crop—always uniform—always the best

Lift a chilled glass of Heinz luscious tomato juice. Drink to health in the most colorful of natural beverages! Here's the essence of tomatoes, fresh-plucked from the vine—the golden warmth of summer sunshine—the tingle of early morning dew. Your first sip will tell you that Heinz Tomato Juice is the finest in the land!

Heinz coddles prize tomato seedlings in Heinz own greenhouses—breeds and crossbreeds them. Each year they are distributed to specially chosen farmers for careful cultivation. And the reward is the finest tomato crop in the whole world.

Of this select harvest, only the plumpest, red-ripe specimens are used for Heinz Tomato Juice! Whisked off to near-by kitchens, they're washed, pressed and the juice packed the same day!

Health-giving vitamins—all the rich minerals and vine-ripe flavor of sun-blessed tomatoes are sealed in spotless tins ready for you to serve on any occasion.

Heinz Tomato Juice has the zest that launches meals to sprightly beginnings. It's one of Nature's grandest drinks—one that the whole family can enjoy!

Help yourself liberally to Heinz Tomato Juice. Serve it for breakfast, lunch and in-between. Enjoy a glass just before bedtime. You'll want to keep a few tins handy in your refrigerator always. Ask your grocer for a generous supply today.

A NEW IDEA IN RADIO
for Women Only

Listen to *Heinz Magazine of the Air*—a complete radio magazine. Romance, music, homemaking and scores of other worthwhile features. Guest stars appear on each program. Don't miss it. Full half hour, three times weekly—Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings—11 E. S. T.; 10 C. S. T.; 9 M. T.; 12 noon Pacific time. Columbia Network.

HEINZ
TOMATO
JUICE
H. J. HEINZ CO.

Heinz
TOMATO JUICE
57

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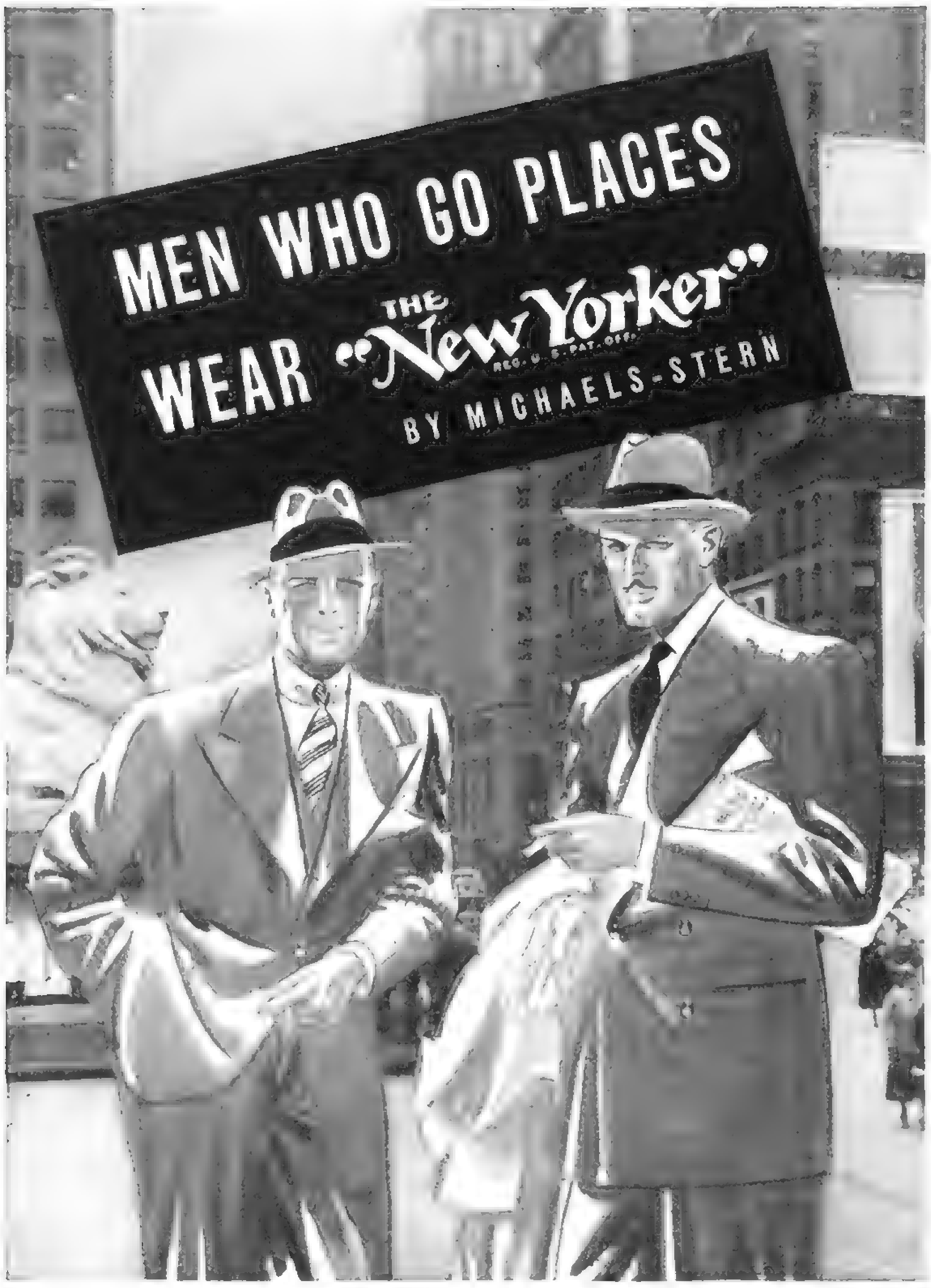
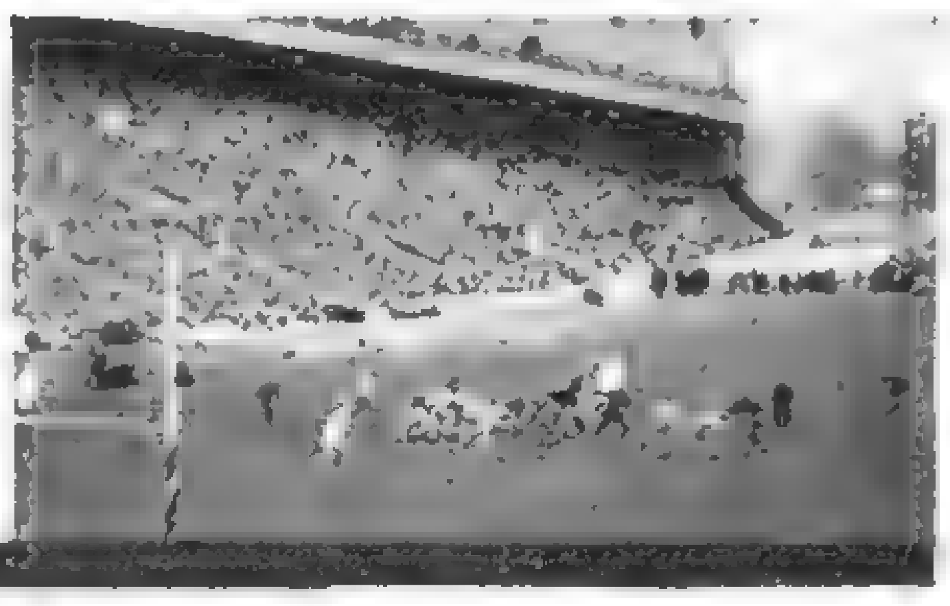


ON THEIR WAY . . . *up Lake Shore Drive . . . down Park Avenue . . . out Hollywood Boulevard . . .* men who go places shape the social and business life of today. And quite naturally, these men are showing the world something distinctly their own in how to select clothes and how to wear them. They are revealing an overwhelming preference for *The New Yorker.*

These men recognize that *The New Yorker* has everything that fine tailoring can provide . . . style, quality and a wide choice of appealing fabrics. They know, too, that Michaels-Stern has laboratory-tested everything that goes into *The New Yorker* to make certain that it keeps its smart appearance indefinitely!

NATIONAL FOOTBALL THRILLER . . HERE'S A PREDICTION!

A lot of men wearing *The New Yorker* will be at the colorful clash between Ohio State and Notre Dame at South Bend. That's *one sure bet.*



★

The New Yorker is moderately priced — see it at

JOHN DAVID

IN NEW YORK

or at the leading men's store in your city.

LOTS OF LIFE IN THIS 100-YEAR-OLD!

October's Rodeo is another reason why Texas' 100th Birthday Celebration continues to attract Americans who go places . . . including *"New Yorkers"* from every state.

TAILORED BY
Michaels-Stern
OF ROCHESTER

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from pages 6-8

ESQ. SEEMS TO BE WIRED FOR SOUND

Is ESQUIRE going to be a men's magazine, as its parents intended, or is it going to continue metamorphosing into some sort of hermaphroditic publication?

The stories and articles, for the most part, are swell, but the clothing advertisements reek with effeminacy. The guy that composes those cute little fairy tales about what you should wear with those damn horse-blankets, red shoes, pork pie hats and all that other junk, ought to let out his corsets and relax. By the way, what's his maiden name? I have been around the country a hell of a lot more than any of these ethereal clothing experts, but I have yet to see grotesque monstrosities like the monkeys you use for models and the "daring" garments they sport. Why don't the advertisers get wise to themselves and realize that no one but a pale neurotic would be influenced by such displays? Why don't they put their togas and bloomers on something that has at least a slight semblance of a human being instead of these repressed artists' conceptions of what a man should look like?

And another thing, how long has this men's girdle and undie conscious craze been going on? Maybe there is something wrong with me, but God, I swear I would slit my throat if I walked into the locker room and found the boys prancing about in gizzard squeezers and scanties like some of your advertisers are showing. Why don't you make a deal with that boy Chas. Atlas to show you how to *develop* a waistline instead of trying to make men with a lot of female foundation garments? Do you see what I mean, or are *you* wired up wrong too? Instead of inspiring virility, you are powder puffing these young college yaps and youths of the world into ultra conventionalism and timidity with your advertising and then goosing them with a real he-man story. Be consistent, M'boy, and make up your mind whether ESQUIRE will be for the den or the boudoir.

Sincerely,
Detroit, Mich. F. E. NEILL

LATINS LAUGH LAST?

The article *Latins are Lousy Lovers* which appeared in your October issue has brought a storm of protests, not specifically against the authoress, as during the past few years the multitude of tourists who have visited here will be among the first to discredit the calumny spread by an unfortunate American woman, who no doubt has the misfortune to mingle with the scum and undesirables which exist in Cuba as in any other country. Perhaps because of this lady's social standing she did not have an opportunity to meet and to know any representative members of our middleclass families, where the Cuban wife is the queen and mistress of her home, highly respected and deeply loved by her husband to such an extent that he provides her with sufficient servants that she may be spared domestic drudgery.

But I repeat, we have no quarrel with the authoress; rather our protest is against yourself as Editor for allowing such an article to be published under the caption of "Education."

A magazine enjoying the reputation of ESQUIRE by publishing an article of this kind reduces its moral standing, and same will be branded as an act of "Yellow Journalism" by your better informed subscribers. It is unquestionably very poor taste and hints of vulgar breeding that such an article whose every line is an insult to decency and morals should appear in print merely to afford an outlet for this unfortunate lady. It is to be lamented that due to lack of foresight on the part of an editor, this unfortunate lady should be instrumental in undermining the admiration and respect that we have always had for the American people. Happily, though, I believe that myself, like the majority of Cubans who may lay claim to at least a smattering of education can deduce that a Nation is not to be judged by the standard set by one editor and an anonymous authoress.

Very truly yours,
Havana, Cuba A. MONTERO

HICCOUGH CURE IN THE HINTERLANDS

If *S. & F.* will help us grow hair on the old bald knob surely it will also be interested in a new cure for "hiccups," one which at least has a batting average of 1000 in twelve attempts—both masculine and feminine, by the way. The remedy is very simple and requires only a little will power and a complete trusting confidence. The victim stands with hands at side, completely relaxed—and herein lies the secret—if you can't relax and face the music, don't blame the cure. Then he or she, as the case may be, says to his or her dearest and most trusted friend: "Go ahead, give me a punch in the stomach." No one has yet determined whether it is the effect of the blow or the fear that the belly wallop may be a knock out that effects the cure—but it works. Try it next time and be convinced.

And speaking of "hiccups," couldn't *S. & F.* or one of ESQUIRE's other "visiting around" departments publish the formula for that delicious but destructive concoction that made the Lexington famous—the Boo Snooker. Oh, how that information would be appreciated in the hinterland—there would be no dull Saturday night parties this winter.

Very truly yours,
South Bend, Ind. H. D. HASKELL

THE CHORINE CREED

Being only a female (and a chorus girl to make it a lot worse) I take the only means I can find to enter the sacred cover of your "Strictly masculine" publication.

First I should like to extend my best wishes to you and your staff or whatever it is that blesses the modern generation with a publication that we can read without the usual omitment of our train of thought and having to readjust ourselves in a mental way to read and enjoy the nonsense of the usual uplifting clean language of the tender romances that we finish with disgust after the millionaire falls hopelessly in love with the girl in a ten cent store and they live happily ever after, they get married first of course, phooey!

After I spend an hour buried in such a story, I find myself walking in a dream for days and expecting a movie star or a producer to walk up to me on Hollywood Blvd. and say, "You're beautiful, will you marry me? If you do not my heart shall break and I will spend the rest of my life sailing the seven seas and dreaming of you!" That is bad because it spoils my affection for Joe the bartender around the corner and he doesn't look so romantic to me until I get over the spill, so give me ESQUIRE and its people like they really are, not like somebody would like to think they are, but somebody makes a living writing it and far be it from me to say Aye or Nay!

Besides the entertainment I derive from ESQUIRE, I got my clearest idea of what a communist is from Burton Rascoe. I buy the books he recommends—that is, if I don't have to buy stockings when it's pay day.

I would like to say that the series of tips about the ways and means of the unfaithful spouse contains some things I hope I don't forget to remember, for even chorus gals get married no matter how briefly, and it might be well to keep it all in my unmarried mind for eventually the said movie star may walk into my young life.

Cheers for Hemingway and the author of *Lie Down and Die;* nuts to

Hibschman, *Woman, the Pet of the Law*, maybe she was before "Suffrage," but now she's put a stop to that and got what she had coming to her dainty self for taking the audacity to meddle into something that was of very little concern to her. I'm only glad I had nothing to do with it, I guess mama left me with a neighbor while she joined the "Suffragettes"—or maybe it was all settled before I made the appointment to meet my mother in the Guest room with the family Dr. to referee the meeting. Anyway, I'd rather spend my time trying to improve my looks, for if a gal's pretty it doesn't matter if she knows a Socialist from a Democrat or Republican, it doesn't arrange for that cottage with rambling roses or the platinum band, and being a lady didn't keep me from spending ten days in jail once for introducing the artistic Fan dance to a small town in the middle west, so ladies go ahead and suffer, I'm sorry for one thing—I have to suffer with you.

I hope I may appear for this once in your magazine if only to show my friend and severe critic Henry Johnson, the screen writer to whom I once confided my secret obsession to become a writer to which he replied I was not the "Type," had no message for the world. So, for once I could reply that I at least had a royal send off.

Sincerely,
Hollywood, Calif. Betty Lewis

P. S.: I think I'd better make an apology for the illiteracy of this article I have labored over so diligently. I guess I'm like the man who wrote a book with grammatical errors and no punctuation marks and ended by bidding the poor reader salt and pepper it to his taste and set down an assortment of the various marks of questions, periods, etc. I think they called him a pessimist or an egoist, or something like that, if it's bad to be one of those I hope I won't be classed that way—but I'd appreciate a tip-off from some one about it. Thank ye, Gents.

B.L.

UPRIGHT ORGAN

You guys are always hanging such stinking clever titles over the tit-tat-toe and drivel to be found in these columns that it has gotten under my skin. There was an opening in our sales promotion department the other day. I applied. The manager said, can you write? Can I write? Hell yes I can write, I said. Well take this home and write it then, he said. It was a story about automobile radiator screens being reduced in price. A real opportunity to reveal my talent. I held it down pretty good in the body of the story, but when it came to writing the "head," I decided to consult your efforts in *S. & F.* Fool that I was I admired them. Several issues later, (I have them all for the past two years) I coughed up an idea, a little tubercular I'll admit, but a nice shiny one. "Bug Bugaboos At A Bargain." Snappy, what? Doesn't that clearly show the *S. & F.* influence? And aren't you ashamed? The manager looked at it (the head, not the story) and said, say do you know what a house organ is? I've got a good idea, I said. Well, he said, it's not the kind of organ you can play Antheil's version of *Frankie and Johnny* on! He threw the whole thing in the wastebasket.

Please don't think I am suggesting you stop printing your magazine just on my account. All I want to do is point out you're driving some of your readers nnnnnnnnuts!

Yours rather jarredly,
Kansas City, Mo. W. L. Bridges, Jr.

IT'S MUTINY

I noticed the advertisement in your October issue plugging *Scribner's Magazine*. I went out and bought myself a copy of it and found it so pleasing that I have decided to buy *Scribner's* each month instead of Esquire and save 25c.

Respectfully yours,
Charles Andrew Simpson
Greensburg, Penna.

THE MARINES HAVE LANDED

Being eternally sick and tired of seeing nothing but gobs in your occasional cartoons depicting casual love on Riverside Drive, or pictures of the fleet shoving off and broken hearted ex-virgins singing the blues about their sailor boys, I am taking the long shot means of getting the Marine Corps some space in your magazine. The *Sound and the Fury* is better than nothing.

I wouldn't care to stir up the old feud and touch off a conflagration among your sailor readers, but there is nothing much that a sailor can do that a Marine can't do better, including seducing willing females from Norfolk to Nagasaki.

We do not constitute as large an organization as the Navy (that's *one* reason why we have to be better) and therefore you run the chance of alienating the affections and four-bit notes of a big market, but I'll bet you a free copy for me against a year's subscription for you, that if you print this all the gobs in the fleet will buy the *next* month's copy just to see whether or not any one of their number has taken up the challenge in the *S & F.*

Let me suggest that Major John W. Thomason's stories that appear occasionally in the *Saturday Evening Post*, and which are illustrated by himself, really belong in *your* magazine, they're that kind of stories. He's a good judge of liquor and knows whereof he speaks, I was in his outfit during the war and I *knows* he knows.

And listen pals, this is all friendly criticism with no "Goddamits" and "sonofabitches," if you'll slip me the address or telephone number of that gal who posed for the Heinz tomato juice ad in the September issue (that Lights Out stuff, you know?) I'll make out an allotment to you for the rest of my cruise. What a doll!

Cape May, N. J. Cliff—Marine

P.S.: I can't give you the last name—a red headed sailor's wife in Washington reads this magazine and she's just about fed up with the Navy.

IS THIS WHY OUR MARCEL IS MISSING?

All right Marcel de Sage, keep on! If I could stomach the food in our local jail, I'd be tempted to look you up, and when I'd finished with you, you'd be looking up too, only you wouldn't be seeing anything, on account you'd be a-passed away.

Nine years ago, I was a young (oh very young) budding poetess. I cherished the dream that I might one day be the victim of a great unrequited love, so that I might pour out my breaking heart in poetry, and become famous. I even went so far as to write a lot of slush, some of which was published.

Then I married. I became a prosaic wife. Gone were the dreams of the grand passion, the great unrequited love. They faded into the background to make room for the more important and practical plans, to keep him—and me—faithful.

A couple of weeks ago I was cleaning out my trunk when I came across some of the old brain-children. Just for the pure and unadulterated hell of it, I sent them in to a woman's magazine in the next mail, and they were promptly accepted for publication.

Story sound all right? Well, it was, until last night. I came home from a bridge-date (Yes, I said bridge-date) and found HIM reading your latest Esky-pade in "our" favorite periodical. He was tapping his foot. Then he got out my scrap-book of carefully preserved clippings, and read them over. He continued to tap his foot.

Now how does it sound? You'd better get busy, Marcel, and think up a darn good one for me to use when he stops tapping his foot and begins cleaning his gun. Get busy, Marcel, that jail food doesn't sound so bad, after all!

Furiously yours,
Chicago, Ill. Cleopatra Jones

Continued on page 198

Made by the same
EDINBURGH
FAMILY
since 1807

100% SCOTCH WHISKIES EIGHT YEARS OLD
4/5 QUART
86.8° PROOF
McCallum's
Perfection
Blended
Scots Whisky
EDINBURGH (FOUNDED 1807) SCOTLAND
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND

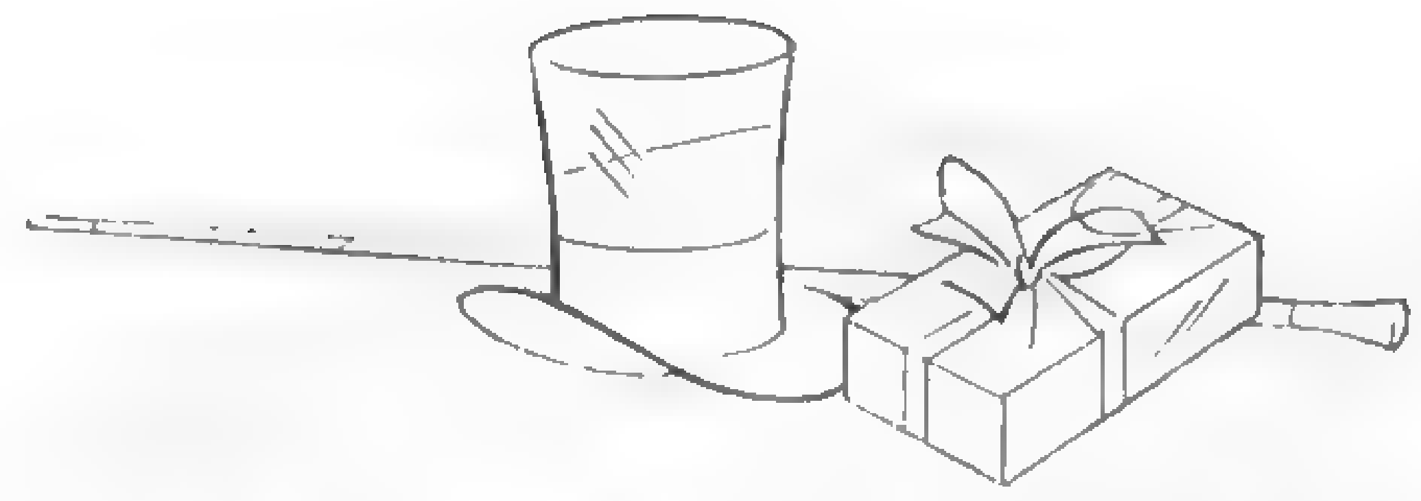
Every drop is
8 years old.
86.8° proof

The same high quality in Oval or Round bottle

McCallum's
Perfection

THE SCOTCH THAT
CIRCLES THE GLOBE

IMPORTED BY CONTINENTAL DISTILLING CORPORATION, PHILADELPHIA
HERMAN ELSBACH & SONS, INC., SAN FRANCISCO



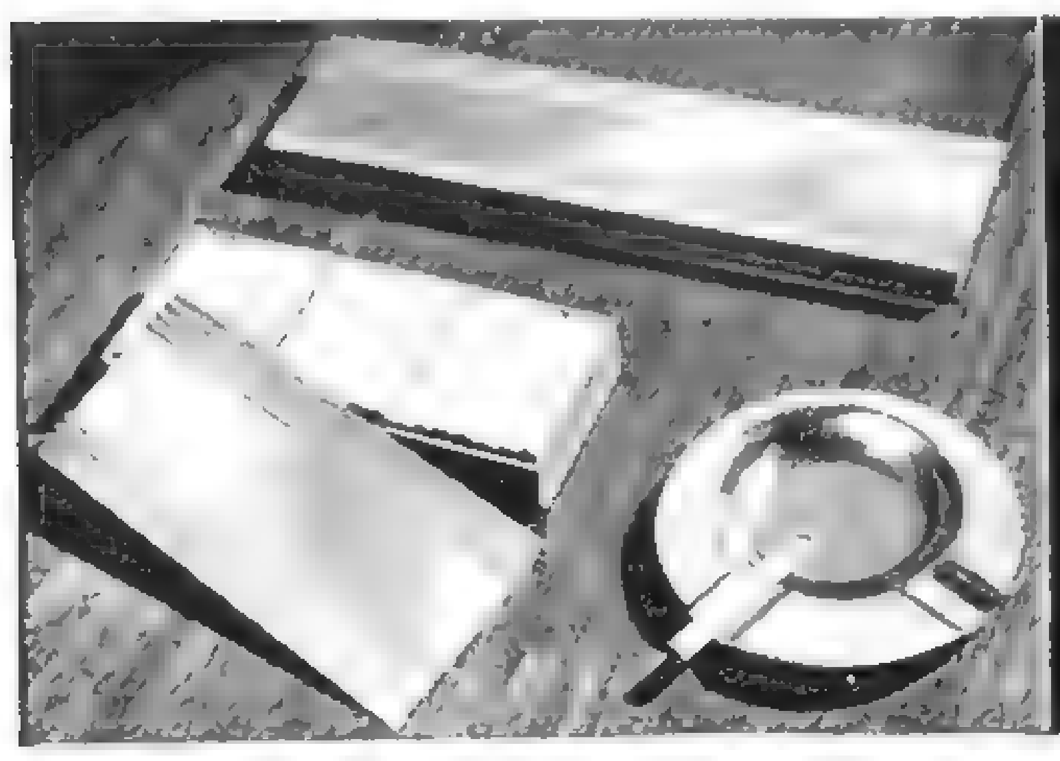
PRESENTS WITH PRESTIGE

. . . Kensington

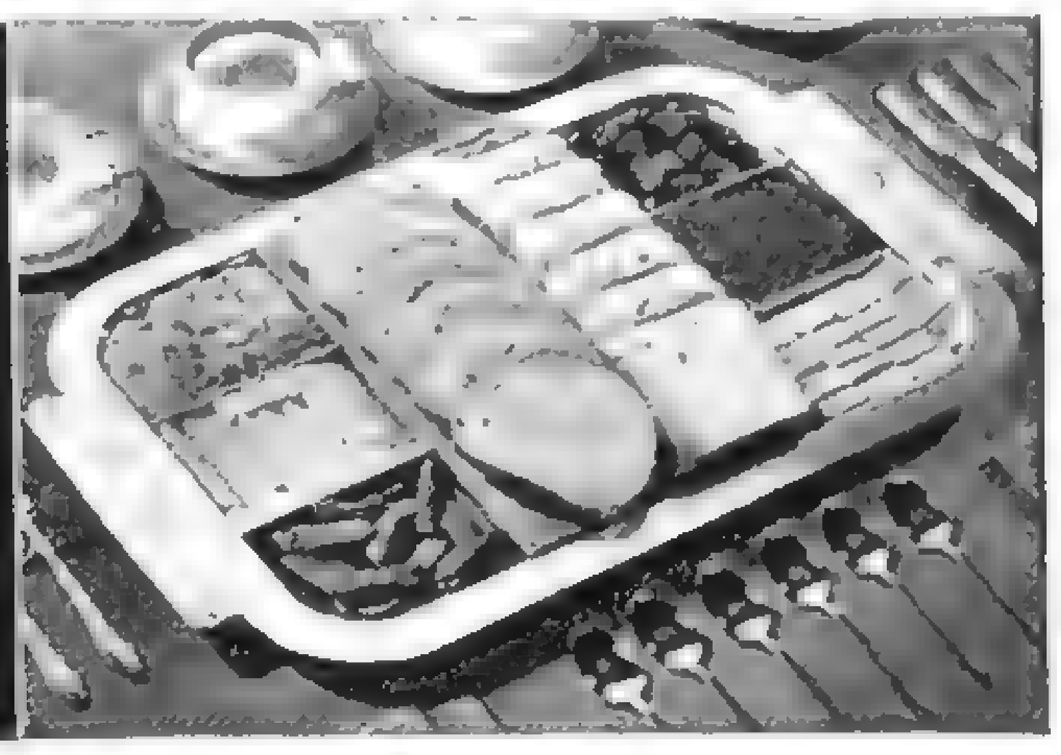
Special significance attaches to the gift which is Kensington. Not only have the varied Kensington pieces rare beauty, but their beauty is also enduring. It can be a lifelong reminder of friendship.

The attractiveness of Kensington is more than style deep. Lustrous Kensington, the new alloy of Aluminum, is solid, unplated metal which never tarnishes, never stains.

You will find Kensington gifts in wide assortment at the better stores everywhere.

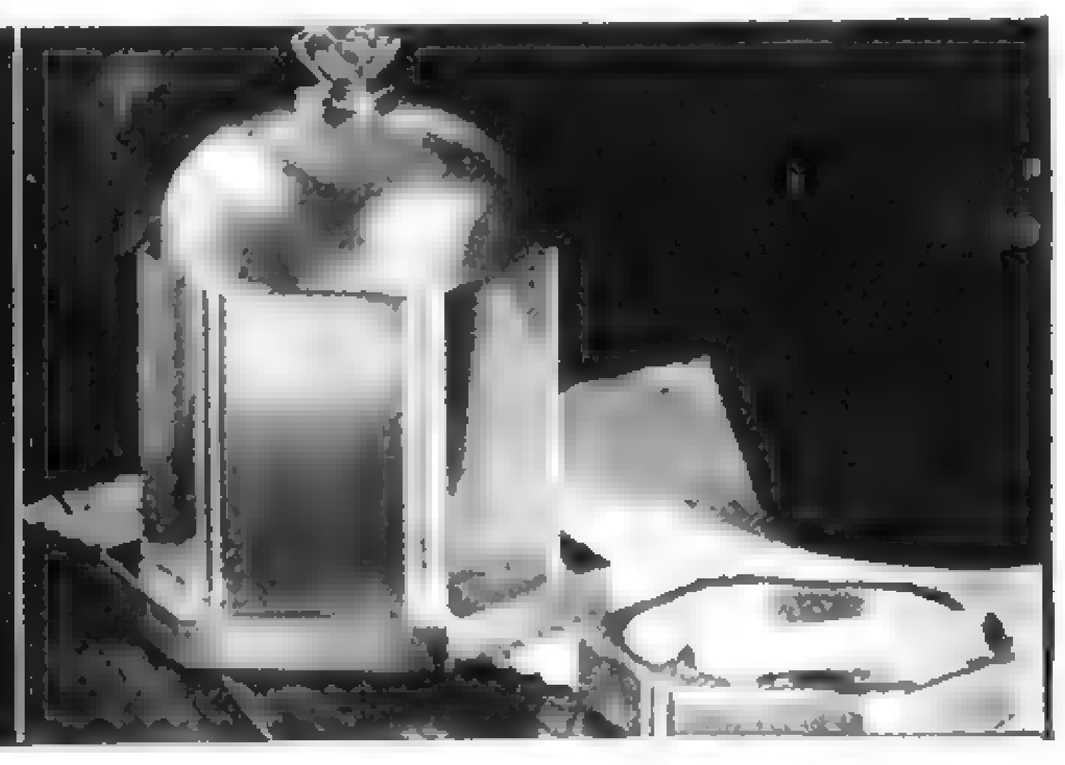


The Town House Cigarette Box. Shallow. $6.50. The Manor Cigarette Box. Deep. $5.00. The Mall Ash Tray. $1.00. Smart new designs.

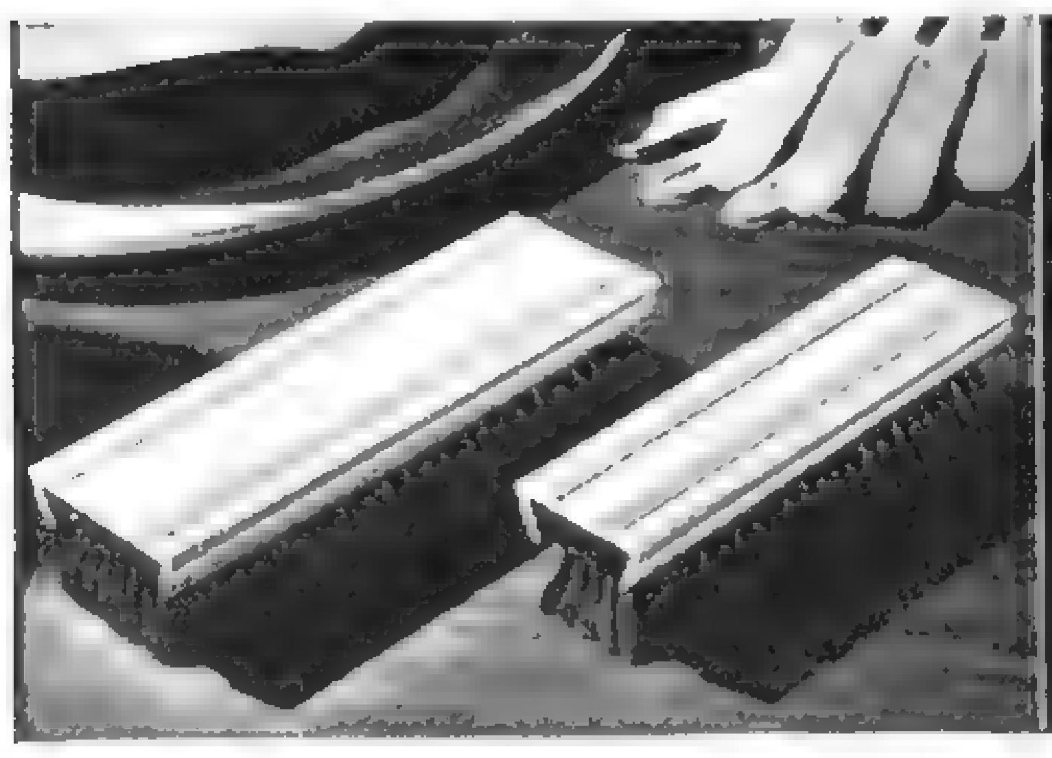


The Hunt Buffet Server. Six compartments, removable, leaving splendid serving tray. Complete, 14 x 22, $12.50. Tray only, $10.00.

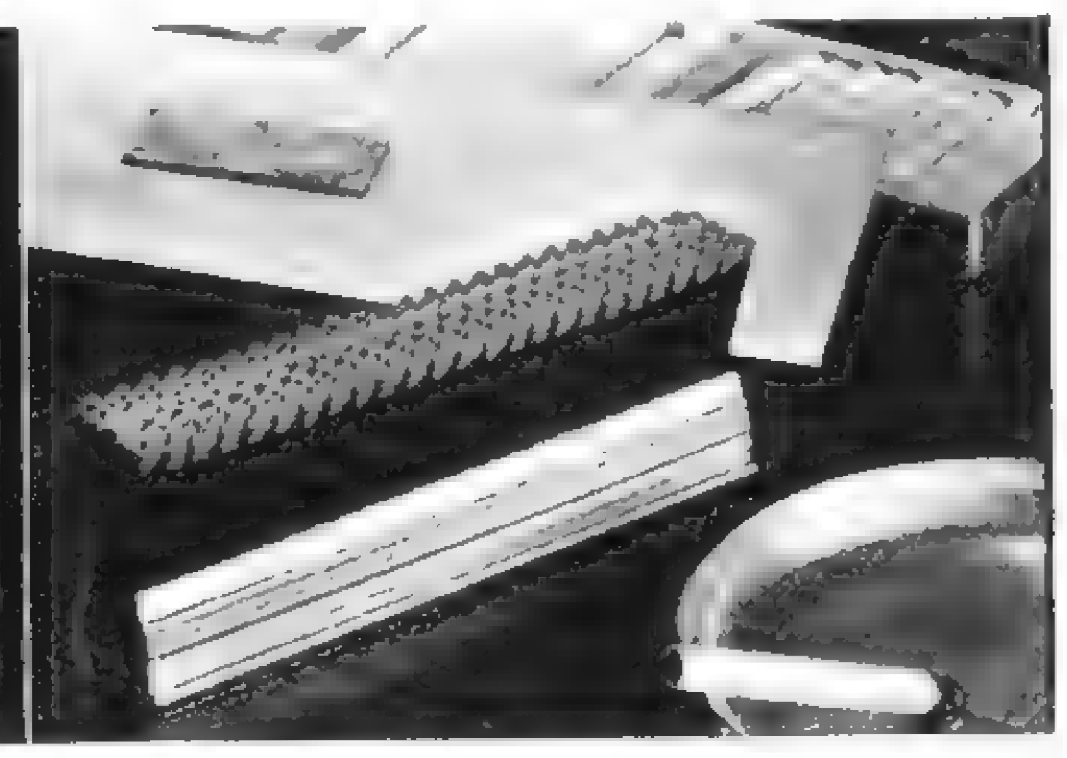
The Coldchester Ice Bowl and Tongs. Bowl, diam. 8 inches, $5.00. New Tongs; very practical, $1.75.



The Hexagon Cigarette Box. Really distinctive. Height 4¾ inches. $5.00. Ash Trays to match. Four for $5.00.



The Clothmaster and Hatmaster Brushes. Matching designs; engrave beautifully. Clothmaster, $2.00 Hatmaster, $1.00.



The Matchmaster. Bridge prize, remembrance. Gaily colored tips, in lustrous Kensington holder, $1.00. Refills, 2 for 75c.

Kensington
INCORPORATED
OF NEW KENSINGTON
PENNSYLVANIA

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from pages 6-8-197

BERKELEY BLUES

Well, pal, at last I have made you an editor. And in case you have lost track of yourself I offer you history in rejection slips. Beautiful like a child you began your work; you reaped in the manuscripts singing, 'I gaily go gathering nuts in May'; on the first rejection you wrote *Sorry* immediately under the printed words, Arnold Gingrich, Editor, with a two-for-a-nickel pencil to show that, like the dejected author, you were still a laboring proletarian; you offered helpful suggestions and asked for 'other stuff';— you were young and wonderful. Now, alas, you are old, and tired of the road; your ambition is realized, and to travel the way is no longer the thing.

It was months ago that I received no. 1 of the 'you know whats.' Well, this is the real stuff, I said; this is reality; here's the 'Joe' I wanta be like. I quit college—just as you absently gaze at a phoney nickel, I quit. I was sick of the effiminate stooges who fed me knowledge from an eyedropper. If you know Berkeley you will understand. Berkeley is the home of the *artiste*; in fact it is so *artiste* that it has become renowned as the Carmel annex; there are probably more writers here than Bill Saroyan ever imagined he could find in Podunk Missouri (Bill finds a writer in everyone, you know). The truth is that Berkeley has become so important in the *artiste monde* that we have talked of changing the slogan, 'Reach for a Carmel instead of a sweetie,' to 'Berkeley Bullies are more satisfying.' But the word rhythm wasn't so good. It wasn't poetic enough. We ruled it out. Now, counting up (on the roof nails) all the writers who are here and all the manuscripts they have turned out, I imagine you must know quite a bit about Berkeley. In fact you must be as steeped in its atmosphere as Dos Passos is in headlines.

Anyhow, by R. slip no. 2, which is representative of your later work you had become briefer and less intimate. Still the same *Sorry*, but in a different position—even below the curt 'not for us.' I received others before this which had gradually turned toward this method of passing over manuscripts. But wishing to believe in your friendship, I had evolved the very naive theory that perhaps you were merely finding out about Berkeley and instinctively shunned stuff from this town. I thought of moving —Telegraph Hill in San Francisco seemed my best bet. It was close in, a very cheap place in which to live, and famous for one thing and another including Sadie Coit's tower. I rented a room by the week. It was halfway up the hill, on the second floor of a Greenwich street apartment. For three days, to the beat of a violin across the hall, I counted the flowers on my wallpaper; and for three nights I sat blankly over my typewriter keys while above me a demon knocked out words at the rate of one hundred and twenty per. The building trembled under that man's fingers. Though I never met him, I sat those long hours through, my face shining with admiration. He must have been a genius. But it was no good for me. I came back to Berkeley.

Then I thought of doing it up right —chisel my way to Old Mexico, or the Florida Keys, or even Shanghai if I could beat a boat. They sounded of glamour—could he refuse a story from those places? I asked myself. But R. slip no. 3 came in time, and I saw I was being simple minded. You were no longer 'sorry'; you were merely exasperated that you found no genius. And I—I had sold my art for a 'fair job, holding well to its point.' Exit illusions for both of us! No more can you gaily go gathering nutty manuscripts in May; You look for flowers in August. As an editor you hunt the holy flower of genius (you gave up your childish curiosity for that!). So sad.

Yes, you are old—that writes *finis*. As for me—. But who keeps the etchings?—the Blessed Damsol or I? And would she snatch me from the gutter If I called the bid of seventy million Samaritans somewhere South of Market? Does she keep her house there and ask a dime for a 'flop'? Or does she smile over cocktails and headlines—to pay me the cherished dime? She didn't keep our last appointment. Or perhaps she was there in disguise and I didn't know her. Last night I found myself brushing a fair shoulder in a crowded bar; but the boys ordered an 'old fashioned' around, and she lost herself in the vagueness of ice and sugar and a dash of bitters in liquor. Then she whined on the back fence, a Mehitabel, but the cockroach Archie was 'out.' Some say she keeps only such appointments as those in Samarra. But I dreamed of her womanly form in blown snow and writhing waves—and said, 'to hell with the truisms of Freud.' Being young I laughed at the water—knowing white faced commuters drank coffee from the board of Golden Gate ferry, or sat on earth colored benches reading the last minute flash from rebellion in Spain and new strife on our Embarcadero. (Then wonder if she would allow me tomatoes to slosh the front of a boarding house fop.) Perhaps merely the ink is cold, and I should heat it over a new white stove from the Pacific Gas and Electric. But my loves and hates do not sit by the octypus.

So, goodnight and goddam you,

Berkeley, Cal. JAY KENNEY

ADDICT DEPRIVED

Five minutes ago I was getting my kicks on the Sept. issue. In my picturEsq. position I represented the very pro-type of the docile, contented reader.

Suddenly I was rudely wrenched from my beatific state of mind, and was transformed to a man who had been betrayed. And meant to do something about it.

In that joyous compartment of my mind labelled "ESQUIRE Kicks" the place of honor has long been held by the delightfully original and pungent flavor of the *S. & F.* compilation. I grew to look upon this democratic form of self-criticism as an integral portion of that which constitutes the character of ESQUIRE.

And what happens?

I'll tell *you* what happens—

I scrape up a half-a-rock, purchase the September issue, and expectantly retire to my room. It being a warm evening I remove the sartorial encumbrances, and relax—cigarettes and ashtray near. Everything is copaesthetic! First a quick perusal, hitting the high spots, getting my jollies on the gags, noting with anticipative pleasure the monickers of Adler, Ellis, Kaufman (!) and Komroff.

After this prelude (allegro agitato), I address space with the laconic remark "damn good issue." Silence ensues. So, assuming that space agrees with me, I leisurely drift through the editorial, always meaty. A few stray thoughts on the science of statistics while meditatively turning the page.—Ahhh . . .—The very sight of the *S. & F.* prods my risibilities and I bleat, loudly; which is my version of a laugh, when I'm alone. The first page was scored for three chuckles, pianissimo, and a belly-laf on the Czar, svforzhando. Second page, I seconded the sex thesis and tee-heed at the erotic angle of a toboggan ride.

By this time I was well in the groove and ready for more, per previous schedule. I turn the page—caption "Talking Shop with ESQUIRE"—I retreat, muttering imprecations. A quick glance fails to reveal a numerical clue. "Nuts"—this out loud.—Turning to the back I intently riffled the pages, searching—searching—searching; and if you don't think that it throws one into a fidge to search for anything in your damn mag., you just try it. When at last the Awful Truth dawned on me I hurled ESKY at the ashtray, spilling contents of same on the bed.

I demand an explanation!

Coda: Age 23. Dance musician, as you probably deduced from the terminology. And a devoted reader from cover to cover. First letter to any mag. Wish you would publish some more good chess articles, mayhap a few problems, etc.—Don't give in to the plebs—keep your appeal intelligent.

And pardon the scribendi—

HOWARD MCCLAIN

Mansfield, Ohio
(Transient)

P. S.—Your "swing" articles are trite. Why not have one by a bona-fide viper!

FAIR HARVARD

What do you say to young mothers who complain about how much harder it is to "train" little boys than little girls? Maybe you don't even know what they're talking about. "Housebreaking" they mean, to put it in plain English any dog owner understands. Well, we experts in child development lean back in our chairs and say, "Dear lady, this special pain of motherhood is due in part to the general physiological inferiority of males in their development at birth and in the nursery years. It just has to be borne, like all those other inadequacies of males. It is a well known fact," we continue pompously, (Oh yes it is, Eskie, yet it is!)—"a well known fact that from birth to maturity girls are more grown up than boys in all the things that really count; take ossification, now, or acquisition of speech, or even take social intuition—"

"I'll take nothing of the sort; if it weren't for all your admonitions I'd take a switch. It's my opinion that little boys' stupidity in regard to the toilet is all of a piece with that masculine false modesty which makes men stubbornly refuse to truckle to the facts of life in their dress. From the cradle to the grave men swaddle themselves in absolutely impractical garments. Anyone with half a Freudian eye can see that those gusty Rabelaisian jokes men chortle over are not mere scatological outlet; rather they are the male cultural equivalent for well-placed vents in their trousers And if we fastidious women turn up our noses at such coarse humor we have a perfect right to. We lovely ladies, 20th Century edition, have made our *couturières* square our wardrobes with the important facts of female anatomy.

"But boys will be men and men will be conventional. If we mothers of men are ever to be helped over that trying 'Gotta go! Gotta go quick!' period you, Eskie, will have to help us. You doubtless are a bachelor who shouldn't think about such things, but consider how a little girl can flip up a skirt and slide down a pantie with the ease of a dog lifting his leg. And consider an engineer, aged two-and-a-half, engaged in the absorbing project of throwing a Grand Coulee dam across his sandbox. Can he get away from his work long enough to hunt mother, get to a socially approved room, and stand by quietly while six half-inch buttons are forced reluctantly through six three-eighth-inch holes? Or if it is only a little water, why build a dam without a river anyway?"

There's the modern young mother's problem, Eskie. Someday out of the ranks of potential mothers will arise a Clara Barton, a Florence Nightingale, a Frances E. Willard of male dress reform. Young women everywhere will flock to her banners and eventually they will bludgeon men out of their drab, clumsy clothes, inflexible and antique as a locust's old shell, and get them into a natty attire bifuracted for action, pocketed for possessions, offering cover for a teetering Adam's apple and elephant-hide knees, and flattering to manly brawn. And future generations of males will erect monuments to this female savior of male grace and comfort. Until she comes ESQUIRE is doing the best it can in a worthy cause.

But it might do more for the harried mother. Will it accept for publication some new designs for young men who have just doffed the diaper? Will it allow its sacred male pages to be invaded by female authors and artists who have coped with the buttoning and unbuttoning problem and who do not believe little boys are made of "snaps and snails and puppy dog tails" even if their fathers do?

Sincerely yours,

MARY SHIRLEY, PH. D.

Harvard School of Public Health
Research Fellow, Child Hygiene
Boston, Mass.

CRUSADERS WANTED

Referring to Mr. Harry Hibschman's story in the current issue about women and the law it should behoove all men and sundry to do something about it.

A wonderful thing, a man's freedom. And very often he exposes himself to danger and more danger. Is it possible that some leader or perhaps politician will arrive on the scene soon and start a crusade to liberate the poor, downtrodden creature, the American Man.

It almost makes us feel that we are being laughed at with large and loud he haws by all European men who take their women with their lighter moments most of the time.

Mr. Hibschman tells a true and sad story of what the poor male is up against. It seems that the exponent of love em and leave em is the only gent who can survive the irons and clutches of the machinery called law and still have all the pleasures one would want with the so called fair sex.

I want to add a little voice to the *Sound and Fury* and say to you that if a story like this meets with approval, please continue with more and more until you start an avalanche. A rolling of angry and haughty male opinions that will actually frighten the lawmakers and judges and alimony chasers and money hounds to seek shelter. Until they have changed laws a little toward equality. What a word!

With best wishes,

Very truly yours,

New York City SAMUEL BERK

YOU'RE NOT AVERAGE

With reference to "I Beat the Races" by E. R. Vadeboncoeur in your September issue, I wish you to know that by some manner of telepathy the said author has plagiarized my idea (non-copyrighted, to his good fortune and my misfortune). Except for a few variations, which are unforgivable, the 'race beating' system is one that I invented two years ago next Kentucky Bowler, er, Derby. It's *the* best 'race beating' system since the day some smart heel first doped a horse or 'fixed' the jockey of a favorite with enough dough to choke an *Equus caballus*.

An ESQUIRE reader—who doesn't own a tailcoat *or* a dinner jacket, *never* went to college, is not married does not belong to a country club, despises golf, would rather dance or go to the movies than attend the theatre, thinks Woollcott, Williams, and Burns and Allen are O. K., isn't going to be thirty-seven on the twenty-first of September, and whose favorite spectator sport is baseball—in addition I know very little about the horses. But the system is not dependent on the knowledge of the Sport of Kings but the ability to read the choices of some one newspaper selector. There's a good one in the hamlet where I live whose safety from hard losers is assured by the absence of his name in any connection with his selections. The system requires that two bucks

Continued on page 200

OH BEAVER!

How long since you've seen a barber?

If you're keeping a red hot date, hitting the boss for a raise, applying for a job or calling on a big prospect—

By all means see your barber!

When you want to look your most impressive best, invest in a haircut, a manicure, a shave and a shine.

And when the barber reaches for the brush and comb, tell him to top off his handiwork with Kreml.

Wave aside those sticky, gummy, perfumed concoctions that glue hair down tight to the scalp and make you look like a gigolo.

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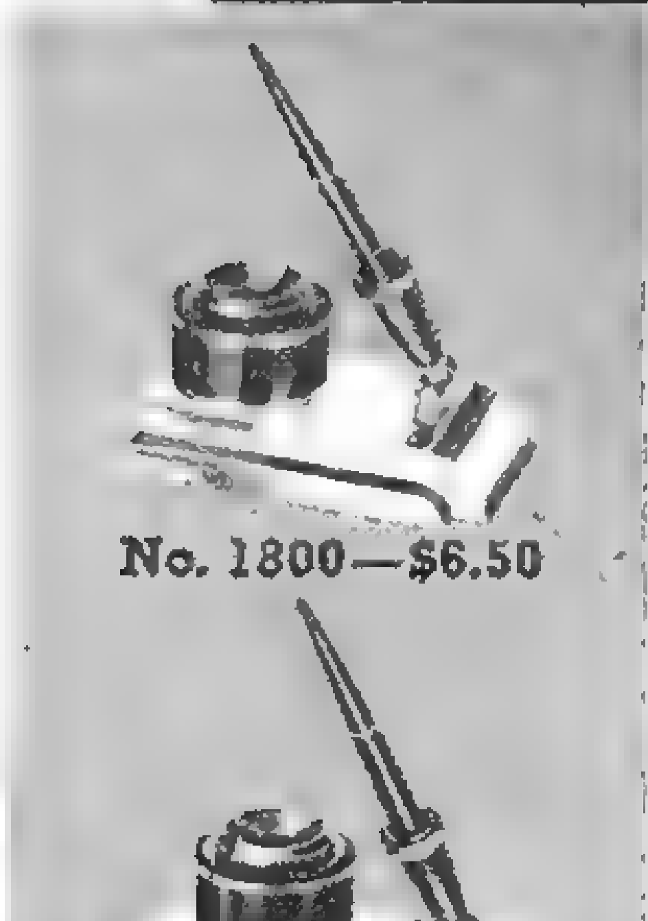

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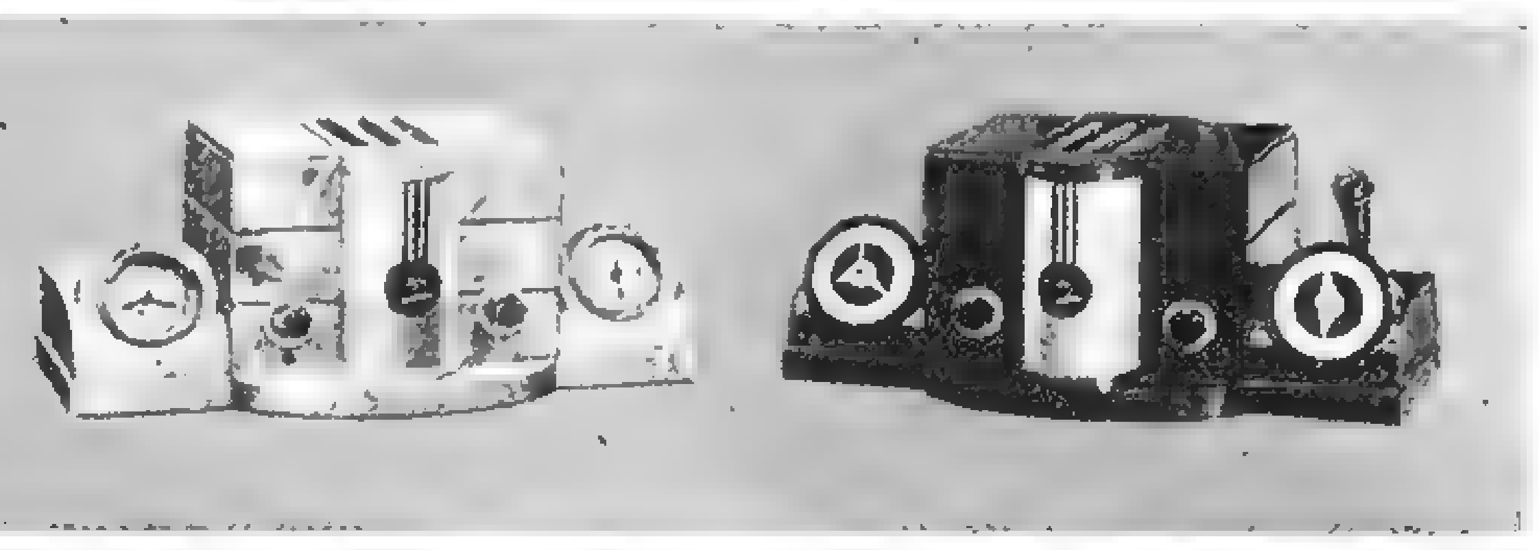

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The Sound and the Fury

Continued from pages 6-8-197-199

are placed on the nose of the selector's choices of first place for *every* race (usually eight) that is run at *every* principal track (usually four) *every* day. There are no mathematical headaches about morning lines, final odds, and increased bets in order to offset previous losses, but *only* a sixty-four dollar or so investment every day which will probably be made at the pseudo-candy-store around the corner where a lookout's glance frisks you for a badge or billy when you walk in. By the way don't be surprised if this lookout suddenly yells, "The cops," and heads for the back entrance taking with him a considerable amount of dope sheets, handbooks, and other bookmaking paraphernalia, besides a half-dozen professional hangers-on. The bookie-proprietor then attempts to dismiss you with a "thank you, call again" whereupon he hands you a two pound box of chocolates and turning to a pair of 'mits of the law' that have just blown in so suddenly asks innocently, "And what'll you have gentlemen?" The gentlemen have a thorough search during which you are questioned and every article on your person examined closely. Then after throwing you a couple of legal dirty looks the 'boys in blue' will leave the store in disgust (that's three times in the last week they raided that place and still no 'soup'). This will teach you to telephone your bets.

After the bets are placed the system is started and you begin collecting. Some days all you'll collect is a six dollar loss but this only occurs two or three times a week. Usually you win with about eight horses bringing home the bacon. All you have to do is stay home and pray for the 'long shots' to break the tape or should I say the electric eye. The system averages a gain of about fifty bucks a week. Not long ago it made one-hundred-and-thirty-seven dollars and fifty-seven cents in one week. This was the fault of eleven long shots scoring. One of them 'Smilin' Ed' in the seventh at Washington Park paid forty-three bucks for a two-dollar ticket!

Who'll make me an offer for this unadulterated system? All those who are interested send a stamped self-addressed envelope to the Dead Letter Office. Thank you.

What's that? Why don't *I* use the system at all myself! Dammit sir, do you take me for a sucker? I wouldn't bet *two* dollars on no animal—except maybe Discovery or Joe Louis.

Yours,

Chicago, Ill. WILFRED N. HALPERIN

THE ROUT OF RASCOE

I'm only a desert rat and even if I read a lot I'm not a typical ESQUIRE man though I wish I was, you know, slim and handsome leaning against a cromium bar wondering whether to set up Mr. Woollcott to another Singapore sling or to keep that date with my new blond mistress. But I'm willing to start at the bottom and I'm joining your staff taking the place of Mr. Burton Rascoe 'cause he's fired for coming out second best in his argument with Mr. Rupert Hughes. You see Mr. Rascoe made the tactical error of lining up with brains instead of glands and I know what you seem to suspect from recent articles that glands are 2-1 over brains. I dont want to talk about myself but if I'm going to write your literary articles for you, you ought to know my policy, I think. Briefly Sir, I will be fearless with no sacred cows and asking no quarter. My glands are so good that I'll come out best in every argument by repeating my stands with greater and greater violence and if I dont come out best I'll assume I do which amounts to the same thing. No shilly-shally you understand and no backing down on the slightest point for any reason whatsoever which is perfectly all right cause its a 50-50 chance that my opponents will be wrong and a 50-50 chance that they dont understand what I'm saying which naturally eliminates them 100 per cent.

Thats enough of a policy and I know you are anxious to see samples of my work so here it is. First to prove I'll have no sacred cows I'll take Mr. Hemingway.

THE SUN ALSO RISES
BY MR. HEMINGWAY

Mr. Hemingway in this autobiographical book says he mistrusts all frank and simple people whose stories hang together but he's just saying that for paradox and doesnt mean it cause if he did then he would be implying that he trusted furtive and subtile people whose story doesnt hang together and hes not that big a fool. *The Sun Also Rises* is a very good story for its kind of a story but it strikes me the same way that James Stephans autobiographical books do because most of the happenings are dreamed of and not actual. I feel sorry for Mr. Hemingway if he really met with such an unfortunate accident in the war but I want to remind him that there are more worthwhile joys in life which somebody who knows could probably tell him. As for Bull-fighting and the statement that only bull-fighters live life to the full, that is very silly as Mr. Hemingway himself knows right well. After all there is nothing of the Ultimate in abusing a cow with swords and darts and things because if there were everybody would be crazy about bull-fighting and nobody who matters does care for it, only Mexicans and Spaniards and Mr. Hemingway on paper.

That's a sample of my stuff and now I'll give you a little on how I'd handle Mr. Cabell.

Everybody knows Mr. Cabell is writing for posterity and we're sorry for him because look at Shakespere who nobody reads except students who dont like him and Hollywood people. The trouble with writing for posterity which means people who arent here yet is that when they do get here they'll write more books of their own than they can read without bothering to read old books that are still hanging around. Besides people dont care for fancy reading anymore and posterity will care less. Light and amusing things is what we want and they'll demand, to rest their scientific minds, not deep stuff about Poictesme and rivets and things in people's necks. Mr. Cabell's writings remind me of Vermont maple syrup cause its nearly perfect and awful good but who in hell can eat it down? I believe he could write a fine horror story if he hasnt done it already. Mr. Cabell doesnt care about Mr. Hughes and Mr. Rascoe fighting over him except to like it but he wouldnt like it if I told him all the factual mistakes in his works that cant be denied. They are not really important I guess but it makes Mr. Cabell's Jovian attitude kind of ridiculous. I cant list all the mistakes here of course cause there are others in this magazine but an example from *These Restless Heads* is where he says that the flag waved in sight of the three commonwealths of Tennessee, Kentucky, and North Carolina but he's wrong cause those arent commonwealths. The only commonwealths in America are Virginia and Massachusetts.

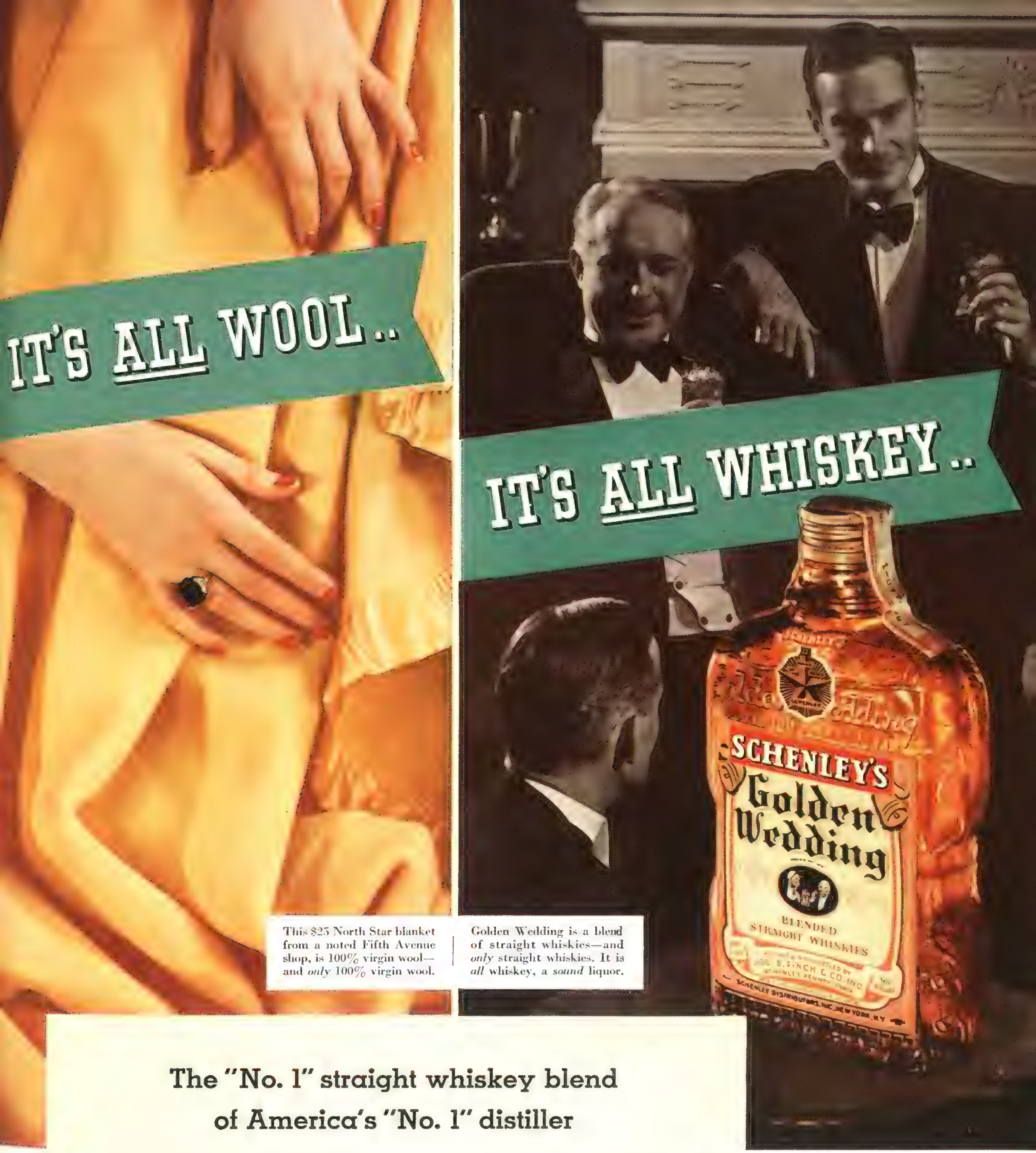
This is a sample of my work Sir and I'm not showing off my fearlessness or anything cause if I was I could say some awful funny and mean things about you Mr. Gingrich, because you wrote an article on a Rescue Mission some time ago, which must be a little out of your line.

Well I'm not going to say any more you'll have to judge for yourself but if you want me to come to Chicago dont expect me to come by bus.

Yours truly,

San Francisco, Cal. JOHN ROOD

Continued on page 202



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ROYAL ROBES INC., 1350 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from pages 6-8-197-199-200

NEARSIGHTED CUPID

Even a cat can look at a king, so they say. I wish to take very genteel issue with your very genteel Dr. Adler on his all-encompassing statement in September's issue anent the incidents that show a Man's "mettle . . . and fitness for marriage" as evidenced by his illustration of one poor benighted individual who, after he and the girl with whom he was dancing both fell to the ground, did not instinctively pick up his partner or shield her from the shock of the fall, but (the test of all tests, apparently from Dr. Adler's viewpoint) but sought to save his glasses from breaking! (Exclamation point the Doctor's.)

This may seem like a very trivial point to argue over, and perhaps the Doctor can attribute it to some defense mechanism on my part. Whatever he may think of my quibbling on this score does not worry me as much as what he thinks of trying to save one's glasses and the direct revelation it shows him concerning the unfortunate glasses-wearer's fitness for marriage, of all things! (This exclamation point mine.)

The last thing in the world I should care to find out now is that the venerable Doctor wears glasses and like me has worn them for years. This disclosure would put me in a very dark corner and there let me lay, alone, and shunned alike by man and beast.

I could argue with him on the principle of self-preservation, to show that the gesture of reaching for the glasses was not a slight of the girl to be interpreted by her as a "Danger Signal" and therefore immediately sever relations, whatever they may be, with the poor myopic individual and discard him as poor marital material.

It would be a pleasure to ask the Doctor, versed as he is in Love and its Curriculum, whether or not he is versed as well in the feeling of miserable blindness, of aimless groping, of any of a hundred other reactions that set in as a consequence of the destruction of a pair of glasses by a person who has relied on them from childhood for the correction of a nearsightedness that is astounding by its profoundness. What good would a person of this type of vision, uncorrected by a pair of glasses, be to the fair damsel, the lovelight of his eye, and etc.? Can the impartial Doctor imagine the blind groping of the prospective pursuer without his spectacles in a vain attempt to minister to his honey's tender bruises. Or does the learned Doctor contend that since Love is Blind, a blind person can assist a fallen and bruised brunette as well as a seeing person? (i. e., one who does not wear glasses.)

The cruelest blow of them all is the insinuation that the Doctor makes by reason of this "danger signal". It's no trick at all to gather that I wear the damned glasses and have done so for too long. Without them I frankly would be lost. The last thing at night and the first thing in the morning . . . glasses. Dirt, steam, scratches, nose sears: these I have learned to bear as the blind man's burden. But "unfitness for marriage!" That I shall not endure.

I call upon the astute Doctor for a public retraction, in the name of countless thousands of glasses-wearers, of this unfounded and unreasonable slur and maligning of their fitness for marriage because of an instinct formed by years of self-preservation habit, and hardly to be construed as an indication that the wearer of glasses deems himself of more importance that the girl of his dreams.

Doctors can do all sorts of things: They can be constructive, humanitarian, kind and considerate. But when they take it upon themselves to pass upon the relative merit of husbands-to-be, and handicap glasses-wearers further by suggesting to girls of marriageable age that they will always be playing second fiddle to a man's glasses, Doctors are being destructive, inhuman, cruel and inconsiderate.

I only suggest it for what it's worth, but if the good Doctor were in Germany now and made such a statement, which in its prime consideration intends to purvey the idea that glasses-wearers are not fitted for husbands, does the Doctor for one moment believe that he would not himself be forever prevented from the mixed duties of being a father? Perish the thought Doctor, perish the thought! And they would not take your glasses away. You could always get other glasses. They would be more drastic in measure and more permanent in effect.

A very interesting article, but seriously, Doctor, weren't you going a little too far with that glasses business?

Re:spectacle-y yours,

Brooklyn, N. Y. Gilar

(Gilbert Rabinowitz)

P.S. Doctor of what?

MEYER AS A RUDDY CAPITALIST

Since objections have a way of coming first I shan't abrogate tradition. Peeve this time is the too obvious hypocrisy of Esquire in certain aspects. You are supposedly catering to the upper classes with your fashions, ads, etc., and perhaps you do, but then you about-face and try to push off a pseudo-Communist like Meyer Levin on us blokes. Don't misinterpret me, for I find satisfaction in considering myself a Liberal, in being pro-Jewish, pro-New Deal, pro-share cropper, and in using Lifebuoy and Mum and getting tight on only those liquors advertised in Esquire. I even bought one of those god-damned electric shavers because of one of your ads.

To return to my point, and my girl Jean tells me I have several other good ones—I think it rather unsporting of Levin to try to make us believe that a cinema with an all-colored cast (*Green Pastures*) is great stuff just because nary a paleface mug flickers across the celluloid. Negro flicks for Negroes—okay. Maybe they can appreciate 'em. I can't. I also have a suspicion that Levin is quite a capitalist, in a diminutive way, of course. Since he lives in Chicago he probably resides in a shabby little ten or twelve room apartment on Lake Shore Drive (across from the Park) or else if the depresh has got him in one of those buildings on Sheridan Road that ain't what it used to be. How a cinema critic can afford to be a communist puzzles me. Ask him to write me and tell me how.

And now, after garlic, what could be more pleasant than a little Listerine? So let me inform you that the worthy work you are doing in bringing sex (without a capital S) into new respectability, is laudable. A good, clean, above-board article on prostitution would do much to clear the atmosphere. And a few good addresses of establishments in New York, Chicago, Detroit, etc., would help in clearing up, too. If you would do this, my pal and I could justify ourselves by saying that Esquire sanctioned it. Sanctioned what? Why, wearing an orchid shirt (by Wilson) and a yellow cravat (by Arrow). Oh, yes, and shorts by M-G-M or Paramount. Warner's aren't very good.

If I have not succeeded in making myself clear, gentlemen, I am indeed distressed, and so are you no doubt. So, in a nutshell, here's what's to do: Give us an unadulterated Esquire, as pristinely virtuous as a guinea-pig that practices continence.

Adios, dear boys, and remember me to the "visible means of support" girl.

Pontiac, Mich. Art Hillyer

Brotherly Love

Continued from page 126

ciative onlookers.

Intensive torture of this nature has decreased but the Southern Negro is still in a far from enviable position. Lynching, tar and feathering and even burning at the stake are not unheard of.

Full credit for the preservation of the art of torture in America is not the exclusive property of the Southern gentleman. Credit must also be given to prison authorities, gangsters, strike-breakers, chain-gang supervisors and last, but certainly not least, that guardian of the law—the common or garden variety of policeman.

Two Negroes recently chopped off their own feet to escape from the sweat box, floggings and other little devices which keep life from growing monotonous on a chain gang. Six policemen in Tampa were charged with the first degree murder of a man they suspected of communistic activities; after flogging him they tarred and feathered him and as a result he "did languish and did die." The Supreme Court recently set aside the death sentences imposed on three Mississippi Negroes because "it would be difficult to conceive of methods more revolting than those taken to procure the confessions of these petitioners." The men were hanged from trees and stripped and lashed with belts, buckles attached, until their backs were laid bare and until they confessed. The idealistic judges in Washington asserted that "the rack and torture chamber may not be substituted for the witness stand."

The gangster and strike-breaker specialize in beatings and in murders preceded by the slicing off of the ears and tongue; pins and toothpicks thrust under the nails; and cigarette lighters applied to the tenderer parts of the body. To them must also go the credit for the discovery of the cement keg. What could be more pleasant than to thrust your bound enemy up to his neck in a keg of wet cement and spend the hours while the cement hardens pointing out to him the error of his ways? Also, once the cement has hardened you have a very convenient package; a package heavy enough, when thrown into a river, to sink into the slime and disappear.

The cement keg may possibly survive in history, but only as a novelty. However, we have made one contribution to the noble art of torture which the future historian must inevitably note with care and admiration. I give you, gentlemen, the Third Degree.

Would you like to get kicked in the groin? Have you an overpowering desire to be questioned, without having food, water or sleep, by relays of detectives for ninety-two hours on end? Would you like to be blinded by being forced to stare into a terrifically high powered light for hours on end? Have you a desire to be put in a dentist's chair and held there while the dentist grinds down a good molar with a rough burr? Or would you prefer to have your Adam's apple pounded by a blackjack until blood spurted from your mouth?

All the little pleasantries I've enumerated can probably be had at your nearest police station, provided you are suspected of a major crime and are reluctant to confess your guilt. If the crime is major enough you may be provided with even more varied entertainment.

"Taps" is a form of indoor sports particularly popular with the boys in the back room of the police station. In playing "Taps" the prisoner is first strapped to a chair. After he has been made comfortable he is pounded on the side of the head with a piece of rubber hose, or "goldfish." He must not be knocked unconscious but must be struck hard enough to experience jolting pain. If the game is to be played expertly the blows must be delivered with machine-like regularity. Timing, as in tennis and other games, is essential and the perfect stroke is one delivered at regular thirty second intervals. The one drawback to the game is its lack of variety. The prisoner in the chair is always "It." To compensate for this "Taps" has a distinct advantage over most station house games; the rubber hose causes no scar and the red welt it raises won't be visible on the witness stand the next morning. The joke of this is that the prisoner's head will be damned sensitive for weeks or even months.

Kicking a suspect in the abdomen, bouncing his head off a cement floor, the dental burr and Adam's apple treatments, baseball bats, pool cues, burning with cigarette ends and other divertissements all have their loyal adherents and any policeman who advocates a specific form of "exercise" can quote you many cases to prove its effectiveness. Fortunately, most policemen are open-minded and quite willing to listen to a fellow officer representing an opposing school of thought. This leads to a widespread knowledge of the art of torture as practiced within the law and makes for versatility.

If you are considering a life of crime you had better bear in mind one important piece of advice I have for you: never shoot a cop. His brother officers are so apt to resent it. And their resentment is liable to make you very uncomfortable.

Emanuel Lavine reports a typical case. Patrolman Charles Reilly was murdered by a Peter Heslin during a hold-up. In trying to return his .45 to the holster strapped across his abdomen Heslin shot himself in the upper part of the thigh, near the groin. Blood

Continued on page 202B

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Brotherly Love

Continued from pages 126-202A

from the wounds led police to his hide-out. He was hauled out of bed in his night-shirt, thrown down two flights of stairs, dragged by his legs down the lower floor hallway and dumped on the street. Until the patrol wagon arrived and during the ride to the station he was kicked and beaten, in a sort of warming up process, by the officers who had captured him. At the station he was carried into a rear room where Reilly's body rested on an army cot and dumped on the floor. An executive officer looked into the room long enough to say, "Be careful, boys. Don't touch his face, the marks will show."

The nearly naked man asked for a blanket, because he was cold. The blood-soaked canvas which had been used to cover Reilly's body was wrapped around him. When Heslin asked for a drink, the contents of a full cuspidor were dumped in his face. Then a detective selected the largest and heaviest nightstick available, took a good grip, and with all of his force struck Heslin on the wound near the groin where the .45 slug had entered his body. This fresh opening of the wound caused the blood to spurt like a small fountain. A brother detective next scraped up all the dirt he could find on the floor and rubbed it into the wounds made as the bullet passed through the man's leg, hoping, as he said, that the son-of-a-bitch would die of infection. The following man ground out the lighted end of a fat cigar in Heslin's navel. Other men applied lighted cigarettes to the more sensitive parts of his body. After this palled on them they gave the gunman a farewell going over with nightsticks and sent him off to Bellevue. Heslin was eventually electrocuted. Cop killers always are . . . if they live that long. My final bit of advice to those of you contemplating a life of crime is this: if you do shoot a cop don't be as dumb as Heslin. Just stick your gun to your head and let go as soon as you hear his brother officers pounding at your door. It'll save you a lot of trouble.

Yes, everything considered, I think it is safe to say that the cop has been the most potent force in keeping the art of torture alive in modern American life. I appreciate the work he is doing in carrying on a long and honorable profession and I hope I won't sound hypercritical when I complain of his lack of finesse. As one who takes great pride in his country it pains me grievously to see other nations forge ahead of us in this field. This should not be.

I have a suggestion which, if followed, will remedy this distressing situation. I suggest we select from each metropolitan police force its most sadistic member. He shall then be sent to Russia to take a post-graduate course in torture. On his return he will take over the Chair of Torture in the local Police College. To make this plan as effective as possible gangsters, Southern gentlemen, strike-breakers, prison wardens, chain-gang supervisors, people with a race or color complex and all other interested parties will be admitted to the course free of charge.

My plan, I am sure, would bring new life, talent and artistry into American torture and it would only be a question of time until we assumed world leadership.

The reason I feel so certain of the success of my plan is that I have very carefully specified Russian training for our research students. Russia's artistry in torture is as advanced as her political theories. Her accomplishments put the rest of the world to shame. All honor to the Hammer and Sickle, a government designed to give the common man a break and a government that has established a new record for all time in both the quantity and the quality of her torture.

It is easy to assign credit for the Soviet's exceptionally meritorious performance. In the beginning there was Lenin, who said, "Do you think we can remain in power without having recourse to the most brutal methods?" There was a man who clearly understood how to retain office.

Lenin's attitude led, indirectly, to the formation of "The Extraordinary Commission for Combating Counter-Revolution, Sabotage, and the Dereliction of Duty," more commonly known as the *Cheka* and unquestionably the most murderous and bloodthirsty organization in the history of the modern world. With its informers, secret police, torturers, executioners and charnel-houses located in every district of Russia the *Cheka* was a marvel of efficiency, as any organization which can torture and execute 1,761,065 people in the course of eight years must be. The *Cheka* never missed a bet. It had an executive known as the Director of Corpse Transportation and never threw away a body before making sure that the gold teeth had been extracted.

Such an organization must have a capable leader. The outstanding success of the *Cheka* in its chosen field was undeniably due to the genius of Felix Dzerzhinsky, the twentieth century Torquemada.

But Dzerzhinsky, no matter how willing, couldn't carry out the work of the *Cheka* singlehanded. He was supported by a huge organization, employing thousands of men. The *Commissars of Death*, as the official torturers and executioners were known, were the backbone of the *Cheka*. There were only a couple of hundred of these desirable and much sought after posts and some of the incumbents achieved their own especial brand of fame.

Peasant Pankratov, for example, with thousands of victims to his credit, was a punctual, quiet man who went about his work as meticulously as a bank clerk. He even kept a record of the number of bullets issued to him each day and the number used. Before killing his victims he used to flog them unmercifully, beat them in the face with his revolver butt until they were unrecognizable and then, when the fun was over, shoot them. At the end of his day's work he would go quietly home to his mistress, a former prostitute. When he was promoted to a well-paid job in the government he left his whore behind for his successor.

Maga was one of the highest scoring of all the executioners, with 11,000 victims to his credit. His scoring ability was abruptly cut short on the day he went haywire and, pulling his gun, ordered some of his fellow executioners to the wall.

Zayenko, a mousy young man from Kharkov, disdained killing his victims with his own hands. He had a knack for artistic flogging and would end his part of the performance by skinning his victim's hands. The actual killing was left to his assistant, Eduard, who made it a point of honor never to shoot before telling the practically dead man a funny story.

Odessa was honored by the presence of a gargantuan Negro by the name of Johnson who had been one of the better Parisian pimps before he became "Comrade"-conscious. Johnson had a way with a knife and, with a few adroit strokes, could cut away the flesh and lay bare the sinews, which he ripped out by hand—to the extreme discomfiture of his living victim. He was noted for the broad smile that played over his features during the course of this operation and reckoned to be a man with a devilish sense of humor.

The girls of Russia weren't ones to shirk their duty and some of them, too, rose to the front ranks. The blonde Vera Grebenniukova was probably the most famous. This young lady got her early training under Johnson but soon developed her own technic, which consisted of literally shredding her victims. With a feminine eye to the preservation of her clothes she frequently worked in the nude; bloodstains being notably difficult to remove. Vera may have been lacking in modesty, but not in energy. During one period of six weeks she accounted for seven hundred people at the rate of about fifteen a day.

Rosa Schwartz, of Kiev, also was a disciple of nudism. She always visited her victim's cell in the raw, smoking a cigarette and carrying a gun. After a chat and a smoke she would extinguish the cigarette in her victim's eyes and then start shooting. Essad-Bey, who has written the best account in English of the work of the *Cheka*, encountered another young lady in Moscow who loved dearly to go visiting the infirmaries, where the sick prisoners were, with a stout whip in her hand.

But for really thorough workmanship the Pole Achikine, of Simferopol, was the most noteworthy executioner of them all. He had a romantic preference for women prisoners. After stripping them he would first emulate the goat, and then, taking up a sword, cut off their ears, hands and breasts. Having warmed up to his work he would burn or pierce the eyes out and, in the end, cut off the head.

With such talented boys and girls in his employment it is easy to understand why Dzerzhinsky had little trouble in making the *Cheka* a household word in all Russia.

Nor were the operatives of the *Cheka* completely lacking in finesse and subtlety. A good many prisoners of the *Cheka* came out of prison with whole bodies. These fortunate ones had only to spend an unlimited number of weeks in solitary confinement in extremely hot or freezing cold dungeons. I shouldn't have said "solitary" confinement since they could enjoy the company of the large rats who dwelt with them. Others were shut up for extended periods of time in cells with raving maniacs or sexual lunatics. Some were prevented from sleeping for days on end and some fed nothing but salt herring while a water tap flowed constantly outside their cell door. And a few were left to philosophize for weeks, in brightly lighted cells, the walls, ceilings and floors of which were constructed of distortion mirrors. These were the fortunate ones that came out of jail, as I said, with whole bodies. Whether, after the loss of their minds, their bodies were of much use to them during the remainder of their days in the insane asylums of Russia is something I leave you to judge.

Some of you may have felt that in assigning supremacy in torture to Russia I was overstating the case. I trust that the following quotations, a recorded by Maître Aubert and Essad-Bey, will convince you that I was speaking the simple truth:

"In the city of Taganrog, in southern Russia, fifty young officers were bound hand and foot and flung alive into red hot blast furnaces. In Blagoveshchensk, corpses of officers and soldiers were found with gramophone needles under their nails, with their nails torn from their fingers, and with shoulder straps nailed to their flesh. In the Ussuri district Czech prisoners were found whose skulls had been smashed in, their genitalia amputated, their eyes put out and their tongues torn out.

"At Kharkov the butcher Saenko was celebrated for his skill in skinning heads and hands. He plunged the hands of the accused into boiling water, then tore off the skin to make human gloves. His abattoir was known as the Glove Factory.

"At Odessa officers were taken

Continued at top of page 204

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Brotherly Love

Continued from pages 126-202A-203

on board the steamer *Sinope*, fastened to beams with chains, put in front of the oven and slowly roasted. Others were cooked in boilers, then plunged into the icy sea, and thrown again into the oven. Still others were burnt alive, fastened to planks which were slowly pushed into ovens bit by bit, a few inches at a time."

If you still refuse to recognize, with me, the supreme genius of the Russian people I can only make one last, despairing gesture and quote to you, from Nilostonski's *Der Blutraush des Bolschewismus*, this official description of the condition of the abattoirs on the day of the evacuation of Kiev.

"The whole of the concrete floor of the huge garage was covered with blood which, owing to the heat, had already coagulated; it was mixed with bits of brain, cranial bones, wisps of hair and other human remains, the whole resulting in a horrible mess several inches deep. Close by this gruesome scene, in the garden of the same house, there lay a hundred and twenty-seven bodies. The heads of all the corpses were battered in, some of the skulls being quite flat. They had probably been killed by having their heads flattened out by some sort of block. Others had no heads at all, but the latter had not been cut off; they had been torn away. In a far corner of the garden we discovered another common grave containing about eighty bodies. No one can have any idea of the wounds and mutilations we found upon them. Some had their bellies slit open, some had no limbs, some had been cut to pieces, some had their eyes put out and many had no tongues. We discovered a number of bodies which showed no signs of having met with violent death. But when they were examined by the doctors, the trachea and aesophagus of each victim was found to be full of earth. The wretched creatures had evidently been buried alive and had swallowed the earth as they tried to breathe. Among them were old men, young men, women and children. One woman was bound by a rope to her daughter, a child apparently of about eight years of age."

I rest my case.

It is reassuring to know that in this mad, chaotic world of ours there is at least one nation carrying on the brave old traditions of the past in this glorious fashion. Torquemada and the Holy Fathers of the Inquisition can rest peacefully in the knowledge that they did not live in vain. Still, I must be fair and not pay all my homage to a nation. While thrones collapse, society reels, and civilization goes on apace man, in his godlike image, remains eternally the same—at least in the exquisite pleasure he derives from doing unto others what he'd damn well not like to have done to himself.

The following sentence is quoted from a Bolshevik paper fittingly entitled, *The Voice Of Truth:*

"It is time to clear the streets of human bodies as the dogs, which have tasted human flesh, become dangerous."

It isn't only the dog that becomes dangerous, after tasting human flesh.

The end, thank God. ⌗

A Little Birdie in His Head

Continued from page 61

"What time was it when the idea came to you that the bird had entered your head?"

"It was after midnight. I know this because I wanted to telephone you and ask what I could do at once, but then I looked at the clock and it was too late. I thought I would go to a hospital. I was still dressed and I could have taken a cab but I did not know which hospital and I was afraid to go to a place that was not recommended to me. They might operate at once without knowing clearly what they were doing."

"You say it was on the right side?"

"Yes, here. You must be able to see where it entered?"

"No, there is no mark, no abrasion that can be seen. What time do you get up in the mornings?"

"Sometimes early and sometimes late, it all depends upon what time I turn in the night before. Sometimes I work late."

"Yes, I imagined as much. You have probably been working very hard these last weeks and with the changing weather and everything. . . . I'd better write you a little prescription for some triple bromide—effervescent, take one with a glass of water. One, three times a day. And go away for a little rest. You have a case of nerves and if you continue you will be letting yourself in for a breakdown and a nervous collapse is a difficult thing to get over. Pack a bag and go into the country, and stay at least two weeks. You will return refreshed and in fine shape and really find in the end that you have not lost any time at all. Take a little mild exercise, walk two miles every day. Get some fresh air in your lungs and a long night's sleep. Have three regular meals a day and drink plenty of water."

"But I feel it inside my head."

"Well, that will all go away in a day or two. To begin with, no such thing as you imagine is possible. It is physically impossible and if you want to prove to yourself that it did not happen look in the mirror and see if you can find even a scratch where you think the bird entered. Now you've got to forget that, because it never happened. It couldn't happen and in the whole history of medicine I have never heard of a single such case being recorded."

"In the whole history of medicine?"

"Yes."

"You are sure?"

"Positive. It is quite impossible. A man's skull is almost a quarter of an inch thick. Solid bone. And you want to tell me a little bird smaller than a sparrow could penetrate and still be alive. This is a most fantastic conception. But impossible. Forget about it."

"But Doctor, I feel it."

"What you feel is something quite different."

"I am sure the birdie is still in my head. If there has never been such a case before makes no difference. It is here now. There is no other explanation. And the bird? It was not in the room when I lit the lights."

Against all logic and reason, against anatomy and medicine the young composer had only one answer: "But I feel it. I am sure it is in my head."

There was nothing that the doctor could say that would make him believe that it was all impossible. After a thorough examination the doctor could find very little wrong, but that little was enough to account for the highstrung neuresthenia.

The next day he was again in the doctor's office.

"I see you have not gone away?"

"No. I couldn't."

"Why not?"

"Well, my condition won't let me."

"You took the medicine?"

"Yes."

"You still have headaches?"

"Listen Doctor. I wish you would believe me. It is not plain headaches. It's the birdie. It is in there. It flies."

"Well, I'd better give you something that will allow you a long night's rest. I want to break the cycle and then perhaps. . . . Here, have this filled and take both tablets at ten o'clock as soon as you have gone to bed. The prescription cannot be repeated."

Two days later the young composer again came to the doctor and asked if the doctor would mind if another opinion was consulted.

"All the doctors in the world would tell you the same thing but it is all right to consult anyone you please. I have no objection. Would you like me to recommend to you the name of a nerve specialist?"

"Why do you call it nerves, Doctor, when I never had it before and it all happened exactly as I explained?"

"Exactly. And therefore it can't be anything else."

In the weeks that followed the young composer visited a nerve specialist, and a number of other specialists. He told them all the story of how the little bird had entered his head. They all recommended rest, a change and a sedative. They all listened patiently to this strange story but there was nothing they could do to free him from the mad notion that the bird was in his head.

It looked quite like a hopeless case. It looked very bad. The idea was growing into a fixed obsession.

One day he wandered into the office of an old doctor, a gentleman with a short white beard and gold rimmed glasses.

"Doctor," he said. "There is no good my taking up much of your time. I have told my story so much I am tired of it. Tell me what you think and we can make it brief."

"About what?" asked the old man.

"Do you believe that a small bird can enter into someone's head and still be alive?"

"Yes, of course."

The young composer sat down and took a deep breath. His voice changed in pitch. "How is it that everyone tells me it is impossible and I know that it is not impossible?"

"Quite so."

"How do you know it is possible?"

"There has been such a case before."

"Really?"

"Yes, a girl in England. It happened at the time of King George III. I ran across a record of the case in an old book that I bought in Italy. The reason I bought this book was that I thought it quite strange that I should find an old English medical book in Florence."

"Florence?"

"Yes. Florence. Ah, spring in Florence is wonderful. You have been there?"

"Yes, I have and it is wonderful. But tell me how did they know that the girl—the English girl—had told the truth?"

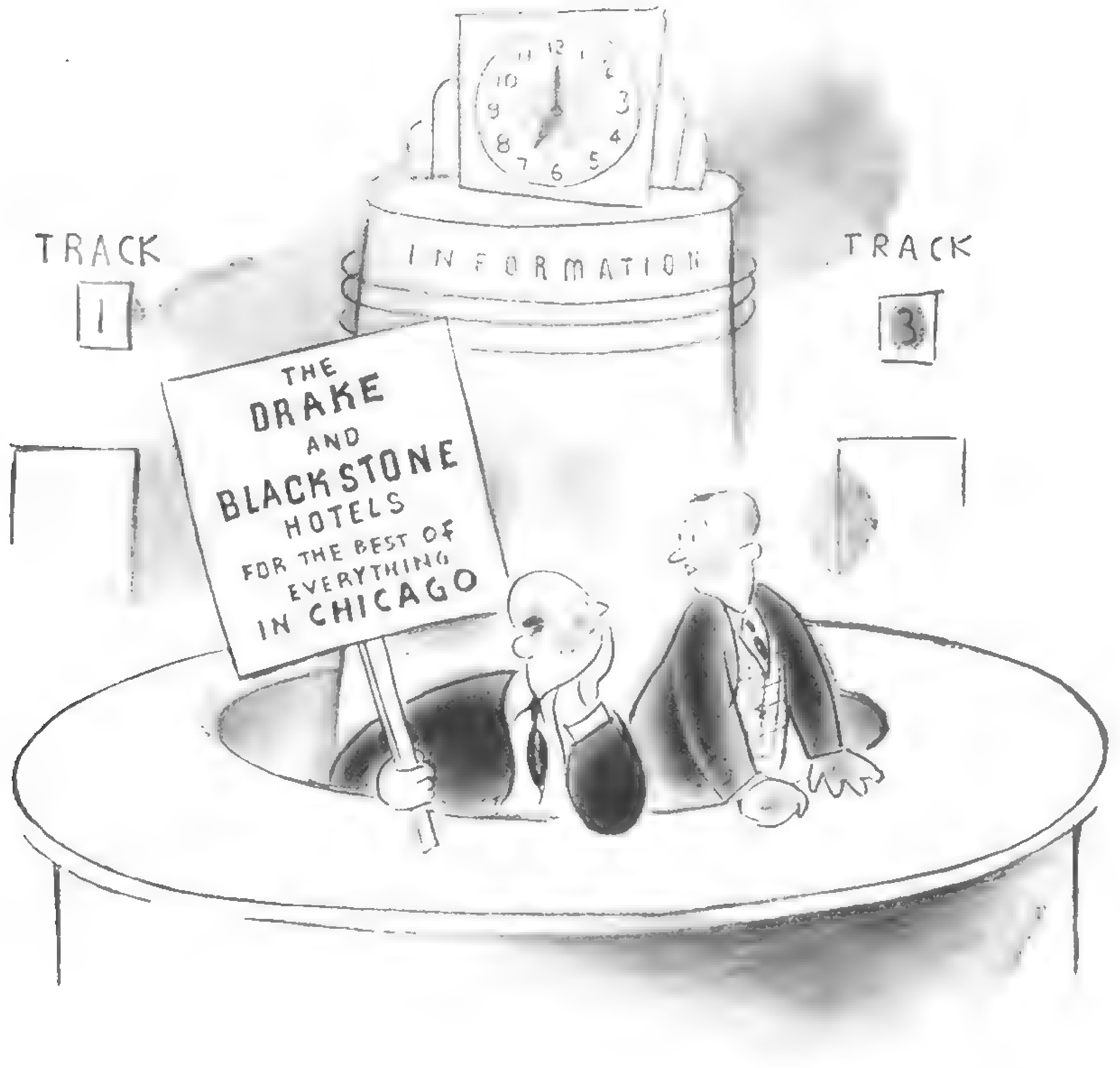
"The record is perfectly clear. An operation was performed and the bird removed. It was just as she said it was. There had been some doubts cast because there was no mark on her head where the bird entered."

"Oh, Doctor! That is just as it is with me. See, there is no mark. Oh, I forgot to tell you. It happened to me. You see, the window was open and . . . The birdie is in my head."

He listened to him patiently and said that it was a very rare case. This seemed to please the young composer.

"Yes," continued the doctor. "It is very rare indeed. And if this really turns out to be as everything seems to indicate then it will be the second case on record in the history of medicine. But first I must first convince myself that the bird is actually inside. Fortunately modern science has made some progress since the days of George III and an X-ray photograph should tell us the whole story. Have you had one taken already?"

Continued on page 206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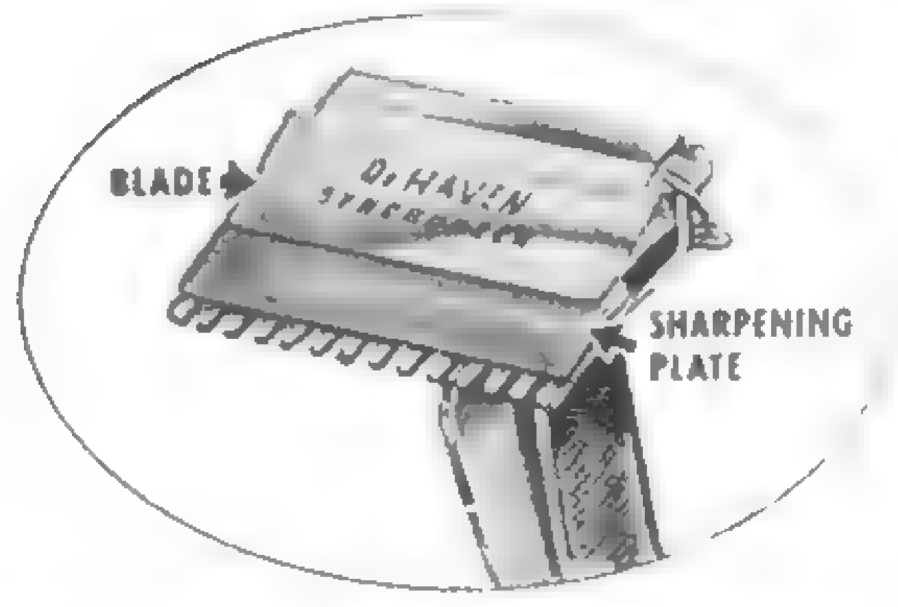

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A Little Birdie in His Head

Continued from pages 61-205

"No. Not one doctor I went to ever thought of it."

"Rather simple and perfectly harmless. I believe that a negative would show up the presence of the bird."

"Yes, I think so too."

Oddly enough, as you can imagine, the X-rays did show the presence of a bird. The doctor showed it to the young composer.

"Of course," he said. "I knew it all the time. It is inside my head. I can feel it."

Elaborate preparations were made for the operation. The composer's head was shaved. He was wheeled into the operating room.

"It is just as simple as removing a sliver from your finger. But this case will be recorded in the proceedings of the medical society. I have a photographer here who will take photographs of the operation while it is in progress."

Then the young man dropped his head back and breathed in the anesthetic.

That night he was very sick but the operation had been a great success. The bird had been removed and the photographs would show the whole thing very clearly, as soon as they were developed and printed. His head was bandaged with a great white turban of gauze as he waited for copies of the photographs.

In time these were delivered to him and they showed quite plainly the opening of the skull and the several views of the inside. One print showed the dead bird on a slab of glass. Yes, there it was. A photograph cannot lie. The young composer asked the photographer to make him two sets of these photographs for himself. This he did, but the old doctor asked him not to show these pictures to anybody until he had had a chance to write up this case and publish it in the Medical Journal.

When the bandages were removed there was a large scar on the side of his head but his hair soon grew up around it and covered it over. He visited the old doctor. This was about ten days after the operation.

"And the headaches?"

"Gone."

"No dizziness?"

"Doctor, I never felt better in my whole life. I owe it all to you. Oh! It is so nice to walk in the streets and breathe in the fresh spring air. This morning I walked around Central Park and it was very nice. There is Fifth Avenue in the 60's where it is real swell and then you get up town and it is very Jewish, and then up at the end it is the edge of dark Harlem and then you come down the Eighth Avenue side and you walk through poor sections, then middle-class sections and soon you see the stable boys from the riding academies in the 60's bringing out the fancy horses for the rich. It is a whole cycle of social life, just once around the park. And you know as I was walking I was thinking. It would be a beautiful thing to write, a sort of tone poem and blending the different elements in a sort of . . . Like Strauss does or better—Stravinsky. And the New York sky-line is all the way through. Yes, one must write a sky-line in music. I think it is possible. Don't you think it is a wonderful idea?"

That is how he spoke and it was evident to the doctor that the bird was quite out of his head. The operation had been a real success.

This young fellow, only nineteen years old at the time, was saved by the knife of a surgeon. Four years went by. The old doctor grew quite old and did not leave his house very often. The younger doctors in New York, and of these there are a great many who are consumed with envy and give up a good deal of attention to petty jealousies, all heard of the case of the young man who had the little "birdie" in his head. There was always a smile when they mentioned the operation and the photographs. And after four years the case was almost forgotten.

It was during an open air concert at the Stadium. The summer sky laden with mist and moisture hung heavy over the entire city. The day had been hot and humid and the evening offered little relief. But it did feel like rain and electricity was already in the air and soon relief was due. The young composer recognized the doctor who had given him the triple bromides and had told him that no such thing was possible. He smiled, shook his hand and sat down next to him.

"You are looking well," said the doctor.

"Yes, since my operation I have never had any trouble."

"I see. Quite good."

"Now you believe that such a thing was possible."

"Everything is possible."

"But you must admit you were very stubborn about it when I came to you on the morning following the occurrence."

"Yes, I suppose one might call it stubborn."

"I wish I had the photographs with me to show you. It was all as I said. And the scar over my ear, you can see it for yourself. That should be proof enough."

He removed his straw hat and showed the doctor the scar.

But the doctor could not stand it a moment longer.

"It all proved nothing. The photographs lie and the scar is false and it is all as I said it was four years ago. You are older now and certainly in better physical shape and there is no reason to carry a lie with you all your life. You are old enough to know the truth. And yet I do not blame the old man in the least for what he did. It was very clever and has made a lot of talk in town. But you can ask any doctor in New York and he will tell you the same. He saw you after you had been to a dozen of the best doctors in the city and he knew that he could do no better than any other. So he agreed with you and told you a cock-and-bull story about such a case in medical history occurring to a girl in the time of George III. Something quite obscure. Something that he happened to run across in an old book and that was why no other doctor knew about it. And so they gave you a fake operation and showed you pictures that were gathered up in the laboratory of anything at all. And the dead bird? Yes that took several days. It was a dead canary that the orderly was asked to buy. And the joke of it was that the bird cost them three dollars and they had to chloroform it because you were impatient and they could not find a dead bird in the whole New York. And they gave you a set of the photographs and they took out the stitches from your scalp . . . And that is all they ever did to you. They made a cut in your scalp and sewed it up and gave you a pretty scar. It was all nonsense from beginning to end. But as long as you believed it—it was all right. And so the old man got the 'birdie' out of your head. Yes, that he did. And he deserves all the credit for it. No doctor in New York knew enough to cure you but he did. Well all right. But it is time you knew the truth. Suggestion is only suggestion. Tricks are tricks and medicine is medicine."

"My God!" cried the young man. "I knew it. I knew it all the time. It was a trick but it didn't work. I can feel it now. The bird is still there. It swoops and swoops and goes bang against the side. Bang, bang, bang! My God. It will drive me mad."

His straw hat had fallen to the ground. He placed his hands to the sides of his head. He walked away. ⌗

Marriages Not Made in Heaven

Continued from page 58

Eugenics Society in preparing schedules for each of the couple proposing marriage, to fill in (with his or her physician's help) for the information of the other partner. These schedules, aided by the advice of practical experts, have been drawn up with much care and consideration; they do not merely cover heredity and health; they enter into such subjects as knowledge of sex and feelings about it.

So I do not underestimate the immense importance for married happiness of right selection before marriage. What I am here, however, specially concerned to emphasize is that right sexual selection and right preparation for marriage—important as they both are and even essential—do not alone suffice to make a happy marriage. The child emerging from the womb may arrive with a perfect equipment for life, but that is only half its fate; the other half depends on the nature of its contacts with the environment. A perfect equipment for marriage, similarly, will only account for half of the fate in marriage; the rest will depend on what happens in the mutual reactions of the two partners. In other words marriage is an art.

That is a central fact about marriage. Only in recent years set forth, it already for some people seems so obvious that they are inclined to think it a truism. Far from it! Although in ancient days, as far back as the time of Ovid, an "art of love" was recognized, it was an illegitimate art, to be confined to illicit love, and held in disrepute. It had no place in marriage. In a virtuous marriage morality lay in confining "love" to its most animal functions, in the absence of which marriage is excluded. That viewpoint is still common.

That is so especially, I regret to say, among men. For this there are at least two reasons. In the first place the world of men remains more traditionalized in matters of sex than that of women. "Women live in a man-made world," one still often hears. But women are modifying their position in that world. In innumerable ways the status of women has been changed during the past century, alike legally, economically, politically, and socially. The process is still going on. We cannot be surprised that it should spread to the sexual sphere. A century ago, almost to a day, in an English district close to that where I now write two women, the mothers of illegitimate children, publicly testified their sorrow for their sins at a special ceremony at the parish church as ordered by the Ecclesiastical Court, in the presence of a large congregation. They were habited in white robes made for the occasion and stood one on each side of the church door with long white wands in their hands. They were then conducted into the church and placed before the desk of the minister who, we are told, delivered a very excellent and appropriate discourse, after which the ladies were dispossessed of their penitential habiliments and allowed to depart. We hear nothing of any penance inflicted on the men who were at least equally responsible for these misdeeds. And in America, also, no need to add, rugged individualism in this matter has been an exclusive masculine prerogative. We still do not usually regard these feminine adventurers with approval, but at all events we are prepared to be less brutal and more considerate.

And it has elsewhere been possible to insist, with wide approval,

Continued on page 208

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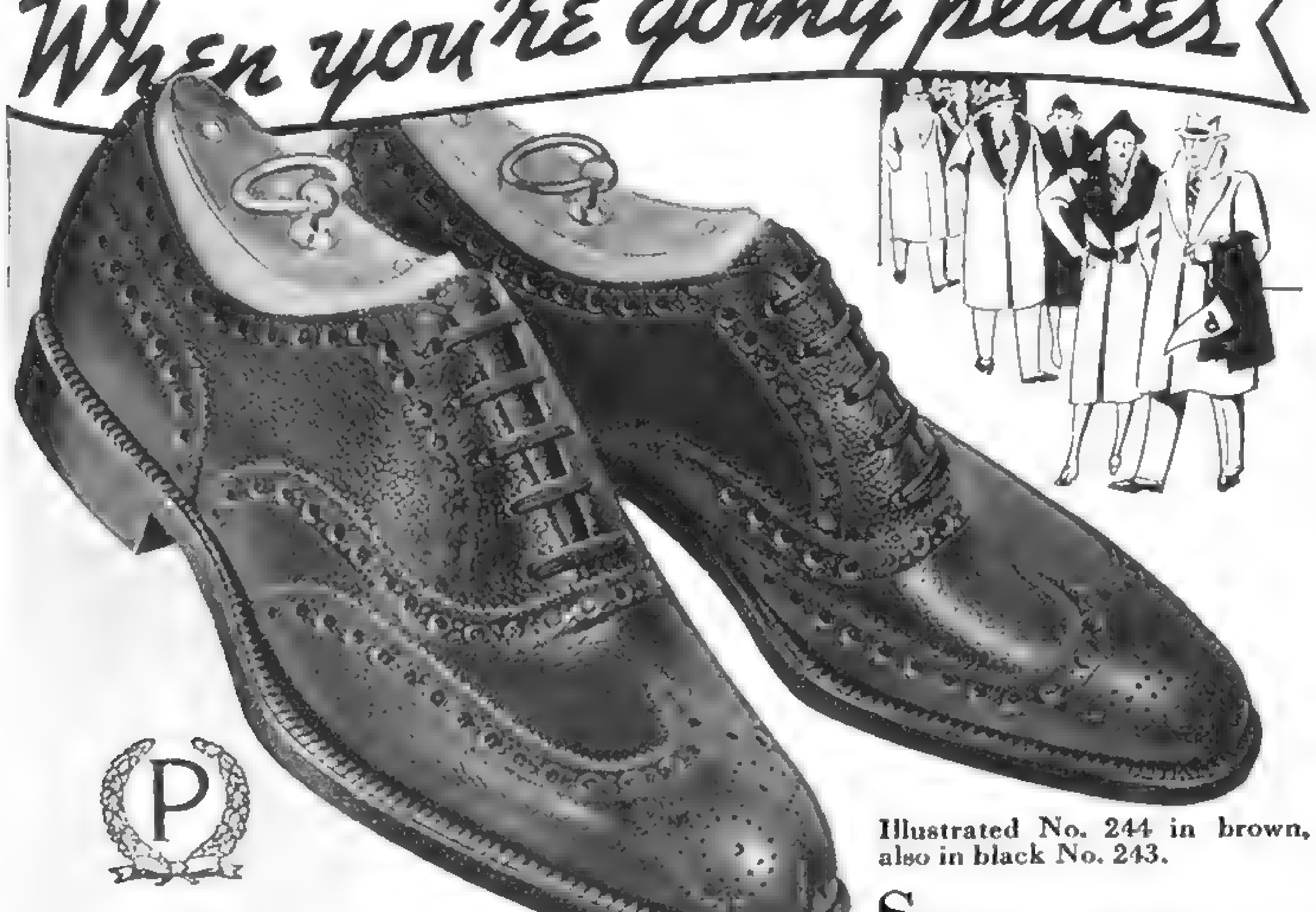

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Marriages Not Made in Heaven

Continued from pages 58-207

on the erotic rights of women.

There is another, and organic, reason for this sexual difference. That is women's wider possibilities of response. Women's special functions in reproduction furnish them with a greater range of sexual centres, and their readier reaction to affective stimuli cooperates in the same direction. The keyboard has more keys. And Balzac's ancient and oft-quoted simile of the man with a woman in his arms to an orangutan with a violin cannot, unfortunately, yet be called out-of-date. So it is that women are readier than men for the art of love.

That is why I feel that we are today called upon to face a new situation. It is a period of transition. We are beginning to realize that, in matters of love, a "man-made world" is a bad world. Men themselves are realizing this. It is becoming clear that even those supposedly feminine qualities which stand in the way of betterment are qualities which men themselves have imposed on women. The conventionality and prudery, incompatible with any art, are not really so native to women in matters of love as we have come to suppose, they are merely the fictitious masculine ideals which women have been forced to accept. If we now so often see an open dissatisfaction it is but due to the revolt of those who of old meekly submitted to unnatural conditions. The existence of easier divorce is really an encouraging sign. It offers greater possibilities for real marriage and is only fatal to false marriages. The dissatisfied of today feel heartened to seek the art of love. It is an art which, like other arts, may be learnt though it cannot be taught, and until it is learnt the search of happiness in marriage is not found.

In laying this emphasis on the art of love, and the urgency for men to learn it, I am not proposing that we run to the opposite extreme to those who insist on the importance of eugenic and temperamental selection beforehand. It is not true that, in our civilization, any marriage may be made happy. The amiable psychologist who, some years ago, argued vigorously that no husband has any excuse for dissatisfaction with his wife since if he only searches deep enough he will find in her all that he desires, had hold of a real truth. But it has its limitations, and is not of universal application. We must not forget—though it is often forgotten—that in every department of life good seed and good soil are both alike essential. The best husband like the best husbandman—as of old they wisely called the farmer—cannot expect by the fine quality of the seed he supplies to make up entirely for inferiority in his wife. It will nevertheless always help.

It is a sad spectacle for those who have an intimate knowledge of marriage to observe the frequent bad husbandry of husbands and its fatal effect on love. We see, for instance, a woman of the typically feminine type, that is to say, a very usual type, with less self-will and independence of character than some of her sisters, but of admirable material to make a perfect and happy wife. She is completely in love with her husband and he is in love with her, indeed perhaps to an absurdly jealous extent. But he is also completely ignorant of the art of loving, and even neglectful of the elementary rights of personality. It would not be very difficult to present extreme examples. But far too often the husband imagines that marriage has brought courtship to an end. Love-making becomes for him a matter-of-fact routine for which no preparation is necessary, unless, it may be, of a precautionary nature. He is not aware that for his wife to be brought into the right condition for love-making, alike physically and psychically, a preliminary courtship is necessary. Nothing can ever be taken for granted in love. That recognition is essential for happy marriage.

There are other rights, besides the right to preliminary courtship, which it is important the wife should possess if the union is to be happy. She should be able to cherish her own personality on those aspects of it which do not affect her husband. There is always a realm of personality in life to which other persons, however intimately near, can only enter as a privilege, and not by right. Even children, and at an early age, should be encouraged to cherish this source of personality. I do not know if there are now many husbands who consider that they may demand to see all the letters their wives receive or write. But such husbands are still not unknown. It is a demand, unnecessary to say, that should never be made and never be admitted. (These words were only just written when I come on the letter of a correspondent who remarks: "My wife and I do not open or read each other's letters: this was enunciated by her and is an excellent rule; we have no secrets, but we don't express or feel curiosity about each other's affairs.") Love is always free to give but never free to demand, even within the proper love sphere. In spite of the changing outlook, it may fairly be said that marriage is still too much based on demands. The wife may merely demand maintenance, the husband merely a housekeeper. Maintenance and housekeeping may still both be essential. But they are matters of business arrangement and outside the art of love. As sources of marital unhappiness they must in time largely disappear in so far as we acquire a common-sense conception of the

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business of life. The discontent we find is largely of those who refuse to accept these as the primary demands of marriage.

Thus while we recognize the importance of due selection of partners before marriage we also accept the possibility of constructive selection after marriage. Each partner enters the union with a large number of possible qualities, many of them still altogether latent, and among these selection may still be effected. It has been asserted that "the person one marries really has the possibility of being a dozen different people." On the intellectual side certainly that may sometimes be seen. An example I sometimes quote is that of Mrs. Mark Pattison, the wife of a man absorbed in scholarship, who became herself a brilliant and scholarly authority on eighteenth century French art, and when, later, she became the wife of Sir Charles Dilke, a Radical statesman in public life, became equally brilliant as a student of Labor questions, intellectually a new and different personality, but in both phases, we may be sure, not by response to a demand, or the outcome could not have been so effective, but as a voluntary giving. On a less intellectual plane, on the level of character and in the domestic sphere, manifestations of changed personality are possible, though often in response to demands and much less satisfactory. We witness them more often in women than in men, since we are accustomed to the man playing a more active and positive part in the world, but they lie in human nature. When, however, we observe a husband who is masterly and domineering in the home, or, on the other hand, manifesting a quite reverse attitude, we may only need to observe his wife for an explanation of the personality he has developed. More often, no doubt, it is the wife who is apparently moulded by the influence with which her husband's temperament has surrounded her, provided, of course, that she is fairly young at the start. She may grow wise and tolerant and generous; she may grow sour and petty and pessimistic. In neither case can her eventual personality be said to have been really moulded by her mate. Even the most passive woman cannot be expected to possess so malleable a constitution, however much she may appear changed on the surface in order to adapt herself to the environment, but, if that is unfavorable, any inner change is only likely to be towards sourness and pettiness and pessimism. It is only by a process of giving out, in an atmosphere rendered favorable by a like attitude on the man's part, that a woman's powers can develop, and that both mates may grow wise and tolerant and generous in a life of shared interests.

This brings us again to what must always be regarded as a central fact of the situation: marriage is an art. And a great deal of the art is in giving, and not only in giving love but in understanding. As in all arts, success can only be the outcome of practice and experience. I am far from under-estimating the importance of a preliminary enlightenment.

But preliminary enlightenment is not enough. We must not forget the difference between knowledge and experience. Many a girl has found on marriage that the knowledge she was confident she possessed has failed to carry her far. From the wedding-night—and indeed especially then—onwards, throughout the whole course of marriage, the maintenance of love is an art and in that art a golden rule on both sides always to give and never to demand. Since no two human beings are alike—sometimes indeed differing widely when alike equally admirable—the only guide to the art is experience.

There are indeed certain general tendencies which it is desirable to bear in mind. They sometimes raise difficult questions. There is, for instance, that craving for sexual variety which has often been brought forward as a source of disturbance in married life. No doubt of its existence. In Dr. Hamilton's careful investigation in New York 41 per cent husbands and 29 per cent wives admitted a craving for variety of one sort or another, the feminine desire for variety being thus less acute than the masculine. This craving is admitted even by so wise and cautious an upholder of monogamy as Dr. Westermarck in his recent book on *The Future of Marriage in Western Civilization.* It has indeed long been recognized by breeders even among animals; they are always excited by novelty. It cannot therefore be said that this impulse is unnatural. The important point is that civilized man need not be animal-like.

It has often been said, and it is still well to repeat, that married lovers who have passed beyond the cruder stages may find ample variety in themselves. The secrets of love-making are many and there is now no need to search for them in the pedantic lore of ancient books on the *figurae Veneris.* Two lovers who are interested in each other will discover those new mysteries of love which best suit themselves, and now that sane ideas on these matters are more common they will not be tempted to fear that they are becoming morbid or vicious. The lovers who can always find variety in themselves will be the less likely to seek it outside.

But even when variety outside marriage becomes attractive, the civilized lover may find satisfaction without the risks which beset the crude animal search for novelty. In the complex network of our lives human beings are so unlike, and the gamut of emotion so extended, that all sorts of relationships may be formed in the

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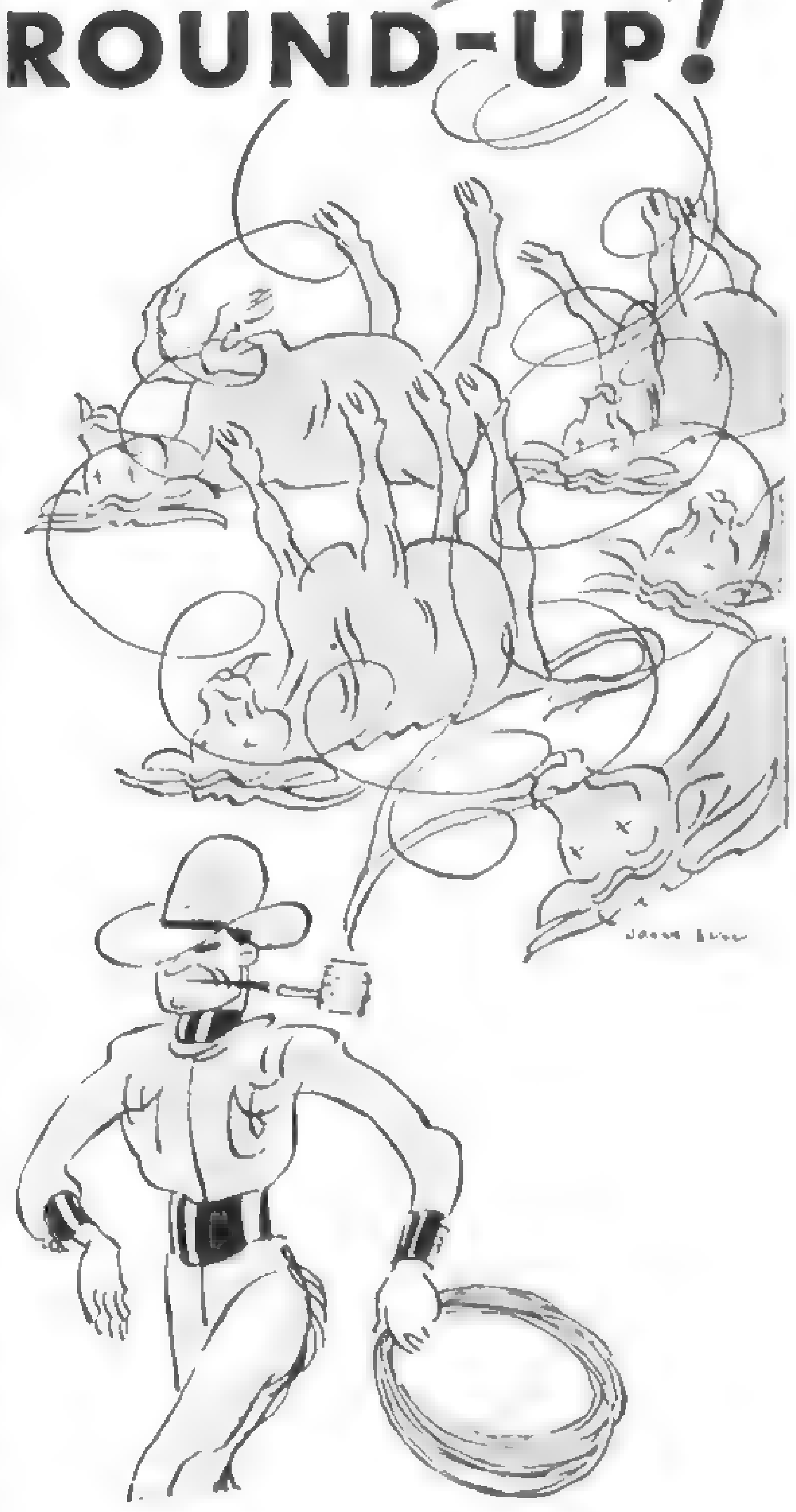

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Marriages Not Made in Heaven

Continued from pages 58-207-209

outside world without disturbing the deep central relationship. Indeed, when rightly understood, and the equal freedom of both partners is recognized, that central relationship is thereby enriched. I can never forget Edward Carpenter's image of the life of a family of grubs as revealed when one lifts some heavy stone in the garden which shelters them from the world. They do not constitute a worthy ideal. The happiness of the pigsty, however genuine, is not of a kind which we need seek to emulate.

Then, however, we have to face the problem of jealousy. That is a very common and often difficult problem when we are discussing happiness in marriage.

Jealousy is certainly natural. We may not hope to abolish it, but the significant fact is that civilization affords possibilities of its modification, of its control, of its conquest. The very circumstance that through our increased intellectual and emotional development the possible occasions for jealousy are multiplied renders the approaches far more accessible to control than when a consummated act of bodily intercourse seemed the only reason for jealousy. If the manifold relationships of our modern social life make for the enrichment of personality, then the enrichment cannot but be increased when it is shared between two people who feel that they are in a unique relationship to each other. The sincerity and frankness involved by this sharing of experiences removes any sting that the experiences themselves might possess. Where the adjustments are less easy to effect happily, there is one vital consideration which in civilization is readier of comprehension than in savagery. That is that, under our social conditions, jealousy is not only futile, but worse than futile. Jealousy tends to fortify and increase what it attacks, while the obstinately jealous lover makes still more difficult the restoration of what he fears he is losing. Spontaneous emotional deviations from exclusive devotion have always been liable to occur, and will never cease to occur in persons of the finest development. The lover who succeeds in being tender and considerate in the face of what might well arouse jealousy wins a reward of gratitude and affection which must ever be out of reach of the jealous lover.

It is necessary to add, in this matter of jealousy, that it is not enough to insist on the need for self-control and affectionate consideration in one only of the two partners. We are entitled to expect an equal self-control and consideration in the partner whose conduct is liable to excite jealousy. However close and beautiful the bonds uniting the two partners, neither has the right to assume that the other totally lacks any impulse to suffer, if not from the crude emotion of jealousy, at all events from what may be felt as an invasion of a hitherto unique relationship. There cannot be a too complete understanding at the outset or beforehand. The love that has attained any fine degree of development instinctively avoids, as far as possible, making the beloved person feel pain.

Such considerations, however, may alone serve to indicate that as we push more deeply the study of marriage and the development of married life the conception of happiness in marriage undergoes constant modification. The crude romance of complete mutual absorption, with which the innocent young couple may approach the altar, cannot survive the shocks of real life, and would be unwholesome if it could. The modifications are inevitable. The main point is that they should be of enlargement rather than of restriction, of elevation rather than of debasement.

After twenty years of married life, or less, happiness, however genuine, is no longer conceived in the same terms as on the wedding day. As Westermarck, Wiesner, and other authorities have pointed out, the emotional accompaniments to the original urge to physical gratification and the production of children tend to acquire in time a more or less independent existence of their own. The sentiments which must be present of affection and sympathy and admiration for the beloved mate may develop to such a point as themselves to constitute a kind of passion, and almost, if not quite, to replace that physical desire which at an earlier stage may have appeared equally dominant. But, even in ceasing to exist, its spiritual transformations remain in lasting ties of happily mutual love and tenderness, provided it was really friendship and affection which brought the pair together. So it comes about that at no stage in even the longest married life are the possibilities of happiness outgrown.

It will be seen that if we sum up the considerations we encounter in exploring the possibilities of happiness in marriage they mainly come under two heads: the need of enlightenment and the need of what in a wide sense may be called art, together with the discipline that all good art demands. Many of the impediments to married happiness are in reality so slight that they might easily have been removed at the outset by better knowledge. But there are others which may involve frequent struggle and tension, though of this we should not be impatient, for, as it has been truly said in this connection, there is no music save on tightened strings. It remains true, as in the days of the ancient Greeks, that "the beautiful is difficult." ✠

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The Candid Cameraman

Continued from page 125

So far as I know, the American government has given no hint to Hollywood as to how the militaristic theme should be treated in films. Last year, it is true, we had a number of "enlistment poster" photoplays picturing the charm of life in army, navy, and air-force training schools. But these may have been merely the result of a producer's happy hope of cashing in on patriotic sentiment, while using a lot of government property free of charge.

And so far as I know, the American public doesn't care which way a film points—toward peace or toward war—so long as the film is entertaining. This is the most disheartening part of the subject; the public doesn't care, because it feels no immediate danger; and therefore it is already subjecting itself to the glory poison manufactured at the express demand of foreign governments preparing their own subjects for war.

We are good-natured, an unsuspicious mass. We'll eat anything, so long as it fills the stomach.

Here is a world-porridge all mixed in the same pot. If the Hungarians demand pepper in the porridge, why we don't mind—so in goes the pepper, and the whole world eats it.

The positive minded, vociferous minority can always impose itself upon the easy minded mass, for the simple reason that the mass wants peace, and that's how it gets war. And war-movies.

Recently there was a picture made, called *Road to Glory*. When I first saw the film I was puzzled, and in my remarks on the film I admitted that I was puzzled because, while promoted as a film which agitated for peace by exposing the horrors of war, it nevertheless carried on all the stupid old clichés of honor and glory, and created a readiness for war sacrifice in the public mind. It made a great hero of a stupid old man who insisted on sneaking his way into the army though he was over-age, whose blunders cost the lives of several of his comrades, but who carried his old Napoleonic bugle with him throughout the battle, and who died with the bugle in his hand. The last shot was of the battered bugle, shining in the bloody mud. The old sentimental craparoo.

When I saw this picture I was puzzled because it had many scenes which revealed a hatred of war; it could easily have been made as an anti-war picture; it was evident that many of the people who had worked on the story and in the action wanted to express hatred of war; and yet the character of the old man had been introduced, to sing the standard war-song. I made some enquiries and found that my reaction to the film was correct. Many people connected with it would have liked to make an anti-war film. "And as far as the American market goes," I was told, "it wouldn't have mattered. But you can't risk an anti-war film in Europe. And there's forty per cent of your gross."

And there, very simply, is the story. Americans, paying the heavy share of the movie-maker's income, would accept anti-war films. Foreign countries, paying the lighter share, dictate the policy.

The Lost Patrol, for instance, was banned in Hungary because "it is of a pacifist type, and also shows the horrors of war."

Japan has a rigid censorship against any motion picture scenes which are uncomplimentary to soldiers.

All scenes showing soldiers plundering houses are cut from photoplays or newsreels. Even the picture, *Red Salute*, which could scarcely have been described as anti-militaristic, suffered censorship. There was a scene in which a character cried, "To you young men I say, don't let anyone put a soldier suit on you!" This was eliminated.

Persia exhibits the same antipathy to peace-minded films as does every other dictator-ruled county. *The Man Who Reclaimed His Head* was banned in Persia specifically because it was "anti-militaristic in theme."

It goes without being said that anti-militaristic pictures are not welcome in Germany and Italy.

Why, then, couldn't a producer ignore the foreign market for one or two films, and give us something designed for America? Couldn't he make a profit without Japan, Persia, Hungary, Turkey, Germany, and Italy? He probably could. But it wouldn't be as big a profit.

And there is another factor that keeps us from getting films as we might want them: pre-censorship.

People ordinarily visualize censorship as the exercise of a pair of scissors. A film is made, a newspaper is printed, in which certain truths are presented. They may relate to the sex life of unmarried persons, or to the brutal treatment of political prisoners. The censor sees the film, or reads the news dispatch and—chop. That's all there is to it.

That wouldn't be so bad. Confronted with the gap in the film-action, or the hole in the newspaper, the public might at least suspect the existence of truths whose utterance would be embarrassing to the authorities. But modern masters of publicity have done away with this awkward and elementary method of censorship.

They have substituted the constructive for the destructive idea. Why waste money making a film that is going to be censored? It is better business to find out in advance what might be objectionable, and to conform.

The most flagrant case of pre-

Continued on top of page 212

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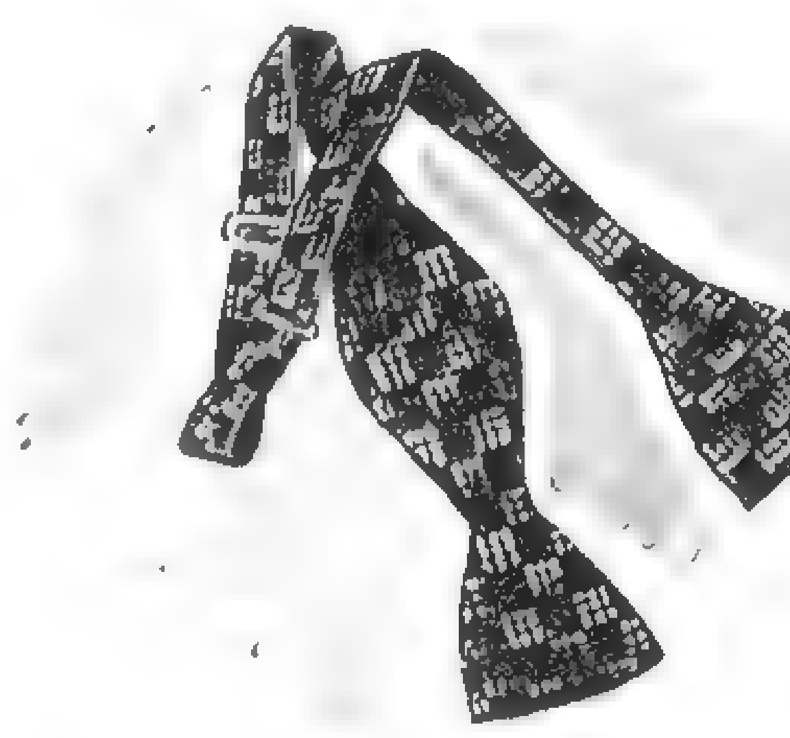

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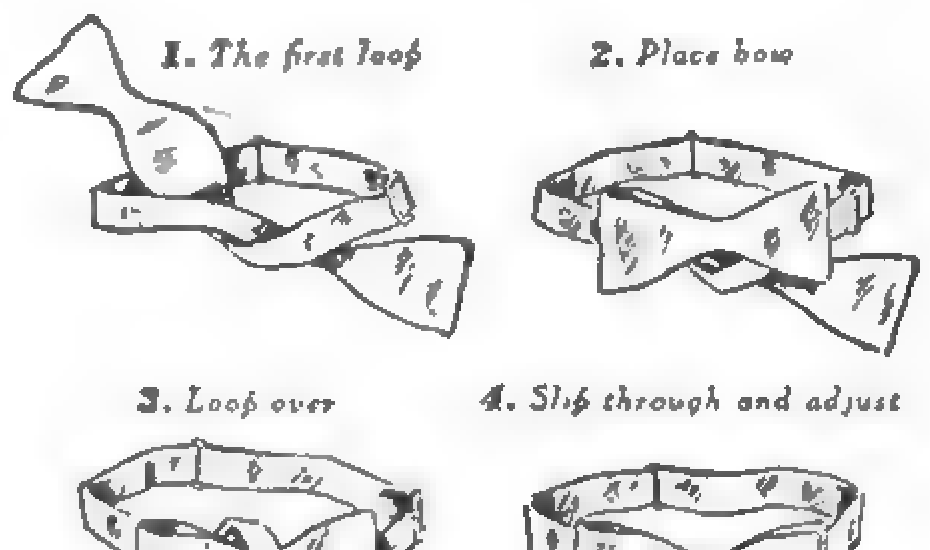

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The Candid Cameraman

Continued from pages 125-211

censorship was, of course, M.G.M.'s abandonment of *It Can't Happen Here* at the threat of the German government to ban all pictures emanating from the same studio. While Germany is pretty far down in the list of foreign consumers of American films—Great Britain, Spain, France, India, and half a dozen other countries use more Hollywood product—there is still enough German business to keep one of our most powerful studios from making a film that would have been of tremendous interest to the American people.

Germany was soon imitated. Warner Bros. had the film rights to *Forty Days of Musa Dagh*, one of the greatest literary classics of our time. Preparations for the making of the film were well advanced. Turkey protested, because the story recalled the atrocious treatment of the Armenians by the Turks during the World War.

Now, Turkey has only about a hundred motion picture houses, and is in all a negligible factor in the account books of any one American studio. Even the threat to boycott that studio forever should not have carried deciding weight, in the case of a film of such prestige importance.

However, England is friendly to Turkey.

And England is Hollywood's biggest foreign customer.

So the *Forty Days of Musa Dagh* was dropped.

In both these cases, the projected films were anti-militaristic in theme.

Both protesting countries were dictator-ruled.

It would seem that they dictate over Americans, too. ⧺

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 118

Benjamin Robert Haydon, the painter, and the publishers, Woodhouse, Taylor and Hessen; (3) Keats was viciously attacked, in fact, by only two brilliant but unscrupulously young men still in their twenties, Wilson and Lockhart, both writing for the same magazine, and their attacks were not directed primarily at Keats but at Leigh Hunt, through Keats, because Keats was a friend of Hunt's, and their attacks upon Hunt and Keats were inspired by their loyalty to Sir Walter Scott whom Hunt had attacked; (4) the temper of Wilson's and Lockhart's attacks was so malicious that the attacks served the opposite of their purpose: they made friends for Keats and advertized his books, and they made enemies for Wilson and Lockhart; (5) a careless academic posterity has associated Jeffrey with Wilson and Lockhart, which is absurd, because Jeffrey was a man of sound learning and taste and possessed of a vigorous, discriminating mind and, moreover, was a Whig, whereas Wilson and Lockhart were youngsters on a new Tory magazine which was out to gain attention by whatever means, and they were just feeling their spurs; and lastly, (6) Jeffrey's review, 9000 words long, while tempered with justifiable and specific criticism of the two volumes under review, *Endymion* and *Lamia*, is about as sound today as when it was written and was studded with such statements as "It is impossible to resist the intoxication of their sweetness, or to shut our hearts to the enchantments they so lavishly present," and "Like the radiance, which comes from those old windows upon the limbs and garments of the damsel, is the almost Chaucer-like painting, with which this poet illumes every subject he touches. We have scarcely anything like it in modern description. It brings us back to ancient days and 'Beauty making-beautiful old rhymes.'"

It is instructive and stimulating nowadays to read the reviews written for the *Edinburgh Review* by that vigorous, incorruptible, magnificent Whig thunderer, with a dour Scot's wit and a true reverence for the works of the imagination and the critical equipment to sustain it. A collection of his reviews may be found in the New Universal Library Series under the title, *Jeffrey's Essays from the Edinburgh Review*, English poets and poetry, vol. I, and English prose, vol. II, published by E. P. Dutton & Co.

Jeffrey is often subjected to the awful obloquy of being a critic and acting as whipping-boy for the tribe because of something else besides being falsely associated with Wilson and Lockhart as one of the critics who killed Keats. Jeffrey had the misfortune to begin his review of Wordsworth's *Excursion* with the words, "This will never do!"

That is from almost any way you take it, except the right one of relating it to the text, a comical thing to say, an absurd thing to say (looking back now with our knowledge that Wordsworth is enshrined as a classic); and unfortunately it is a line that has survived as Jeffrey's verdict on the whole body of Wordsworth's poetry.

That was not his verdict at all; he had a sound appreciation of the highest of Wordsworth's merits and he expressed them clearly and cogently in that review and in other reviews of Wordsworth's work.

And the important point is that, concerning the volume of poems then under Jeffrey's scrutiny, *The Excursion*, Jeffrey's pronouncement was resoundingly and perpetually right, "This will never do!" He shows explicitly

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and in detail just why it will never do. Posterity has justified his judgment; it will read and cherish much of Wordsworth's work but it will not plow through the weak and tedious *Excursion.* Even the editors who have made selections of Wordsworth's poems cannot work up enough enthusiasm to quote more than a few samples of the 420 quarto pages of slow verses which make up that "part of a second part of a long and laborious work, which is to consist of three parts!" That part, wrote Jeffrey, "occupies precisely three days! So that by the use of a very powerful calculus, some estimate may be formed of the probable extent of the entire biography." It is amusing to read the indignation with which Jeffrey greeted this long poem, after reading through it slowly, studiously and conscientiously in order to bring his best judgment upon it. "This small specimen however," he writes, and the statements with which it is prefaced, have been sufficient to set our minds at rest in one particular. The case of Mr. Wordsworth, we perceive, is now manifestly hopeless, and we give him up as altogether incurable, and beyond the power of criticism."

Jeffrey was academic but not dryasdust; his peculiar value, as Saintsbury says in his essay on Jeffrey in *The Collected Essays and Papers of George Saintsbury* (E. P. Dutton & Co., 1923), "is not, as is that of Coleridge, of Hazlitt, or of Lamb, in very subtle, very profound, or very original views of his subjects"; for they were imaginative essays, first, and enjoyers, analysts second. Jeffrey was mistaken, however, in one thing and that is best illustrated by his statement, which he did not mean to be funny, "The case of Mr. Wordsworth, we perceive, is manifestly hopeless." Many critics share Jeffrey's misapprehension of the function of a critic: he thought that he could alter the course and mend the ways of a genius by constructive criticism, by the mugg's game of being helpful. You can't. Even Jeffrey couldn't. He did well to give up Wordsworth's case as hopeless.

My admired colleague and friend, George Jean Nathan, Esq., has never had Jeffrey's delusion. He has never tried to be helpful to the playwright. He knows that the critic's duty is to the audience; his job is to instruct, warn, apprise; inform and entertain his reader; that once a bum play has got past the stage of the last rehearsal and is already on view to the paying audience, there is nothing to be done about it in the way of bettering it; the thing is to give it the boot smartly and with decision. If the play is good, it is to be applauded with the proper reasons and the author encouraged, by a judicious appraisal, to bestir his brain anew.

Nathan's joining the staff of regular contributors to ESQUIRE in the capacity of critic of the drama coincides with the publication of his new volume of essays, *The Theater of the Moment* (Knopf, $2.50). George Jean Nathan is the only critic of our time whose journalistic comments upon the current theater are annually collected and issued in book form. And for the very good reason that his critiques are the only ones written, with the exception of some of Stark Young's, which can be read twice. (And the trouble with many of Young's critiques is that they can't even be read once.) Subtle and witty as was the late Percy Hammond, ingenious in his ironies and clever with the rapier, his tastes were too shallow and his interest in the drama too ephemeral for his best Sunday articles to survive the months without tarnish, as one will readily discover by reading the one volume he ever published on the theater, *But Is It Art?*

Nathan knows how to combine the common, the current, interests with the more enduring, the specific interest with the general. He can be as journalistic as the next one, mirroring the mode and reflecting the spirit of the moment; but he also knows how to save his workaday stuff from being tomorrow as dead as yesterday's newspaper; for he not only has a point of view, an individual style, a sound knowledge of the theater and of the criticism of the drama, but he has levity and life in his profoundest observations. He has a quick eye for cant and humbug; and he slays them both with a grin. He chooses, for instance, as the mottoes for this book: "Criticism today suffers from a lack of dignity"—George Santayana; and "The theater today suffers from a lack of dignity"—St. John Ervine. By taking these two hollow and meaningless pronouncements and smilingly using them as a "text" as the more solemn fellows are wont to adorn their pages with quotations from Aristotle or Shakespeare, he illustrates a quality of mind which differentiates him from most of his colleagues in dramatic criticism: he is never guilty of a perfectly meaningless, perfectly hollow statement. Homer nodded; but Santayana and Ervine went sound asleep when they wrote those statements. Nathan, I imagine, gets his regular, eight hours' sleep a night; but he is never in a coma when he is writing about the theater or its offerings. He is wide awake, supersensitively alert to excellencies and to the pretentious and the shoddy. And if he is obliged to state a commonplace he never does it in a commonplace manner. His comic sense is as highly developed as his tragic sense, perhaps more highly, since a hedonistic urbanity informs all his work; and far from assuming a dignity where dignity is out of place, he will resort to good slapstick to kid the pants off stuffed shirts. In this book, besides his usual animadversions on the movies, the year's offerings in the theater and the trends in drama there are ex-

Continued on page 214

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Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from pages 118-213

cellent and amusing personality studies of Eugene O'Neill and those Katzenjammer Kids, Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, and brief summations of the merits and demerits of Maxwell Anderson, Clifford Odets, Robert Sherwood, Lillian Hellman, S. N. Behrman and others and an utterly devastating exposition of the claim that has been made for George S. Kaufman that he is one of the real wits of the theater.

The most revolutionary book of the past ten years, I suspect, perhaps the most revolutionary book since Freud's first pioneer work in psychoanalysis, is *Change of Life in Men and Women* (Putnam's, $2.) by Marie Carmichael Stopes, author of another revolutionary earlier work, *Married Love.* Dr. Stopes' earlier discoveries and charts of the rhythm of the sexual functions, although once banned and denounced, is now, I understand, the one source of information on birth control recommended or allowed by the Catholic Church or at least of individual priests to their inquiring parishioners and has thus proved to be an inestimable boon to thousands of young Catholic married couples.

Dr. Stopes' new book is even more revolutionary. She gives conclusive evidence of something which has long been suspected, namely that men undergo a change of life just the same as women and that, whereas men do not undergo a physical change such as in the menopause of women, during the climacteric of men, there is temporary impotence or absence of vigor or desire and even a violent aversion to sexual love, accompanied by the same kind of aberrant psychic disturbances which women suffer.

Dr. Stopes points out that the vanity of the male is so puerile that a needless shame is attached to any diminution or cessation of desire, that it has been difficult to arrive at data on the male climacteric. Men are reticent on the subject and unwilling to acknowledge any facts about themselves which detract from their conception of masculinity. As the result, men have committed suicide because of a condition which is only temporary, she says, lasting anywhere from four months to three years; and that, moreover, during this temporary condition, homes have been broken up and married happiness destroyed. Without a true knowledge of this phenomenon in men, she says, men have run away from their wives as the cause of their condition, "got religion," soured on the world, broken away from their friends, and even killed themselves. They would be saved all this, if they were made aware of the nature of the climacteric in men and prepared their minds for it. This book is bound to have the most important bearing upon medical history and upon the treatment of nervous conditions Her ideas will be widely plagiarized by later writers who will neglect to mention their indebtedness to Dr. Stopes, just as her ideas in *Married Love* were widely plagiarized without credit because she is a woman. She anticipates this with justifiable anger and bitterness; but her medical conscience is pure and she finds compensation for the way she knows she will be treated in the knowledge that she has contributed something of importance to mankind.

Special recommendations:

An American Doctor's Odyssey (Norton, $3.50) by Dr. Victor Heiser—An extremely fascinating personal history and story of the adventures in fifty countries by "the globe-trotting drummer" of the Rockefeller Foundation who has "sold health" all over the world, eradicating smallpox, cholera, hookworm, beri beri, malaria, tuberculosis and leprosy.

Now That April's Here (Random House, $2.) by Morley Callaghan—A collection of the best work of one of the finest masters of the short story in our time. Quiet, serene, suggestive rather than explicit, Callaghan wrings the heart or stirs the mind with wonder in these powerfully moving stories of simple and tremendous incidents in the daily lives of simple people.

Bird Alone (Viking Press, $2.50) by Sean O'Faolain—The story of a boyhood in Ireland in the time of Parnell written with the strange, haunting magic of the author's *A Nest of Simple Folk.* This is lyric reality by an artist with an exquisite touch in his prose.

Lectures on Conditioned Reflexes (Liveright, $3.) by Prof. Ivan P. Pavlov—What Pavlov has learned to date about the behavior of the nervous system.

Hot Jazz (Witmark, $5.) by Hugues Parnassie, translated from the French by Lyle and Eleanor Dowling—A surprising work, an easily read but profound study of swing music, which originated in the Black Belt of Chicago which has in Louis Armstrong its greatest genius. There is an analysis of the technique of the masters of swing, a comparison of swing and other music, and a complete list of records to date.

Me, Detective (Harcourt, $2.50) by Leslie T. White—The personal part played by a brilliant young detective in some of the most lurid crimes of the decade and how he learned to his chagrin that "you can't convict a million dollars" and that justice is not only blind but deaf, dumb, knock-kneed and half-witted.

The Lady in the Morgue (Crime Club, $2.) by Jonathan Latimer—A playful, hard-boiled and gruesome yarn by Dashiell Hammett's only rival in the creation of character and in the contriving of rapidly moving detective story entertainment. ⌗

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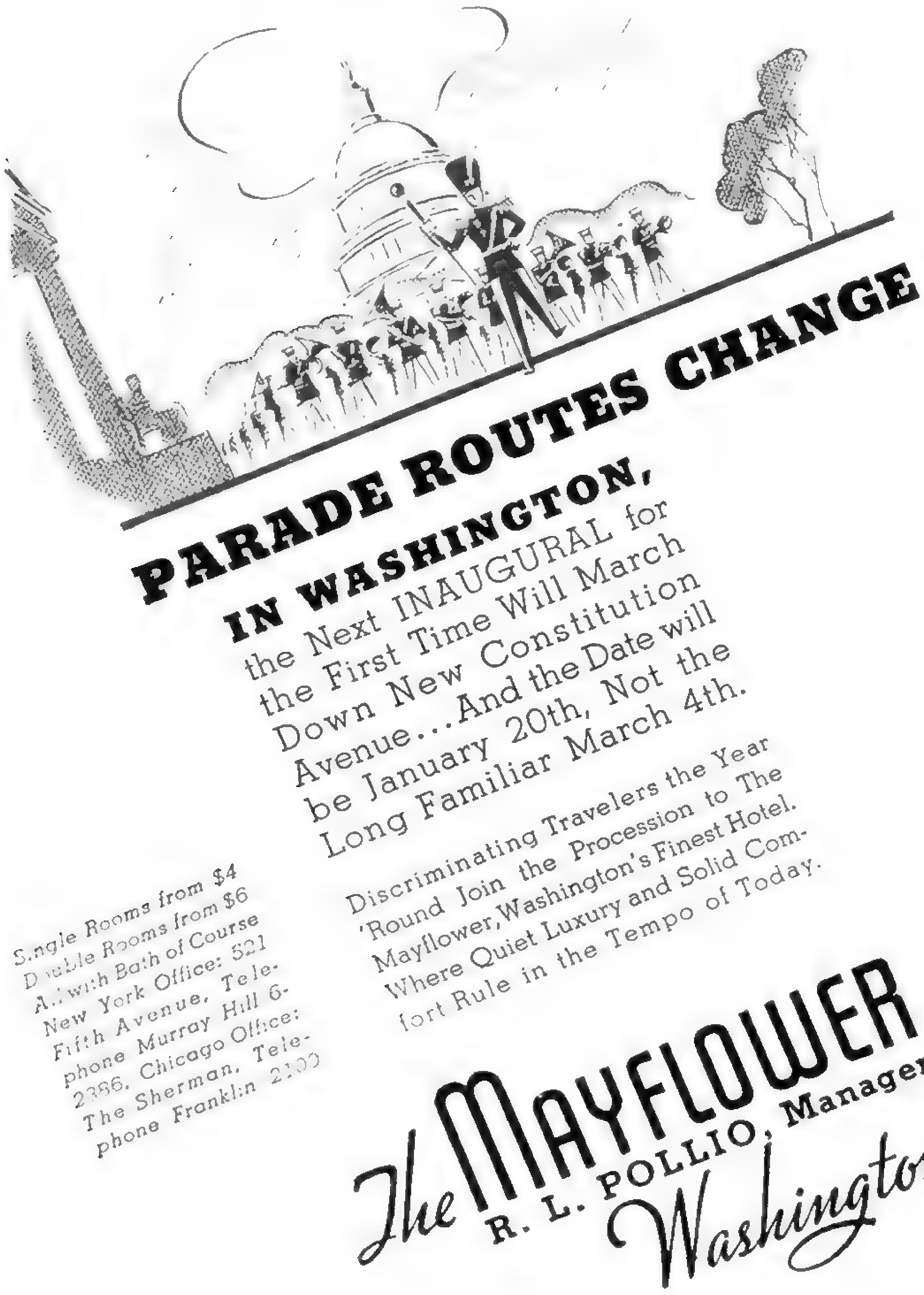

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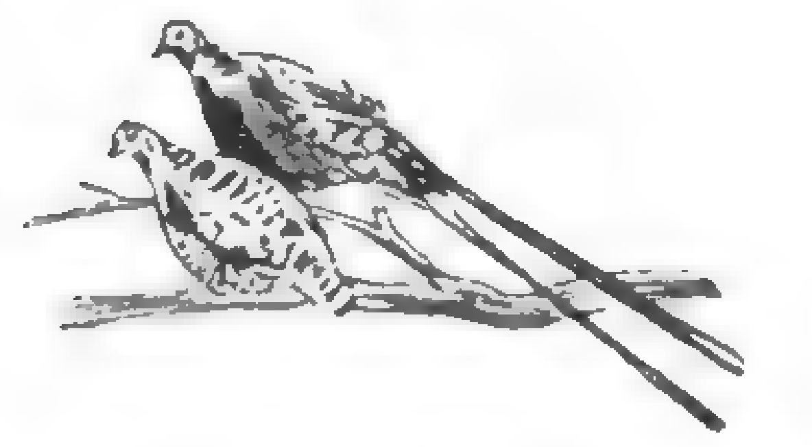

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Clowns on High Olympus

Continued from page 62

girls, you steps right up to any of the district associations or the national headquarters in New York and gets a little card showing you are an amateur in the eyes of God and man. You don't need one of those cards to compete in Intercollegiate or Interscholastic events, but if you are a student athlete and want to compete in an open contest, that is, a contest not confined exclusively to college athletes, you have to get your union card and make sure that the contests are officially sanctioned by the A.A.U.

This investment of a quarter is not a bad one for the unattached athlete, especially the boxer, for a kid pug with an A. A. U. card can pick up enough in $5 and $10 chunks from promoters of the sanctioned amateur boxing contests to take care of his bill at the advertising low-priced dentist's fang repair shop.

It is in connection with boxing that the A. A. U. has probably its most hopeless job in preserving the traditional amateur virginity but saves itself from humiliation by being conveniently astigmatic.

One group of amateur boxers threatened to strike for the monetary rewards of the guild at a very embarrassing time and only when assured that they unofficially would get the hell kicked out of them by pro sluggers in the event of continued undue naughtiness, were the threatening performers kept within the reach of sweet reasonableness. Such are the contingencies in boxing under A. A. U. jurisdiction.

The boxing pubic does not begrudge the amateur kid a fin or two in return for his conscientious exhibition of fisticuffs because the amateur fighters generally put on a much livelier show than do the pros. The boxing fan is far from believing that the manly art is devoid of fiscal finagling in any one of its aspects.

But the A. A. U. official who will tell you that the Stork is a lot of baloney and Santa Claus is just your old man dressed up with a pillow tied to his belly and false whiskers, in the next breath solemnly declares that amateur boxing is unpaid.

This is but one of the numerous instances leading the public to the conclusion that probably in no other place except the State Home for the Incurably Insane are there such queer and conflicting ideas of money and its use as those set forth by the A. A. U. in word and deed.

Financial matters, for no good reason, but with embarrassing frequency and importance, intrude into the amateur operations presided over by the A. A. U.

Mammon will out-jump Jesse Owens any day to get into A. A. U. controversies. The contretemps involving Owens after the Olympics ended sadly, exhibited the A. A. U. absurdly contradictory ideas of how finance and amateur athletics should be joined in a holy bond.

Owens ran and jumped the legs off the opposition including Herr Hitler, who took it on the lam through the helps' entrance of the Stadium rather than grunt Gut Morgen to the speedy demigod of the Pullman porters. Owens then played engagements on the post-Olympic Uncle Tom's Cabin circuit. Over-used and entitled to think a bit about himself, the Ohio undergrad became pardonably eager to get home and see his wife, kid, pappy, mammy and the rest of the folks. But the Olympic committee insisted that the dusky Buckeye appear in Stockholm, or else. Owens took the "or else" and the *Queen Mary* westbound.

"Money-mad!" yelled Owens' college coach, Larry Snyder, at the Olympic officials in retort to the announcement of Owens' suspension.

But the "money-mad" charge doesn't entirely reconcile with passing up the cereal testimonial.

Unless those track meets in Stockholm draw vastly more than they do in the United States, or the A. A. U. has much more consideration for foreign promoters than its own athletes, mercenary motives couldn't be set forth as the reason for the jaunt to Scandinavia.

Arrogant stubbornness, not greed, is a more logical explanation of the Owens suspension. After all, Owens was the one with license for immediate attention to money matters. Those four oak trees he won at Berlin couldn't keep the Owens family fed. The strenuous post-Olympic schedule that Owens followed until his defeat by Metcalfe was certainly not inclined to assure the Brown Blizzard a harvest of glory and legal tender when he returned home.

Jesse was entitled to conserve his speed instead of running it out against Metcalfe and other flashing performers, because it was certain that the Ohio lad would need to run to beat hell when he got back to the U. S. A. in order to catch up with the $40,000 Eddie Cantor's press agent offered him (in the usual good, hard newspaper gold of press agent currency).

So, taking one consideration with another, Mr. Citizen wonders if the Jarrett case makes sense, if the Owens case makes sense, and most of all, does the A. A. U. make sense.

Maybe Mr. Citizen is wrong in expecting any of it to make sense. Out of the jarring and confusing welter of Olympian conversation and official bulletins, it appears that Owens, who strangers had not supposed was very smart (what with being an athlete and a jig and a fellow with a wife and

Continued on page 216

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Clowns on High Olympus

Continued from pages 62-215

kid but still going to college on a pass), emerges as the most sensible, diplomatic Olympian of the whole mob.

Owens could give Mrs. Jarrett and Mr. Brundage valuable first reader lessons in knowing what to say and how and when to say it.

Quoting the Cleveland black boy:

"I think he (Hitler) was all right because he waved at me when I was on my way to talk on a radio broadcast to the United States. I saw him waving at me and waved back. * * *

"I think Avery Brundage is a fine man. * * *

"It doesn't make any difference to me what I do so long as I make a lot of money. * * *

"I will be guided by the advice of my old friend, Bill Robinson, the dancer."

Compare the Owens exhibition of good judgment with the mistakes of the mouth and head made by his ostensible intellectual superiors, the Olympic authorities, and you certainly become bewildered. Your confusion is not cleared away when you hear the A. A. U. charged with being more a political than an athletic organization.

That indictment assuredly doesn't hold up in view of the amazing ignorance of political technique displayed to the public by the American Olympic officials.

With the strafe of the Jews by the German government being far too raw for even the normally casual American gentile to stomach, the A. A. U. had the obtuseness to pick the Berlin games as the objective of its most strenuous financial drive. Smart politics obviously called for diplomatic caution and restraint under the circumstances rather than an effort to ship this nation's largest delegation of athletes, coaches and officials.

The Catholic treatment in Germany also had its flareback on the A. A. U. and provided an opportunity for a family brawl in public which the organization seized with a gusto accurately forecasting that whatever events we might win abroad, we would not burden ships homeward bound with medals awarded for tact, judgment or common sense in handling public relations.

In the mind of Mr. Citizen the sorry mess made in this country by the A. A. U. during the Olympic preliminaries—political, financial and legislative—weakened the respect previously granted by default.

The story circulated that the super-colossal basketball finals intended for Madison Square Garden at New York were called off because of the influence the Catholic-Jewish angle had on the proposed affair.

The rumor had no admitted foundation. Basketball already had kicked in its share to finance the games at Berlin. The teams had played 20 or more strenuous games during the season. The Garden wanted a deep cut of the gate.

Any one of these three factors was sufficient to block the gala basketball finale.

However, as Mr. Ralph Cannon pointed out in an Esquire piece, the element of religion really does figure in American sporting spirit, although Jewish track and basketball stars in New York, Catholic football lads at Notre Dame and Southern Methodist gridironmen, play mainly for the hell of it. The athletes are young and ingenuous to the extent that they believe religion a sacred, personal matter between God and themselves. But to their perplexity they are shanghaied as apostles of whatever faith theirs may be and are shipped before the mast by vicarious alumni who do not otherwise demonstrate burning interest in seeing that Jehovah's will is done by the right people.

Now the A. A. U. certainly must have realized the tender sensibilities involved in religious phases which were made especially delicate by holding the Olympic games in Germany. The organization had fiery presentations of this factor in the official bull-pen at its latest annual meeting.

In its propaganda material, the A. A. U. manifests an awareness of the importance of the religious alliances by making reference to the Young Men's Christian association, the Young Women's Christian association, the Young Men's Hebrew association, the Young Women's Hebrew association and the Catholic Youth organization. But, apparently, life on the bounding main developed forgetfulness of the loved ones at home.

So it was with brilliant genius for blundering in publicity and diplomatic relations that the A. A. U. erred conspicuously by the manner in which Lawson Robertson, head coach of the Olympic track and field team, named Jesse Owens and Ralph Metcalfe to run on the 400 meter relay team instead of the Jewish boys, Sam Stoller and Marty Glickman. That the U. S. team won the 400 meter relay in new world record time of 39.8 only further emphasizes the fact that the running of the teams by the Olympic management was done clumsily. Public acquaintance with stop-watch data would have avoided the suspicion that it was entirely a matter of place rather than of time accounting for the omission of Stoller and Glickman on the 400 meter relay team at Berlin.

A stop-watch is strictly kosher and could not have been questioned by the aggrieved partisans of the unused substitutes.

Additional evidence of touchiness and the amazingly comical

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thoroughness with which the Olympic authorities managed to offend has been given in an International News story telling of the demand for an apology made by John E. Fenton, national president of the Ancient Order of Hibernians. Press dispatches had printed Coach Robertson's verdict on the Olympic games; "like an Irish picnic, a good time and a good brawl was had by all."

Said the outraged Mr. Fenton:

"We resent most seriously any reflection made on the Irish people. The statement made by Mr. Robertson if he has been quoted accurately in the press dispatches does reflect on the character and conduct of the Irish people as a whole."

Which, apparently, left the American Olympic authorities with only one remaining chance to go foolish in a real big way and that was in assisting in the sex determination check-up on Amazonian competitors. The German Olympic officials inhospitably shunted the American officials away from this athletic duty by solemnly declaring Helen Stephens a female, officially. The Germans can be foolish scientifically. It is a gift but a brilliant one, with American Olympic officials. Miss Stephens showed lady-like gratitude to the American authorities for keeping hands off by saying, "Mrs. Jarrett got exactly what she deserved."

This good fortune in not personally engaging in investigation of cases of suspected cryptorchism and the tact employed in returning "homesick" athletes seem to be the only two cases of general public mention in which the American Olympic authorities functioned in a manner justifying either their appointment or the entire procedure responsible for the selection and shipment of officials to the Olympic games.

It cannot be denied that the A. A. U. does extensive and valuable work in promoting and supervising athletics among the public parks kids and the young men and young women athletes who have no college attachments while competing. Someone has to do that work and unless the government eventually gets around to handling it with a department such as the Sports ministry proposed in Canada, the Amateur Athletic Union will have to continue the work with which it has been concerned since 1888. It's a sort of a Scout Master's job and a laudable outlet for certain types of temperaments, although, candor must point to the results to date being short of par inasmuch as the United States lags behind other major nations in the per cent of its citizens actually participating in a sport.

It must be admitted, too, that A. A. U. officials make many sincere and substantial personal and business sacrifices in carrying on what they regard as The Good Work.

Further, many of the A. A. U. officials run serious risks of badge-hernia as the result of their important work officiating at meets.

But these sacrifices and risks are not sufficient to earn the reward of sending on foreign missions of possibly grave consequences enthusiastic amateur fans whose record abroad is a damning one of awkwardness and error. If their own athletes come home holding noses when the management is mentioned, it plainly cannot be that the management was of such character to favorably impress those whom the Olympics were to bind in international bonds of sportsmanship.

If the Olympics are to be run as burlesques of the American idea of proper management, let the Marx brothers handle the 1940 Olympics or turn the affair over to Mike Jacobs to put on a basis to give the amateurs a break.

However, there are unmistakable signs that the mismanagement of American Olympic teams has run its course. The collegiate authorities, who are experienced, successful and professional in athletic management, appear to be certain to control American participation in the 1940 games. The colleges have furnished facilities for the trials, considerable of the financing, the majority of the point winning athletes and the greater part of the finished coaching.

Consequently it does seem illogical to shove aside the active and expert college influence precisely at the point where it is needed to bring things smoothly to a successful conclusion. In this country the A. A. U. incompetence and lack of foresight, as exhibited in the dismal cases of the trials at Randalls Island and at Astoria's new municipal pool, was a tip-off to urgent need for a change in management. The change is inevitable as the public and the college athletic authorities no longer will have any part of the amateurish mess made of American Olympic hegiras.

When that change comes it will be salvation for the A. A. U. Then that organization will be compelled to attend to its affairs at home where it still has tremendous outlets for its aspirations and numerous chances for exhibiting whatever strutting proclivities any A. A. U. officials may harbor.

That round trip all-expense tour to the Land of the Rising Sun in 1940 already is being called off for the A. A. U. authorities who are bitten with the wanderlust.

These hopeful innocents can prepare for gratifying their sight-seeing yens during peaceful evenings with the magic lantern and slides of scenery in the Holy Land or other far-off countries, while the replacement battalion of college athletic administrators are bringing professional knowledge and judgment to the management of the Olympics four years hence. ###

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"Send Me In, Coach"

Continued from page 55

all the coast guards in the world. Rickey is impatient and full of nervous energy. He makes a sort of energetic spring, signifying nothing, and gooses Bill and Henry toward the door.

The Old Man: I think we're not going to have a rehearsal today, boys, I think we're going to postpone this rehearsal until a lot later.

Bill: Aren't we going to rehearse the play today?

Rickey: Hold your horses. (*He turns to the Old Man.*) Want to go in my bedroom?

The Old Man: No. Now, boys, I'm sorry to have to interrupt your rehearsal. What was that little play you were doing?

Henry: We just as soon not do it because all of us are drawn for the swimming trials, two of us for the canoe and two—

The Old Man: Oh I want you all to do this play later. It'll bring a lot of credit on the camp and next Monday is parents' day. Do you all know your parts?

Bugs: (*from the doorway*) I know my part complete. I was just thinking if I have just my two lines to say, I needn't come to rehearsal and could go to first swimming instead.

The Old Man: Now we have to have all four boys here because it's supposed to be a play for four boys. You'll just have to learn to be patient, Trevellion. Now you can go to swimming and I want Bill to wait just outside the door.

The boys go out and the two men are now alone in the room.

The Old Man: I suppose you think you are indispensable to us, don't you?

Rickey: Well, Doc, I got marks all over my face from playing heads up football and I'll play anywhere, in the line or out of it. My father he's got sense and I go back and sleep in the same bed with him in the fall and he says some of these men go in there and get two thousand, five thousand, ten thousand, and I go up to the State with you and what do I get?

The Old Man: You get your board and tuition.

Rickey: Yes, but what I mean to say is what do you get? You taught me a lot, I know that, but I could throw a pass like a baseball forty-five yards before I ever saw you. Gimme a ball now and I'll show you.

The Old Man: (*patiently*) When I go up to college this fall it's understood that you go with me. I thought that had all been agreed upon.

Rickey: Sure I'll go with you. Eleven other boys that learned the game in normal school. (*He spits contemptuously.*) I know what everyone got. I know what Lawson's got, I know what Cathcart's got. They come out clean and take the sorority girls out in the night-time. Sure they do. They go in with one shoulder out and the eyes closed. Needn't tell me how you played football at Michigan—do you think I like going around with my nose broken Sunday, Monday and Tuesday?

The Old Man: Shut up now, shut up now.

Rickey: Oh shut up and have all these kids admire me.

The Old Man: I know football is different than it was in my day. I didn't know what fear was.

Rickey: I don't know what fear is. I know where a play's going. My business is to bump into a play so where I go there isn't going to be any more play.

The Old Man: That's why you're a great football player. I thought we'd agreed on everything.

Rickey: Agreed, hell.

The Old Man: Don't talk so loud. You know what I wanted to ask you. Stay away from my wife; she's only a baby and don't know what she's doing.

Rickey: Then why did you marry her? Go on, anything you say, I'm willing to leave. I can go up to Temple maybe.

The Old Man: (*earnestly*) Well, let's give these kids some example of decency. (*at the door*) Hi, boys, we're going on with the play. Start right in where you left off.

The boys come in.

Cassius: I can still use your letter, can't I, Bill?

Bill: Sure.

Cassius: Well let's go on.

The boys go directly to work. The Old Man nods at Rickey—a gesture that Rickey returns with a somewhat insolent wink. They go out.

Cassius: "Dear Dr. McDougall, we have heard that your star athlete, Dick Playfair, was a star in professional baseball this summer and therefore cannot compete against our team in the game this afternoon. Sincerely yours, Hiram Jones, President, St. Berries College."

Henry: (*in a great flurry of acting.*) "What horrible news, Doctor! This means we haven't a chance. We might as well give them the ball game now. But what proof have they?"

Cassius: "He gives plenty of proof here." (*He fumbles for a moment*) "Playfair, you are your own worst enemy—" Now wait a minute it goes over to the other side. "He has positive proof."

Henry: "I would not care so much for the loss of eleven men but this man. When he begged me to send him into the game it would become different. Playfair would take the pigskin and before anyone had known it would run the full length of the field. I have coached many teams in my time—"

Cassius: "Go away; leave me to my thoughts. Send Playfair to me." Now this is the place I was supposed to walk up and down. "The integrity of my school means more to me than the athletic success of my teams upon the playing field." (*He studies his manuscript.*) "Now, stay a moment." You

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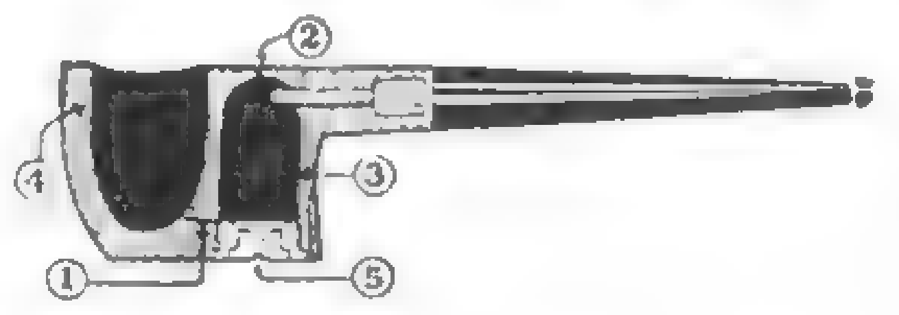

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know you're supposed to stick around now.

HENRY: I know perfectly well what I'm supposed to do. You're supposed to walk up and down. Why don't you walk up and down?

CASSIUS: How about giving me a chance? Anyway it says Bugs here.

BUGS: (*turning from the blackboard*) I haven't got anything to do till Jenkins goes out.

CASSIUS: Well, anyway it says something that looks like Bugs. (*resuming his perusal of the manuscript*) "Well let us go on with what material we have and atone by sheer something for anything we may have lost or something." (*He sighs and puts down paper.*) "I am afraid we must lose a game for once."

The Old Man puts his head in at the doorway.

The OLD MAN: All right, boys—I'm glad you are going ahead on your own. I want to get the canoes off and I'll be with you in no time.

The head disappears.

HENRY: Gosh, let's quit this. Let's wait till Cassius learns his part.

BUGS: Why not go on till we get to my line.

BILL: Give me back that letter from my father. I haven't really read it and you're getting it all mixed up with your part.

CASSIUS: (*handing over the letter and at the same time bringing out the clipping*) I thought you might want to see this, Bill. It's got a lot about your father. (*He reads:*) "Mr. Watchman seemed depressed during the trial even though it was increasingly apparent that he would be acquitted. He was like a man who had lost all interest."

Bugs at the blackboard has just written the first two syllables of Wedoodle. Bill, looks once more at the letter, evidently confused.

BILL: I guess my father's going away—for a long trip, maybe to Europe probably. Gee, this is the nutsiest letter.

HENRY: Well, what'll we do, rehearse some more?

BILL: (*absently*) Sure, we might as well. (*He walks to the side of the stage, the letter still in his hand, reading half aloud.*) "Good bye and good bye and good bye. Some day when you are grown you will forgive all this."

CASSIUS: What are you talking to yourself about?

BILL: Nothing. (*He tucks the letter into his pocket and says:*) Well come on, let's rehearse.

Cassius resumes his place at the table.

CASSIUS. I'm willing.

HENRY: "Well, the game must go on. I will tell the boys to get their bats and balls ready."

CASSIUS: "Do, and send young Playfair to me. He and I must have a word or two about this."

Henry walks from the scene, replaced immediately by Bugs, all eager and ready to go.

BUGS: "Mr. Jenkins says the team's ready to go to bat down there, Doctor."

CASSIUS: (*confused*) I haven't got that or I haven't got any answer

BILL: Oh yes, that's me. (*He draws himself up.*) I come in now. "Good morning, Dr. McDougall."

CASSIUS: "Sit down, sir. I hear bad news of you."

BILL: "I was afraid so, Doctor."

CASSIUS: "Why did you do this, playing professional ball when you were still a student at Crescent Range? Was it for sordid money?"

BILL: (*shaking his head*) "No, sir. I'd rather lose my arm than play for money—but I can't tell."

CASSIUS: (standing up quickly) "Then I think you had better leave the school." (*The other characters move out of the room with an expression of alarm, then come back when they realize that this is part of the play.*) "You are no longer a fit companion for my other pupils. Contamination once abroad smells like a verminal plague." (*He eyes his manuscript.*) Say that can't be right. "Contamination once abroad spreads like a veritable plague. Do you think you can have your baggage ready for the school bus this afternoon to take you into Troy?"

BILL: "Yes, sir."

BUGS: That's near Wedoodle.

CASSIUS: There isn't a single line in my whole part that has anything about Wedoodle in it.

BUGS: I just thought so because the town my sister's camp's in is somewhere near Troy.

BILL: Since our parents have spent money to send us here I think we should take advantage of every single advantage that we have while we are here. Now this is a play that's supposed to teach us how to be fine actors in the future or if we don't want to be fine actors—well to be fine actors in any case.

HENRY: Shall we go on?

CASSIUS: "You have been a good student here, Playfair, and I regret to take this step. The other boys looked up at you."

HENRY: Like we look up at Mr. Rickey.

CASSIUS: (*studying the manuscript*) It doesn't say anything about Mr. Rickey here.

HENRY: You're as crazy as Bugs.

CASSIUS: Aw go jump in the lake.

HENRY: Just what I'd like to do.

BILL: No, fellows we got to stay here till the Old Man comes back.

CASSIUS: Well I can't walk up and down when I have this paper in my hand can I? (*Nevertheless he rises and walks up and down.*) All I can remember is a line I read in Bill's letter, "Good bye and good bye and good bye." But I couldn't put that in the play, could I?

BILL: The next line is something about "Playfair, you are your own worst enemy."

CASSIUS: "Playfair, you are your own worst enemy." (*He sighs a great breath of relief.*)

BILL: "Doctor McDougall, you don't understand it all."

BUGS: Now wait a minute.

Continued on page 220

YOU'RE WRONG
They're really
RUBBERS

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FOR MEN

"Send Me In, Coach"

Continued from pages 55-219

Here's where I come in. (*Bugs makes a quick circle of the room and intrudes upon the scene.*) "Mr. Cassius says the team's ready—" I mean, "Mr. Jenkins says the team's ready to go to bat down there, Dr. McDougall."

Bill: "All right, I will tell you, I *must* tell you. There was a mountain settlement near my residence and they were trying to raise money for a schoolhouse. They needed a fast shortstop. I wanted to play for Crescent Range but I yielded because I wanted the school children to learn to read and write. I guess I was guilty."

Bugs: You're supposed to get up here now, Cassius.

Cassius: Don't tell me now. I know all this part of my part. "Well, well, we must reconsider. Well, well, we must reconsider."

Bugs: I never knew what I was supposed to do here, just stand or get out.

Henry: Write on the blackboard.

Cassius: "Well, well, we must reconsider. Well, well, we must reconsider." I tell you it's the walking up and down that tells on you. Oh yes, I've got it. "Playfair, you are your own worst enemy—Playfair, we must reconsider."

Bugs at the board has begun to write Wedoodle. The Old Man comes in.

The Old Man: Boys, we're not going to have any more rehearsal this morning. Go along. I want to see Bill Watchman alone for a minute.

Bill: We did pretty well, almost up to the end.

Bugs makes a last dash at his blackboard and joins the others on the way out.

The Old Man: Bill, I have a telegram here that will make a great difference in your life and I want you to be a brave boy when you hear the news in it.

Bill: Is it about my father saying good bye? I had a letter and he said "Good bye, good bye, good bye."

The Old Man: Yes, he said good bye because he's gone away on a long long journey. Bill, you are old enough for me to tell you things that other people might tell you later in a cruder form. Your father is dead.

Bill: I knew my father was dead.

The Old Man: How did you know, Bill?

Bill: I just knew he was dead. I never ought to of left home this summer.

The Old Man: Bill, your father took his own life.

Bill: I don't understand what you mean took his own life.

The Old Man: He killed himself.

Bill: Do I have to go home now, or, I mean wherever I'm going?

The Old Man: I don't know yet. Of course you'll stay here till we see what arrangements are going to be made.

Bill: I don't want to go home. I want to stay here forever. I think Mr. Rickey is the most wonderful man in the world. I'd like to be able to dive like him. I know I can never be as great as to be able to do a two and a half or even a one and a half like Mr. Rickey. And I want to be like you too. If I could ever be like Mr. Rickey just once.

The Old Man: Mr. Rickey is a very fine athlete.

Bill: It's like in the play. Sir, can't we just go on with it?

The Old Man: You mean now?

Bill: (*passionately*) Yes, now. I don't want to think about my father. Can't we just rehearse now as if nothing had happened and not tell anybody what happened? I won't cry. I knew my father was dead last night.

The Old Man: (*thoughtfully*) Well of course if you think you want to do that—(*He goes to the door and calls.*) Hey, you down there, send those boys back for the festival play, Henry and Bugs and Cassius. (*He goes and puts his arm around Bill's shoulder.*) You like it here, don't you, Bill? And we have been glad having you these four summers. Sometimes you've been your own worst enemy.

Bill: You won't tell any of the rest of them will you?

The Old Man: They'll realize how you feel. No one will say anything to you.

(*Henry, Cassius and Bugs come in.*)

The Old Man: We've decided to go on with the rehearsal. Now let's start from the beginning. All ready?

Cassius takes his place behind the desk.

Cassius: "So, coach, you think we cannot win without Playfair?"

Henry: "It all depends on him, Dr. McDougall. He is our best pitcher and speed ball delivery artist and say, brother, is he good at the bat. If we are to beat St. Berries we need his services badly."

Bugs: "Out!"

They all look toward him questioningly.

Henry: What's that?

Bugs: Well, that's the other line I've got that I'm supposed to yell from the window when Playfair makes a triple play.

The Old Man: He hasn't made it yet.

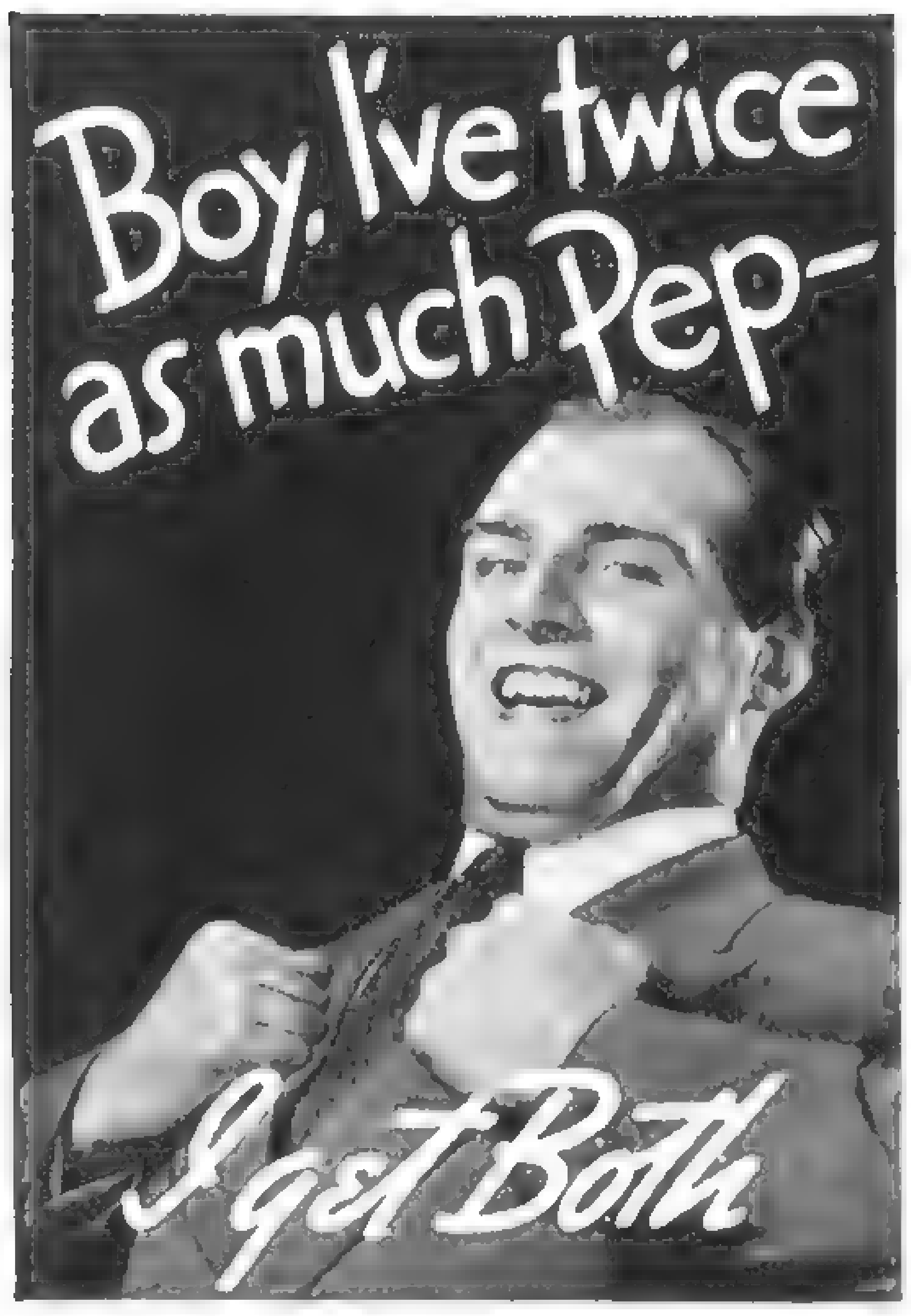
Bugs: But I don't know where he's supposed to make it so I thought I'd just say it once in a while.

The Old Man: No, Trevellion, that's not the way we work here. We wait till the man is out before we think he's out. Henry, go to the window.

Henry: Yes, sir.

The Old Man: Is Mr. Rickey out in the canoes?

Henry: Yes, sir, I'm almost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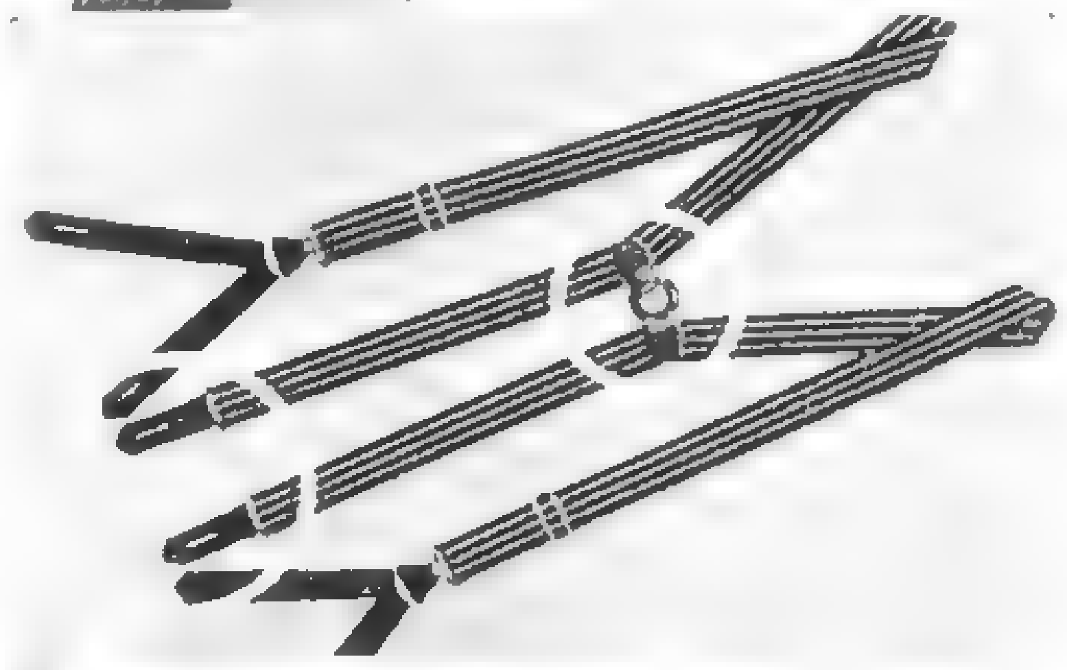

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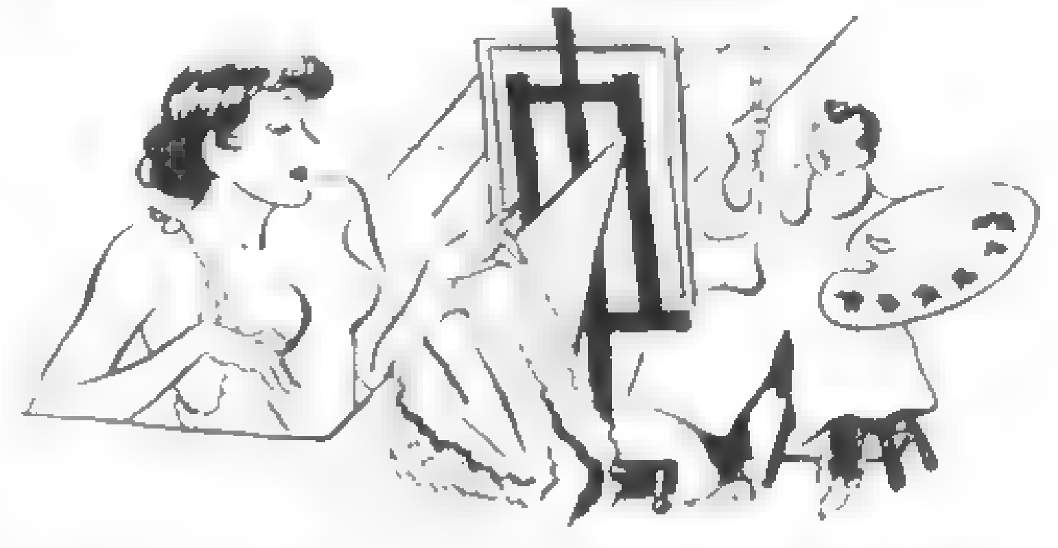

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sure it's Mr. Rickey.

The Old Man: (*sighs*) All right. Now let's go on with the play. Now, Cassius, I don't think you're getting the full effect with the part. Let's begin from the beginning.

Cassius: All right, sir. "So, Playfair, you are your own worst enemy."

Bugs has gone to the board and in very small letters is tentatively sketching in Wedoodle. Bill has gone to the side of the stage and straddled a chair leaning his head forward on his arms, his shoulders shaking a little.

The Old Man: No, Now it ought to be more like this.

He pushes Cassius out of the way and sits down at the table as the curtain falls. ⌘

Uncle Joe's Boys

Continued from page 57

hands with Jay. I look him over. I watch Finn. He looks him over. He is a big brute and ugly as a mud-fence. He has steel blue eyes and a red face—light thin hair on his head. He is a man of few words. He has his pistol—a thirty-eight in his hand. "Glad to meet you boys," he says to me and Finn. We don't believe him. We'll find out in the morning. Uncle Joe takes us to a bed. He says: "You boys take that empty bed there and Mick and me will take this one in this room. We want to talk tonight."

Finn crawled in the bed in his shirt tail. I crawled in beside him just the same way. Finn says: "I'm forgetting something. I want hulda out of my suitcase. I don't like my first-cousin. I'll tell you right now. He's got to talk better to me before I like him." Finn slips hulda under his pillow. We can hear Pa and Uncle Joe. They are down on a pallet on the floor. We got the only bed left. Aunt Marie is in the bed where Uncle Joe left. Uncle Joe is sleeping with Pa for they can't very well all sleep together. I can hear Pa say: "That was the polecat, Joe, they said that killed Pap. That very skunk that goes around beating people out of their cattle." And Uncle Joe says: "That boy of mine you just met in there intended to kill him just as soon as he laid eyes on him. Soon as we heard he was killed w'y Jay said: 'Just saves me doing the work. I've just been waiting my chance to get that fellow—shoot him like I would a rabbit.' And Mick, my boy Jay would do it. He never has his gun off him. He carries it all the time. He loafs a good deal around over on the Big Sandy and a body like Jay can expect trouble. My other boys are more peaceful."

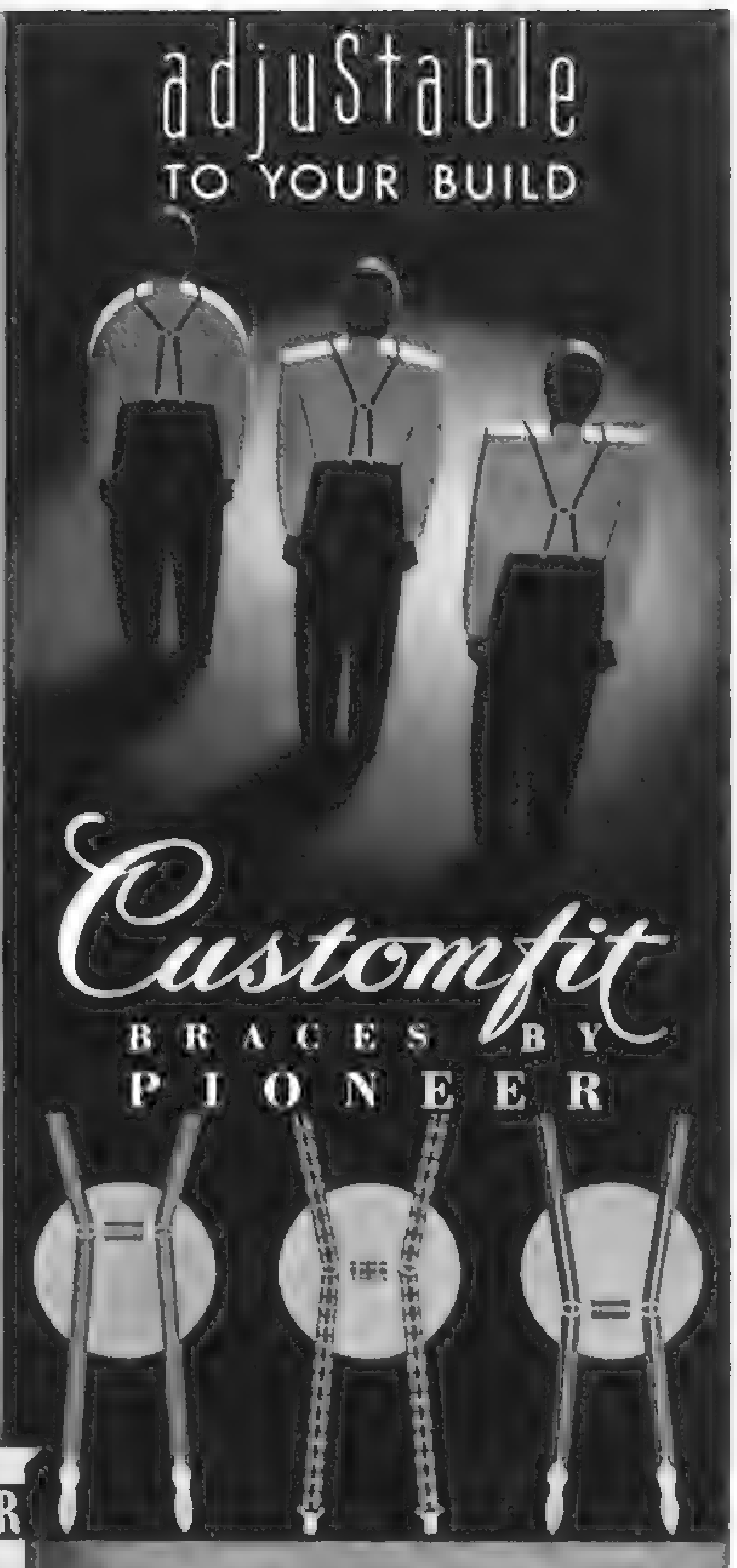
And I heard Pa say: "Joe do you reckon Ma was killed—do you think she was pizened. You know brother Flem said he saw a hand come in at her window that night. It wasn't long after that till she started swelling. She suffered till she died—swelled like a person pizened—I heard she was killed. Something funny about it all—Lord I wish I knowed how it all happened. If Ma could speak to us I guess she would say. Maybe she'd tell. She's sleeping over there on that pint though—"

"Just what is this all about," says Finn to me, "something about it is very strange. I don't understand my own people. Damned if I do. But hell, Quinn, here is the way I feel about it. I can stand what the rest can stand. I never was afraid. If I die and the other fellow does—w'y if I beat him a little what of it? If he beats me a little what of it? Got it to do haven't we—well who is afraid to be the one to go? Millions have died. Am I afraid—hell no—that's the way I feel about it. I'm just going to do my best to get the other fellow before he gets me."

"Damn funny kin folks," I say to Finn, "when a fellow has to sleep with a pistol under his pillow." We can see the moon now above the house. Moon rays slide in at the window. We can see the dew-covered trees on the hill across from the house. The trees are low and heavy-limbed. The land must be thin not to grow bigger trees. Pa's father must have got the best of that land. He farmed it once Pa said as we came up the road to Uncle Joe's. It is rough land—rougher than the hills we farm. And I try to go to sleep in a strange house thinking about how Pa lived when he was a boy and wondering if Pa's people are a tough set of people. But the whippoorwills keep hollering on the dew-covered hill just over from the house. Pa and Uncle Joe keep talking. I hear Uncle Joe say: "W'y Mick, Uncle Bob's boys was the gamest boys of the name. They was too game to live. Jim was shot down before he was twenty-one. Mick was stabbed before he was twenty and you remember how Henry was cutting that fellow and that fellow was using the knife on him and one of our own men—one of Raphey's boys took him to be the Van Meter and shot him right there—killed his own first cousin—and remember how he used the knife—just barely stuck it in when the last breath sizzled out and he changed worlds. Boys wasn't afraid of anything—but look where they are today—Uncle Bob never left any seed to sprout his kind. They have rotted by now."

I went to sleep and I dreamed of Pa. I dreamed there was an old house filled with tobacco sticks and Pa and I were trying to make a bed to lie down and sleep in this old house. We had a goose killed and we were trying to cook the goose but we never could. I was so hungry for goose. I could just taste it but I never could get it. I thought someone was out around the house and Pa

Continued on page 222



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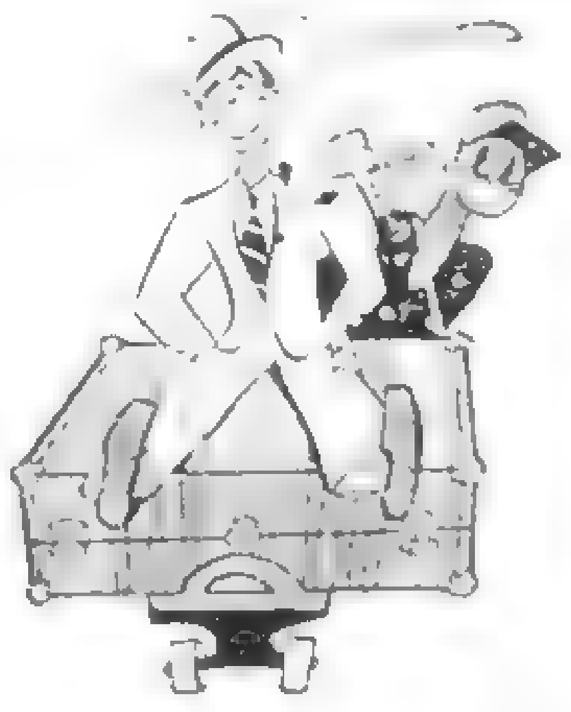

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Uncle Joe's Boys

Continued from pages 57-221

would watch awhile through the cracks and I would watch awhile and we just couldn't sleep. It was a strange house with trees around it and a moon above the trees.

"Get out of bed you boys," says Pa, shaking Finn by the foot —"it's time for breakfast. Get up and get ready for breakfast." Pa was all dressed and spry as a cat. Finn got up—put on his pants, shirt and shoes. I roll out and put on my pants, shirt and shoes. Finn puts his pistol in his pocket. We walk in the kitchen. Pa says: "Boys I want you to meet your Aunt Marie." "Glad to meet you," I say and shake her hand. "Glad to meet you," says Finn. And she says: "W'y you boys—just to think—we'd a never knowed one another if we'd a met on the road some place. You have growed up like weeds. I saw Quinn there when he was a baby wearing dresses. You met my oldest boy, Jay, last night. I want you to meet Ott. He is in the house—my youngest boy—girls are all married but the boys still stay with us—Oh, our Mick is married—lives in the head o' Big Sandy. Has four children. Come in here a minute Ott."

Ott comes in the house—a tall boy with broad shoulders and thin hips—With keen black eyes and a smooth face and black hair —pretty teeth and a smile from well-curved lips. "Ott meet your Uncle Mick's boys. This is Quinn and Finn." We shake hands and say "howdy." He is our new cousin. We have never seen each other before. He is a keen looking boy—doesn't look like Jay—He doesn't look half bad. Jay is out in the yard He is looking off at the hills. He has a steady eye and a serious face—a mountain of a man—I keep my eye on him. I can see the pistol sticking out of his pocket.

"You boys get the dabbling pan there and you'll find water in the bucket. Fix it for them Ott. Wash yourselves and come to breakfast. We are glad to have you with us—mighty glad. We heard you's mighty stuck-up boys because you've been so far in school—" Aunt Marie went about lifting the brown bacon from the skillet and the eggs too. Lord but they looked good and smelled good. "Come around the table all of you." Pa and Uncle Joe walk in. They are talking about who killed Grandpa or if he died a natural death. "Funny," says Uncle Joe, "they buried him at night I am told. None of us knowed about his death till he was buried. I heard he was beat to death."

Talk about eating—good biscuits—fluffy and soft. Good bacon —crisp and brown. Eggs fried not too hard—but just right, jellies, molasses, apples and fruits and a table filled. Coffee strong as love and hot as hell. A breakfast fit for anybody. And we eat. Everybody eats. Jay doesn't say much. He looks out of the corner of his eye at Finn. Then he glances over at me. We really don't know each other very well. I see a big sunk place on his skull. I want to ask him what made that. I'll get to it after a while but just not right now. "Now help yourselves boys. Your Pa will help hisself. I know him. He was my bedfellow at home among the eleven of us children. We used to sleep together in the room over the dogtrot. Mick was a spry little devil. I remember how Ma used to hide the sweet-cakes for him because he was her baby. I had to pack him back to the field on my back. That was back in 1884 when Pap took a lease and was clearing the head of that hollow back yander. He'd hit me with a stick and tell me to get up. Good to be children together—and just to think how a family grows up together and scatters off. Nine of us dead now and only two buried in the same place—two of the children—one buried with Mother. And our children don't know one another." I could see Finn's pistol. I could see Jay's pistol.

After breakfast we walked out in the yard. Jay pulled his pistol and says: "See that can down yonder on that post. Watch her fly." Finn and I look on. Jay pulls his pistol quickly and fires. He does not touch the can. Finn just reaches down and pulls his pistol and fires—whin-whin—goes the can and it rolls in the weeds. Finn never says a word. Jay looks at Ott. Ott looks at Finn. "What other target do you want to shoot at?" says Finn. "W'y there's a groundhog that comes out about nine o'clock every morning on that far hill over there—he dens around that rock—suns on it and eats corn around from the edge of the field. I shot at him the other day with a high-powered rifle I got in there. Just tore up the dust by him. Wait till he comes out and you take a shot at him." Jay looks at Finn. "Suits me," says Finn. "But do you have a pocket knife?" "Yes," says Jay. "Let's shoot pistols for who gets the pocket knives," says Finn. "Suits me," says Jay. "Make a mark on the tree or we'll shoot on the knives." "Better shoot at the mark on the tree," says Finn. They mark a speck on a beech beneath the house. Jay shoots first about an inch above the mark. The bullet tears into the beech bark. "Not so good," says Jay, "my eyes have been bothering me a little lately." "I should say it's not good," says Finn—and he ups and the pistol cracks —the bark flies right around the spot. "Want to measure," says Finn. "No," says Jay "here is my knife. You win." Jay looks down at the ground. He is ashamed.

"How did you get that scar," I says to Jay—"that caved-in place on your skull—if it is any of my business."

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"It is none of your business," says Jay, "but I don't mind telling you when I got it. God knows how. I wish I did know who put it there. I went to a dance over in West Virginia. The Kentuckians and West Virginians got into it. It was a free-for-all. I don't remember who took the dance floor. I don't remember anything about it. We's all half-stewed. I know I was hit with a rock. Bery Spradling, the only fellow in our group who remembered anything—said a great damn big devil from West Virginia come down on my skull with a rock and punctured it. I'll tell you the God Almighty's truth though and I can prove it here by Pap. I hoed corn the next day. My head was just a little sore. I was all right when I got sobered up and come to my senses. Unfair way to fight. If ever I meet the fellow that hit me with that rock we are going to tangle. If I meet him in Heaven or Hell we are going to tangle. W'y it come as nigh as a pea keeping me out of the war. I went down here and tried to enlist. One fellow says: 'Boy what's the matter with your head.' And I says: 'Nothing—just got hit a little there with a rock once.' Then the fellow says: 'We can't take a fellow for the regular army with his skull caved in.' It made me mad. And I says: 'Are you running this regular army outfit?' He says: 'No but I'm examining them, and you can't pass with a head like that.' And I just go over into West Virginia. The fellow says over there: 'Guess you'd fight all right but your head won't pass you.' God it made me mad and I says: 'One of your God damn West Virginia's cowards put that on my head—fighting over here on the wrong soil—if it had a been over there in Kentucky it would have been the other way around—now you won't take me from this state for the Army.' And the fellow says: 'Hell, I'm from Maryland here and not from West Virginia. I don't know anything about your damn rock fights down in here. All I'm here for is to say the fellows who can and cannot pass into Uncle Sam's Army.' I got tired of it. And I says: 'Hell with Uncle Sam's Army. I'll get there. I want to be with the Kentuckians anyway.' So I crossed the Big Sandy and went to another recruiting station in Kentucky. The fellow says to me: 'Big Boy what's your occupation?' And I says to him: 'For the past month it's been trying to get in Uncle Sam's Army—going from one recruiting station to another.' Hell, the fellow didn't even examine me. He turned me through the fence. Oh he did say: 'That hit with the rock didn't faze your mind did it?' And I says to him: 'Faze hell—got more sense since I got hit than I ever had in my life.'"

"Then he got married before the war and got into the awfulest mess," says Aunt Marie, "and had all the women in the neighborhood talking and one woman coming here and trying to put up. And I put her on the go—"

Finn laughs and Pa laughs. Jay looks seriously at the floor. Uncle Joe says: "Sight what people will do now-a-days. Sight how tricky women have got to be when they want a man—but I don't see what she wanted with Jay—" "I'll tell you," says Ott, "she's so ugly nobody wouldn't have her on this creek but Jay. Jay was a big overgrown, stand-up-in-the-corner-and-bawl-for-buttermilk type and she looked like an old hen with all her tail feathers pulled out. So she sets her cap for Jay and she gets him. She marries him."

"I'll be damned if she did," says Jay, "she just thought she did. Guess I'll have to tell it now to Uncle Mick so he won't think I'm such a bad egg and hurt the Powderjay name—" "Hurt the Powderjay name," says Pa, "w'y that name has had a lot of worse things than that against it. W'y Joe and Marie here knows that my Pap made enough money in one-dollar bills to lay a walk four feet wide from here to the Big Sandy River. He never put it on his family—he kept us all right—He owned four hundred acres of land once and had cattle—had everything—what did he do with it—w'y he lost it on women. That's what he did with it. Women was Pap's weakness. And it's not anything to get messed up a little but where you just stay messed up it's a different story."

"Here's the way it was Uncle Mick," says Jay. "Of course Ma and Pap here knows it. The woman I married is old Bill Sluss's daughter, Effie Sluss. I never really married her. It was just before I went to the war we thought we'd celebrate. So we got a little too much moonshine and I never remember much what happened that night. But I woke up in the bed the next morning down in Gate City. Here was that ugly stringy-headed devil in the bed with me. And I says: 'What are you doing here in the bed with me?' She says: 'W'y you're my husband—we got married last night over at V-Porter's.' And I says: 'The hell we did.' And she says: 'Yes, we got married last night.' And I looked at that stringy-head of hers and that ugly damn face and I says: 'You might be married but I'll be damned if I am.' So, I jumped out of the bed and put on my pants, shoes, shirt and coat and I beat it to the clerk's office—sure enough we'd come and got the damn license about midnight drunk as two parrots—said I was drunker than she was—and of course I helped elect the clerk and I went on to V-Porter's. Got the whole thing fixed up and I left her down there in the hotel. She come up here hunting for me and told Ma here we's married. Had Ma a crying around. She tried to stay here at the house and sleep with me. I had a time shooing her away. Finally she took her tail like a scared rabbit

Continued on page 224

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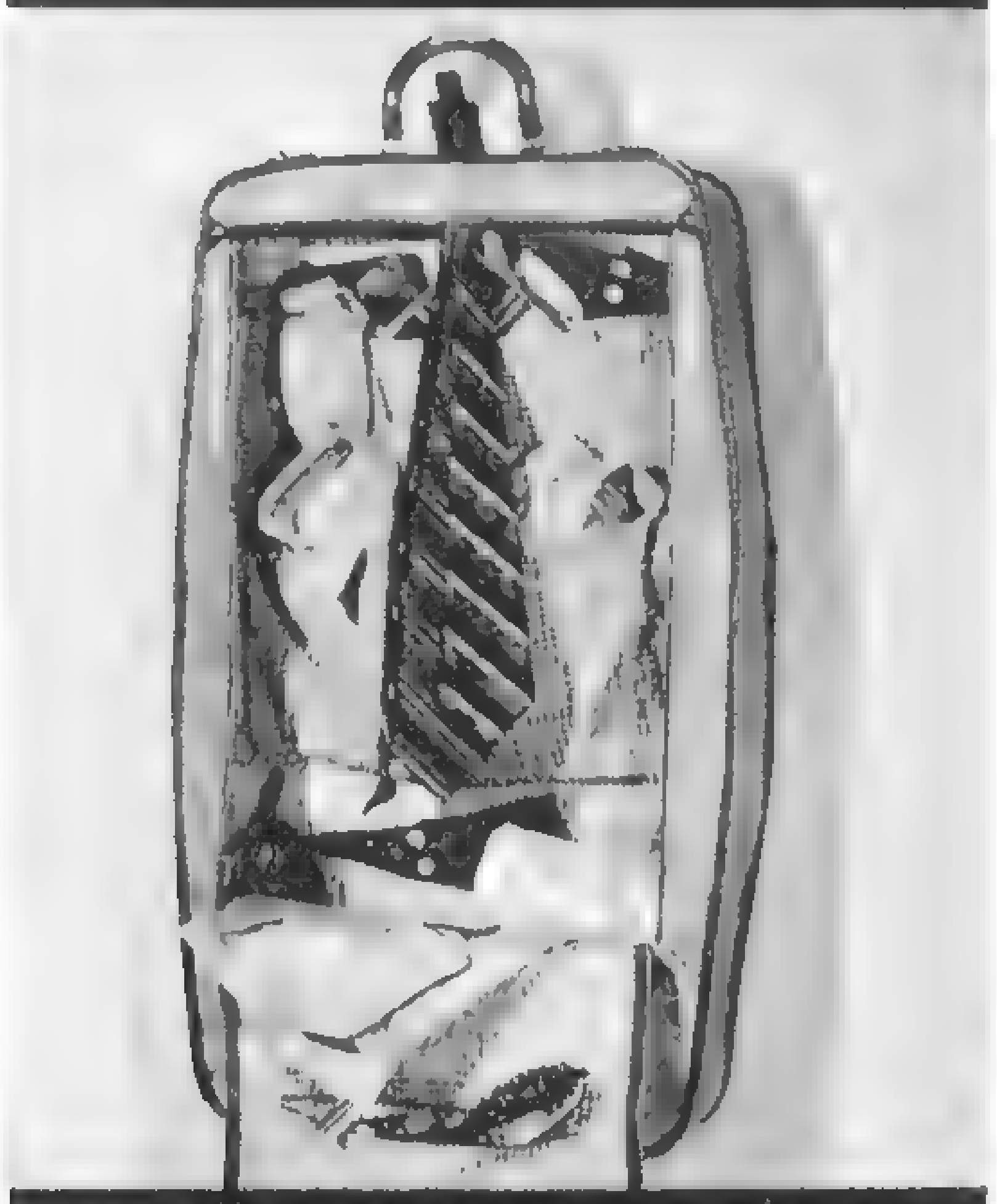

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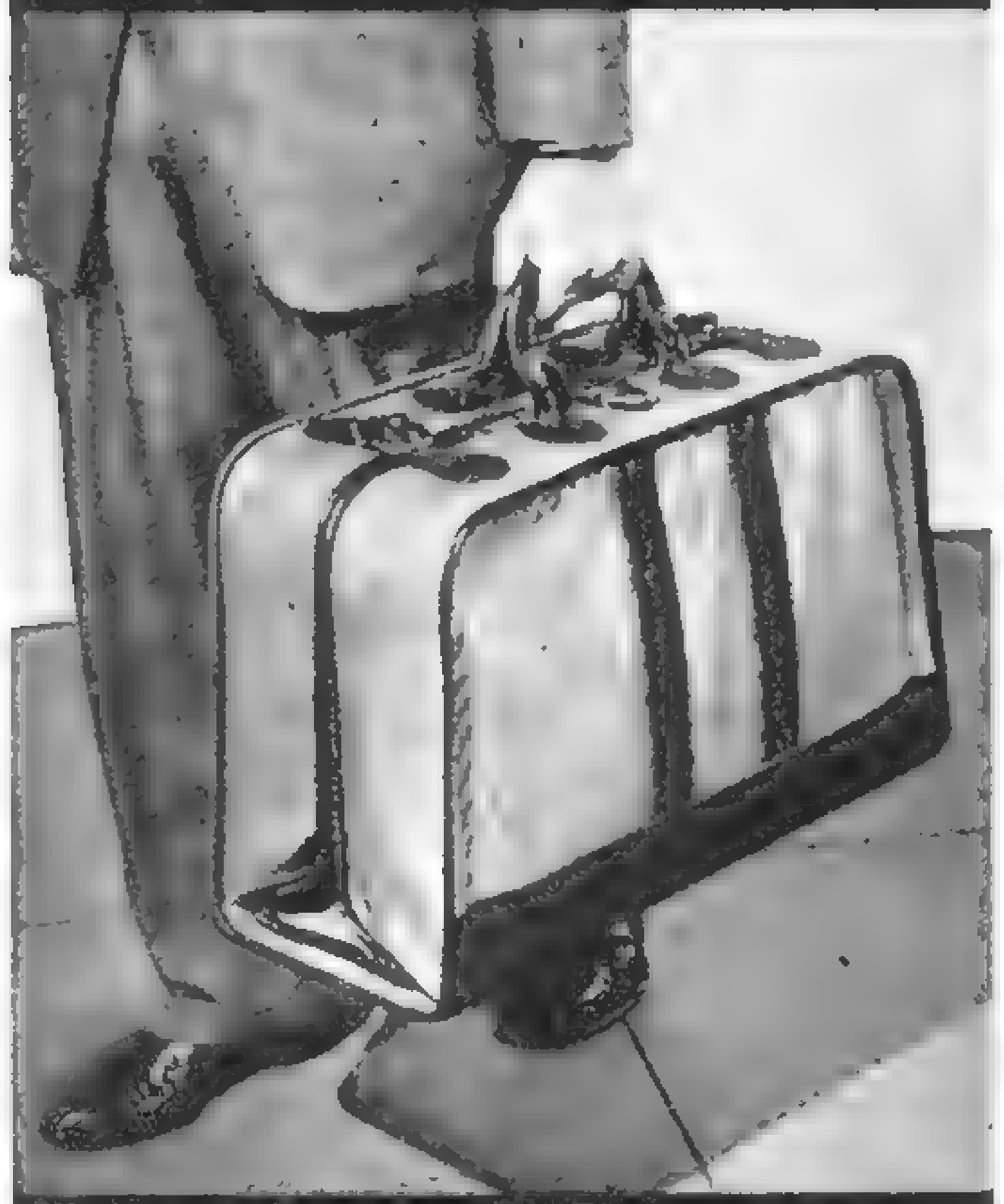

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Uncle Joe's Boys

Continued from pages 57-221-223

and hit it down the path. She says before she left: 'I'll get even with you.' She come nigh as a pea doing it. If I hadn't a come back to this side I don't know what she would a done. Had a bunch of lawyers trying to get the money I was sending over here to Ma. Had it all tied-up. Enough waiting here to buy this farm with that she had tied up. Had nine hundred dollars waiting—Lord what a pile of money that was and I bought Pap and Ma this farm. I was a machine gunner my seventeen months in France—went through some narrow holes. Got out with a rake or two and that place on my head didn't bother me a bit. I expect some bullets passed through that sunk-in place. Come back over here and got that thing straightened out. W'y all I had to do was ask them to find out where my license were. They couldn't find them. How was I married and no license. Well you see I'm not married don't you? She went on and married old Rank Comstock. I've lived here with Ma and Pap since the war and done the plowing among these rocks—I was out a little while for that coal mine war they had over there in West Virginia—and it's another story."

"You mean the Gaston strike," I says.

"Yes, that is what I mean," says Jay, "I was a machine gunner in that too. You know I used to do a little mining. I know something about it. I was asked to come over there and run a machine gun for the company for $50 an hour. I went over there and I saw the lay of the land. I didn't take the job. The miners were starving. I took the machine gun and run it for the miners and they couldn't even give me a bowl of soup to eat. They didn't have any sense about it though. They don't know what war is. Wanted to turn the machine guns loose on the town below. And I says: 'Look here—when you start that—I can't help it if you are miners and I am fighting for you—I'll turn this damn machine gun loose on you—you damn fools don't you know you'll kill the innocent women and little children—" They never turned their machine guns loose either. I believe to my God they would have if it hadn't a been for me. Somehow, I just picked-up and went over there to that strike. They got it settled without anybody being killed. I come on home and went to work around here among these rocks."

Out on the side of the hill in front of the house, we can see the rock-piles. They look like doodles of hay on a meadow in August. We can see the twisted rows of corn—weaving in and out between the rock-piles. This is where Jay and Ott have their corn. They farm this field. Uncle Joe is not able to work. He cannot see well enough to cut the weeds and hoe the corn. We are in the room now—talking—talking—Uncle Joe and Pa are talking about the radio. Jay bought a battery-set for Uncle Joe.

"Mick, I don't believe that thing catches the words out of the air. I can't believe it. They say it does—that's what Jay says—He's tried to show me—I can't understand it. I tell him that it's the Devil in that box. Jay just laughs at me. I believe the music is already in there. But I heard a fellow say his name was old California Winters sawing the fiddle in Ferton, West Virginia. He said right there that it was California. I knowed that fiddle just the minute I heard it. Thought once I'd just open the thing and see if he was in there or what was in there. It's a funny thing to me—don't believe this world is going to stand much longer." "No," says Pa, "the Bible says Joe that we get weaker and wiser and damned if I don't believe it. Even got a machine to set tobacco with now. W'y I saw 'em using it on a river bottom from the train window as I come along. Just ask the boys here. Can prove it by both of them."

"And we used to break our backs," says Uncle Joe, "every spring—a whole slew of us out after rain setting tobacco. Now the machine does it—machine digs the ditches and lays the tea-rails on the tracks. Machine does about everything—"

"What about the groundhog?" says Ott.

"About to forget," says Jay.

It is nearly ten o'clock. It is time for the groundhog to come out and get his breakfast and then a little nap in the morning sun. We get up and Jay goes and gets his rifle. We walk out in the yard. We look across the hollow at the rock at the edge of the cornfield. We do not see the groundhog spread out on the rock like a small shepherd pup taking a nap of sleep. The sun is out pretty on the hills and in the little valleys a white mist rises toward the sun. It is a pretty morning with the sun rays gleaming wine-colored—strawberry-wine colored on the hollyhock blossoms in Uncle Joe's chimney corner.

"I see that groundhog," says Jay, "see him sitting up there beside the rock? I'll try him a pop and if I don't get him Finn you can take the next pop. I've not been able to get him. I'll try it again." Jay takes good aim—slow aim as the groundhog barely creeps up the rock. He lifts his sights just a little—judging that he has been missing his range and undershooting. 'Whing—' and the blue smoke spits from the long black barrel. The groundhog is undisturbed and moves on up the bank. Finn has never shot the rifle. He hoists the butt of the rifle to his shoulder—braces his feet—steadies his eye at the object—the gray-colored groundhog

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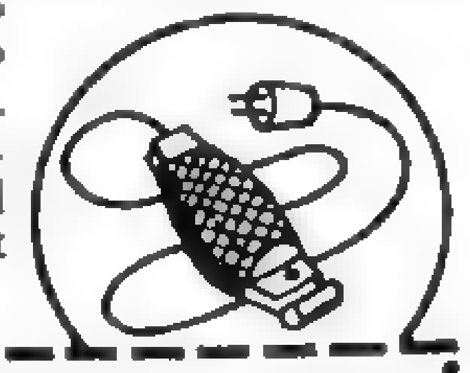

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creeping up the bank on the other hill in the sun. He has his sight leveled across the long black barrel. 'Whing' and the groundhog rolls over—rolls down the hill. We can see it plain in the sunlight. "What a shot, what a shot," says Jay well-pleased with his cousin's shooting. "You ought to have been a machine gunner in France. No, I'll take that back. You'd not have liked it. Shoot and shoot and sometime never see what you are shooting at. Most all the time that way. I didn't like it. If I could have seen something fall like that groundhog—then a fellow could have seen what he was doing—say, where did you learn to shoot?"

"Shooting squirrels out of the tall walnuts and along Little Sandy and the big oaks on the Marcus Kaut farm," says Finn. "You got to have a good gun to reach them there." Finn and Jay go after the groundhog, Ott and I stay at the house. They walk slowly over the bank by the hollyhocks—Finn tall and slender and Jay, big and broad—they go through the sunlight laughing and talking.

"I got to practise on my songs," says Ott, "come on in the house with me where I got the song books." He starts walking in the house. I follow him. I cannot understand. And I say: "Ott, why do you have to practise singing." "I lead the choir at church across the hill," says Ott. W'y you could have pushed me over with a straw. I could not believe him. And I says: "You are just saying that aren't you?" "No," says he, "honest I do. I've been leading the singing over there for a long time—all but the time I was shot." "Was you shot once?" I say. "Shot once," says Ott, "w'y didn't you know I was shot once? I shore was and I come nigh as a pea leaving this world. I was shot through the stomach—plum through and through the shoulder bone too—shattered the bone and the bullet come out on the other side. And one bullet hit me in the leg—run down the bone and battered on the bone. Had to have it cut out. That leg is about one-half inch shorter than the other leg. Haven't you noticed it—"

"Did you get all these shots at one time," I says.

"Yes—it was in that fight when seven was killed. Guess you've heard about it. The Fraziers and the Van Meters. You know who's side I was on. It took place way up on Big Sandy. Fellow was pouring the lead to me. The shot through the shoulder floored me. I got my pistol out and shot him after he shot me three times. I brought him down and then I don't remember any more until I woke up in the hospital. The fellow I shot died in eight days. They thought I was going to kick the bucket. Three months in the hospital. Then I had to be carried in the courthouse to trial. I come clear. Mort Finley cleared me. He's the only Democrat I ever voted for in my life. We all voted for him here for Senator. I'll always vote for him long as he runs."

Ott shows me the scars where he was shot. Here is the scar where the bullet went through his shoulder—the place where they opened and wired up the shattered bones—the place where they sewed it up—and the place on the other side where the bullet came through—I see the scar on his side where the bullet went through and the place on the other side where the bullet came out. Then he shows me the place on his leg where the bullet went in and how far upon the bone it was where they cut in and took the bullet out. It is a big scar. "I would hate to be shot like that," I say to him. "Oh, you don't mind it after you get into it—just afterwards when you are afraid."

Ott takes a song book. He starts to sing, *My Faith Looks Up to Thee*, and I say to him, "W'y you have a voice like a lark. You can sing. Where did you pick that up?" "I've just always liked to do it," he says, "I'd rather sing as to eat." And he goes on singing. He sings this song and that song. I can hear Pa and Uncle Joe and Aunt Marie in the other room talking. I see Finn and Jay coming up the hill past the hollyhocks with the big groundhog. They are talking. Jay is talking with one hand and with the other hand he holds the butt of the rifle across his shoulder. Finn has the groundhog in one hand and a cigarette in the other—a light-blue wisp of smoke streams off into the lighter-than-blue wind and spreads like thin-water above the blooms of the hollyhocks.

"W'y our boy that's married—our Mick, got in trouble with the Fells. John Fell shot him in the leg with a rifle. Mick didn't have his gun. He sent John Fell to be prepared when they met again. John slipped out on the Big Sandy train. He's down the river now—down in your country some place. I think he's in Worton, Ohio, working at the steel-mills."

"How's Mick getting along," says Pa, "where he is working?"

"Just a getting along fine," says Uncle Joe, "guess he's getting along better than any of us. That boy makes good money. But Mick, he says, he never can get used to going to the store and buying a meal. So he has a garden up there in that little town—and he has a cow and a couple of hogs and some chickens. I should say that boy is fixed. He's got electric lights in his ice. He's got a bath-tub and hot and cold water. He's got everything Mick a man would ask for even to as fine a little woman as ever a body put her two peepers on. Didn't think Marie would like her at first. But Marie does like her. Likes her better all the time. Marie thought she'd be a proud something speaking a lot of proper words. But she ain't Mick when you get to know her. Mick got out of that trouble with them

Continued on page 226

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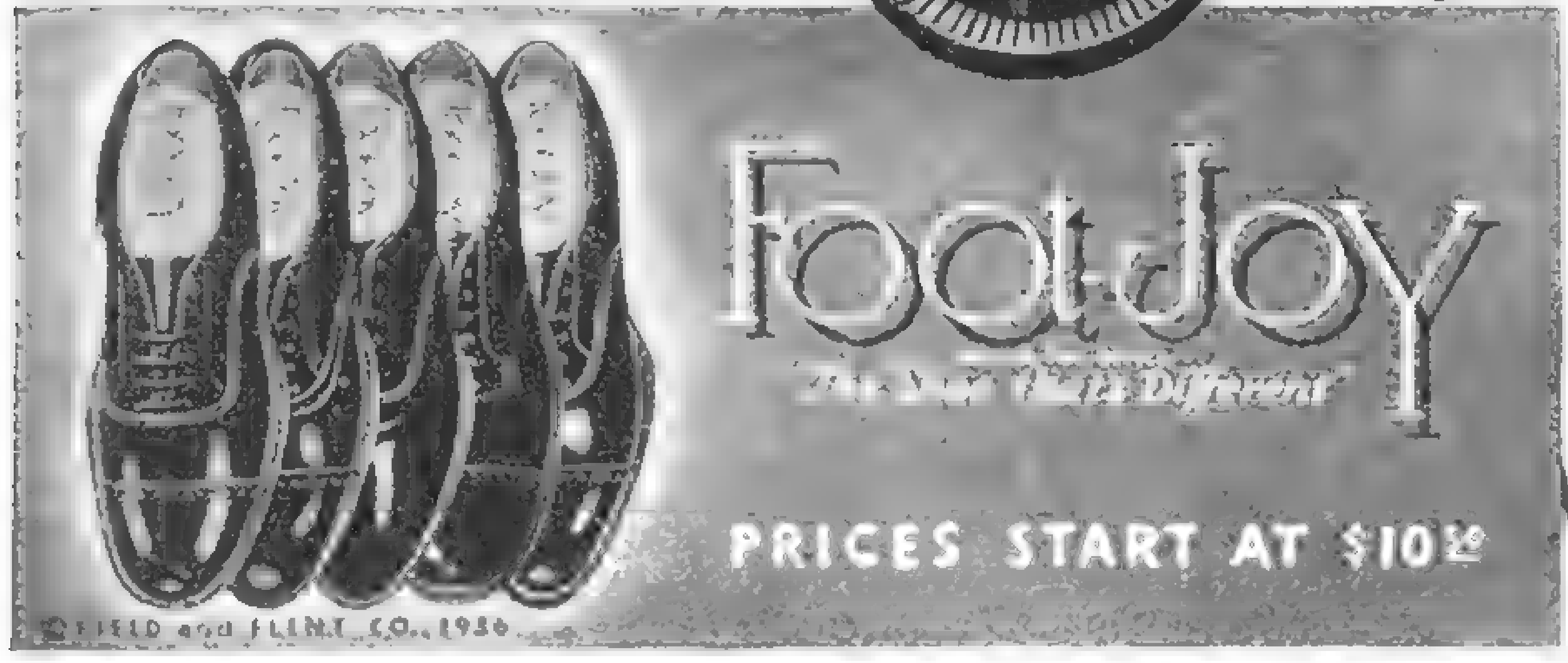

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Uncle Joe's Boys

Continued from pages 57-221-223-225

Fells and I'm glad he did. Mick, my boys has caused me a lot of trouble. They've been a lot of help to me since they growed up and my eyes went bad—but they've been a lot of worry. That scrape Ott got into with the Van Meters and his trial cost me every penny I could rake up and Jay could rake up to keep him from going to the pen. Your boys ain't caused you no trouble. You just think they have. If you'd a kept them up here in this God-forsaken country you'd a been bound to have had trouble with them."

"Does everybody carry a pistol like they used to?" says Pa.

"Yes—they do," says Uncle Joe.

"I remember," says Pa, "when I was a boy here I went out once without my gun. I was setting down there by the Big Sandy River doing my business. And somebody shot from the other side of the river and tore up the sand right under me. I didn't take time to put my britches up—I just high-dived over behind a big rock the water had rolled there. Charlie Litteral was with me. He pulled his .38 from his pocket and he started answering that West Virginia bunch. It was like a battle there for about a hour. Dirt around there flying everyway. Bullets whizzing above our heads. Not so bad down where we live. That's what I tell my boys. The big Sandy used to be tough."

Tonight we have groundhog for supper. Aunt Marie has rolled it in meal and baked it. Lord but it is good. Pa says: "I tell you that groundhog is fine." "Uncle Mick," says Jay, "Finn killed it with a high powered rifle from the front yard. Killed it plum over yander at that rock on tother hill. Good shot, I say he is." We eat and we laugh and talk. Pa and Uncle Joe are still going strong. "We got a right to do a lot of talking ain't we Mick, ain't seen one another in seventeen years." "It's a shame," says Pa, "that we don't get together more and live no futher apart than we do. But it seems like forty miles is a mighty fur piece. I just never can get that fur it 'pears like."

"Yes," says Finn, "Pa is afraid to leave the hills down home. He is afraid to leave the Hollow. He's not afraid to come here. But this is the only place. He worries about the stove-wood, water for the cattle—He's afraid it might dry up after all the big rains. He's afraid to get him off his own earth."

"Pap here is the same way," says Ott, "and Jay's getting that way. Stuck to this earth like a snail to a log. Just glued here. Can't pull them away. Jay goes over on Big Sandy now and then. But he worries to get back from over there. Just sets and whittles, Sister Mary says. Just worries till he gets started back. I believe Brother Jay wants to get married again." And we laugh around the table. Uncle Joe laughs and pulls meat from a groundhog ham. Pa laughs and looks at his plate—just kindly sniggers and jerks is the way Pa laughs. He laughs all over. Even Aunt Marie smiles. Cousin Jay just kindly looks down at the table. He does not laugh.

Tonight I sleep with Cousin Jay and Finn sleeps with Cousin Ott. Pa and Uncle Joe sleep together and talk. One won't give the other one time to talk. When Cousin Jay goes to get in bed he puts his .38 under the pillow. And I say to him: "What is the use of that? You won't need that pistol tonight for anything will you?" And Cousin Jay says: "No I don't guess I will. It's just a habit. I never have my pistol off my person, I live with it on me. I have done it since I was a boy. I need it just as much as I need to wear a pair of shoes or pants. W'y Ott's got his pistol on him. And Pap's got his pistol on him. We all carry pistols here."

"It's a funny thing," I says, "I never carry a pistol. I am not afraid. I go any place I want to go. I have had fights. I have been beaten up—I have beaten others up. But what of it all—there's not anything to it."

"If you lived here you wouldn't talk like that," says Jay, "for long as that Big Sandy River flows over there across the hill we'll have need of a gun. I've been here too long. I know what I am talking about. You know I heard you was a candy-ankle because you got a little book sense. I didn't care anything about you coming up here or ever seeing you and your brother. But you boys are pretty good boys—I like your brother much better than I do you because he's got less book sense. I had it made up in my mind to straighten you boys out if you started anything around here. But you don't need it." We talked and talked that night. I remember how the moon came up above the trees on the other hill and how I thought about having to leave Uncle Joe's the next morning—say goodby to our newfound cousin. I remember how the dog howled mournfully by the window when the foxhounds passed through driving a red fox. I remember the calling of the whippoorwills and the moonlight on the hollyhocks and the streak of moonlight that came through the window and lit up the end of Jay's pistol that stuck from under his pillow—the jeweled handle of his .38—he loved so that he slept with. Lord what a time we had had at Uncle Joe's—I would ask the boys when we left in the morning to come down and see us. But they would never do it—they never had and they never would—perhaps not as long as the Big Sandy flowed to the north. ⌗

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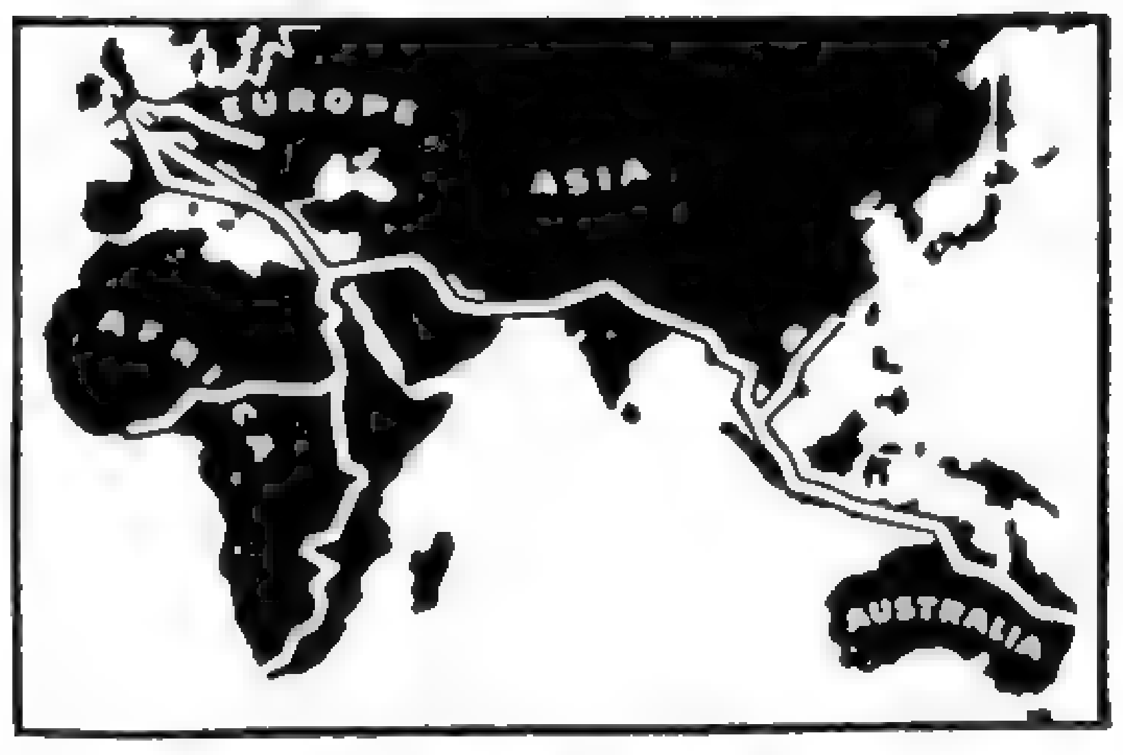

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So Smells Defeat

Continued from page 53

with the country's meagre foodstuffs will be sitting in every cabaret, all of them giving expensive dinners to the successful little actresses of the moment.

There will also be "strategic zones." The immediate vicinity of New York will find itself in several of these and every time we journey to Philadelphia, we shall be stopped at Trenton, New Jersey, by a dapper little foreign lieutenant who will make his way through the coaches of our train followed by two unsmiling soldiers both armed to the teeth. He will then demand of each of us "Passport!" and he will do so without a smile or without flinching an eye to your banter. No one will be able to move anywhere without his "papers"; these identifications will have to be stamped and passed by both the foreign government and our own. We will laugh bitterly every time we see one of these detestable foreign uniforms and we will laugh bitterly often, for they will be everywhere.

The situation will now grow rapidly worse. Wives who have remained faithful to us during the whole long war will no longer be able to see their children or shell-shocked husbands starving and often indeed will they go either directly upon the streets, or become the mistresses of those greasy little gentlemen who speculate in humanity's necessities to secure for you the very same necessities these little gentlemen speculate with. Prostitution will increase. To cross Park Avenue after one o'clock at night will be the signal for a snake-line of girls to run and encircle you. Fifty girls holding hands! Among them you will distinguish a former motion picture actress, a former society girl, and three girls from your home town.

Gangsters will disappear because money has become the sign of a sign and all valuables, except jewels, will either be too bulky to steal or too difficult to convert into foreign exchange. Thieving will revert rather to petty larceny, the stealing of vegetables, bread, and small finery. If the left-overs of gangsterism should kidnap someone and hold him for a 50,000 Pound ransom, they would have to get a large truck to cart it off; the ransom must be paid in American dollars for it will be forbidden to obtain foreign exchange money at any American bank. This alone will make kidnapping a well-nigh impossible undertaking; it would take the kidnappers well-nigh a month to count the ransom Dollars just to make sure that they had not been short-changed. One or two large gangs will persist, but they will devote themselves to robbing the few remaining bank vaults still filled with American valuables. A few foreigners with too much foreign valuta in their pockets will be held up and murdered but wise foreigners will quickly learn how to walk about with no foreign valuta in their pockets. Travelers' Checks, issued upon foreign banks and countersigned at the time of tender, will be in use everywhere.

But a new type of crime will spring into being, the crime of desperation, inhibition and inability to cope with the new life dictated by national defeat and the consequent new economic conditions. These crimes will be the crimes of those who were never intended to be criminals; they will be stupid, ridiculous, and terribly ineffectual crimes. Various American families will, of course, react differently. One family will take to the new situation as a duck takes to water whilst the other will go down brittle and unbending. One family will take off their coats and dig; the family next door will not remove their white collars, waiting, hoping, intriguing, until these same white collars can be laundered no more, and their coats and trousers may be repaired no longer. College professors will be the hardest hit. Many of these ancient specimens, once intellectuals, writers, or lecturers in their own right, will now peddle some little book or another they have written; they will appear regularly in the hotel lobbies, restaurants and cafés; all of them will be mendicants but apparently making a living from that which they sell. The alms given them will still be the true alms of compassion and they will be given by those who still have respect, even though misguided, for learning.

An intellectual ferment, having nothing else to do but to sit around and hatch, will increase until it is fever hot; people will, year after year, mope about and evolve the most *recherché* theories about everything. Out of this feverish muddle will arise many new political faiths, art-movements, philosophies, and their accompanying pamphleteers; new "intellectual" magazines printed upon the cheapest paper will be sold in every bookshop, and perhaps the only new and booming industry will be the printing of cheap books. New bookshops will spring up like mushrooms. In St. Louis a dictator will arise, and a little group of fanatics will arise about him. He will be put into jail, of course, but here he will find time to write a revolutionary book later destined to sweep the nation into flames. The book will be Chauvinist to extreme and revive in spirit the old Ku Klux Klan.

No loaves of bread will be displayed in bakery shop windows. (There will no longer be any necessity to advertise this commodity.) Eatables will be obtained only by punched cards and several armed policemen will stand in every foodstuff establishment to prevent rioting. The food will be miserably inadequate. Everyone will slowly come to know what protracted hunger means. The new generation of American girls will be ugly. One will be hard put

Continued on page 228

BILL, WHY DO SO MANY OF YOUR SECRETARIES QUIT?

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So Smells Defeat

Continued from pages 53-227

to it to select a beauty chorus for the new Broadway Revues . . . the Revues, of course, will never falter but appear eternally, year after year, without fail; they will be the last to disappear among the souvenirs of pre-war American life. But our popular songs will no longer be sappy-lovey-dovey but will be hard and brittle and very much to the immediate point; they will point blank beg the little girl to spend just one night with the gentleman entertaining her. Brutality and actuality will have been substituted for June-dream sentimentality. The youth of New York will lose its interest in sports and partake of vicious amusements more in keeping with the blood-sprayed atmosphere of our recently returned battalions. Dangerous clubs well hid from the police and meeting in obscure apartments will permit every kind of orgy which will take place in these secret hide-outs and murder and suicide societies will satisfy the thrill-lust of those who have just spent five years behind the machine guns. Those who have flown five years above a hostile front will no longer have a stomach for that special whimsey fare of 1936 afforded by public libraries carefully censored plays or the well-meaning intentions of matronly entertaining societies. The returning heroes will have done with the Ladies-Aid-tea-shoppe type of entertainment. The taste for blood rather will find its vent in the formation of secret societies meeting weekly to saw off the top of a living man's skull merely to watch the brain throb as the victim slowly dies. Ladies of the Street will offer their dubious services for the merest cigarette money but they will also murder you at the drop of a hat if you unnecessarily flash valuta. But if you go home with them, you will find that they will take you to their former homes upon East End Avenue, and their mothers, brothers and fathers will receive you with the most perfect equanimity while you stay the night. Pride will have disappeared with morality, and there will be nothing left but hunger.

Meanwhile practically all of the world's rich scum and riff-raff will loll about in our gigantic Park Avenue apartments, paying but $25 monthly for them in valuta. These apartments will be filled with parasitic friends, loot from the remaining shops, and any number of temporary mistresses.

Upon this apparently endless desert of American misery there will eventually appear a new mirage . . . the old paper dollar will disappear and its place will be taken by a new Gold Dollar.

But years of additional misery will come and go. The new generation will grow up furious and questioning; they will camp in the country and harden themselves and will become countryside Spartans and detest the city strongholds reeking, for them, of desolation and corruption. They will hold fanatically together and organize into thousands of secret societies upon thousands of American countrysides; they will manufacture forbidden machine guns, train secret troops, and suddenly and at the right moment thrust forward a new leader, perhaps this very same "dictator" so unsuccessful in that *coup* at St. Louis so many years ago. The nation, just beginning to raise itself out of sickness and desolation and fully ready for the excitement of a new creed will now perhaps experience a new thrill . . . that ancient thrill of power and united strength which comes from within. The new movement will be Chauvinist to extreme and various Leftist parties, now thoroughly alarmed, will band together, thrust and parry, and cause many bloody internal and secret strifes. There will be, for a time, unending intrigues, political killings and wholesale imprisonments; no one will be able to think, eat, sleep or discuss anything but the politics and *coups* of the hour. The new would-be dictator will adapt the symbols and rigamarole of the American Indians; in his paradoxical and Chauvinistic fervor he will claim that the ancient Red Man is the only real and valuable essence of true Americanism and that all other races and inhabitants of this continent should emulate him and him only. The new dictator will adapt totem poles for standards and will "go back" to the Spartan doctrines of the American Indian and soak his preachings in blood. He will call his armies, as they grow, by the names of American Indian tribes. And, as time passes, he will become one of the strongest dictators in the world, the rest of the world having grown, in the meantime, politically weak and torn by internal strife and unemployment. He will laugh at existing agreements forced out of us by foreign powers in the years of our misery and defeat. He will manufacture, against treaty-agreements, thousands of airplanes, and will train thousands of young pilots to fight in them. He will develop new and secret killing devices of which no foreign power has ever dreamed, and against which, therefore, they hardly can be prepared. This may be America. It was Germany, 1918-1934. So smells defeat.

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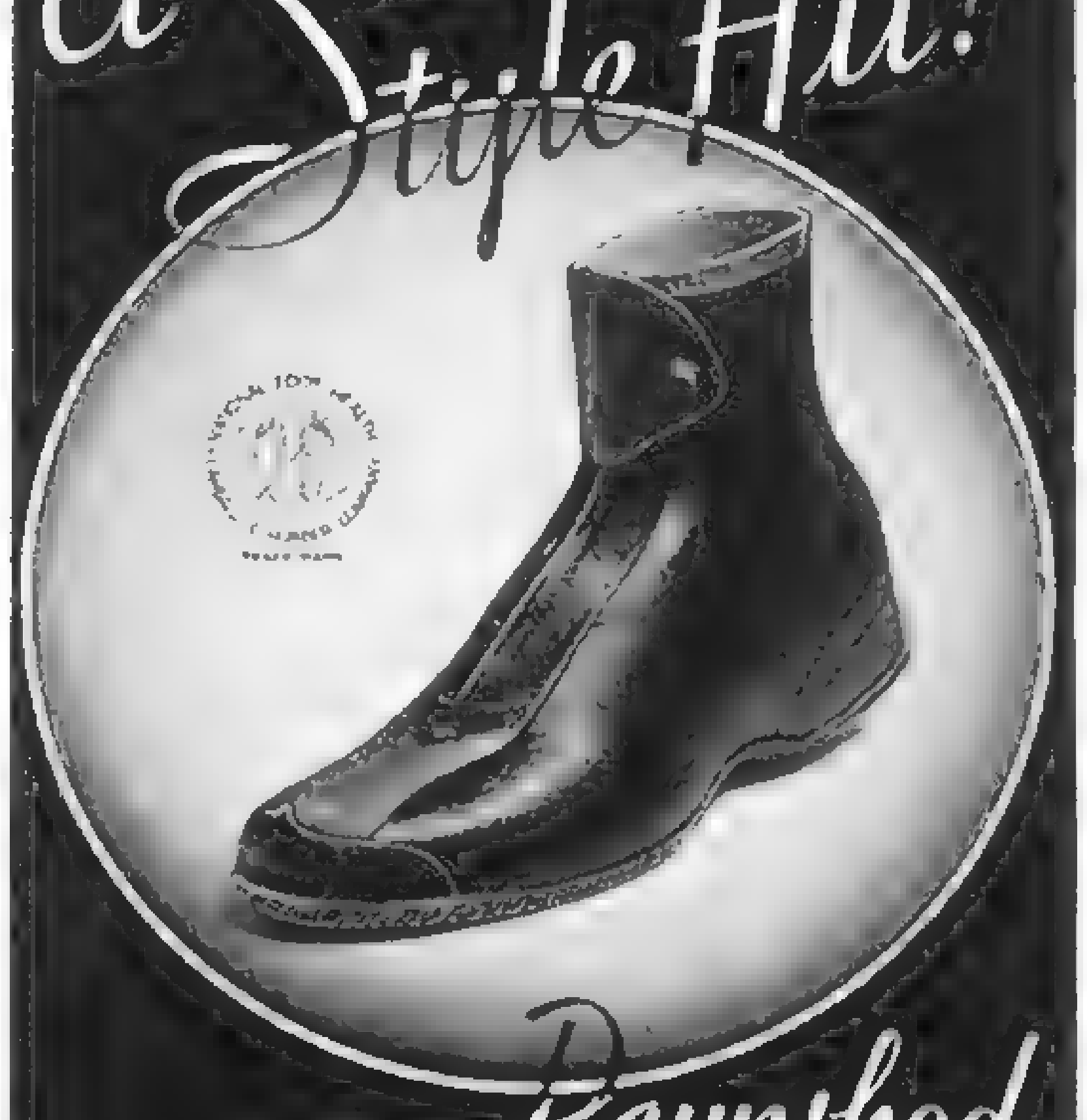

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E-11

The Ring and the Swastika

Continued from page 113

eye to business, he announced that the soft, lyric passages had been written with "the most beautiful and clever women of North America in mind." Afterwards, he admitted truthfully that the best thing about the piece was the money he got for it.

With *Parsifal*, which proved to be a big draw, he made his Festival a "going concern." The additional magic of being billed as a "consecration" did the work no harm. All spectators dressed in black. No applause was allowed and the pilgrim, sitting motionless in utter darkness hour after hour, had a taste of that suprasensual ecstasy which the martyr feels. Not even the endless moving-scenery nor the plump and gaily-bedecked flower maidens could take his mind off the painful hardness of his seat. *Sitzkissen* were not sold . . . and on and on and on they marched, these mystic Grail knights, in double slow time, to their symbolic love-feast. Amid awe and amazement, Wagner thus gave to the world his newest and last hero: a simple fool, armed, not with a mighty sword, but with a spear that was his only on condition that he not use it: one who, instead of shouting with joy over the killing of a dragon, wept at having shot a swan.

* * *

As an attempt to escape the vulgar conditions of the ordinary commercial theatre, Wagner's Bayreuth enterprise was always an utter failure. In the beginning, he said that admittance would never be by payment of a fee, but would be reserved for his earnest disciples, who had banded together in Societies all over Europe. As it happened, this exclusive attitude attracted just the sort of idle globe-trotting tourists to whom the doors never were to be opened. And now in Bayreuth as elsewhere, the only perquisite is cash. All seats sell at slightly more than twelve dollars, at the current exchange rate, or if you pay before March first and use registered marks—one of Hitler's helpful fictions for foreigners—the price is seven-fifty, exactly what it was in Wagner's time.

For your money you get the best music-making Nazi Germany has to offer, which is not as sterile as some journalists would have you believe. First of all, there is Herr Wilhelm Furtwängler, the New York Philharmonic-Symphony directors' first choice for a successor to Toscanini. Granted that this much-battered gentleman is better on the concert platform than in the orchestra pit, happier with Beethoven than Wagner, he remains, after the one and only Italian, the best living conductor of German music.

Second, Germany, all Europe, in fact, knows the meaning of a word that is not found in our opera house dictionaries, namely, REGISSEUR! The shoddy and unimaginative stage productions that American opera-goers applaud would not be tolerated on any second-rate continental stage. Bayreuth, in common with many smaller theatres, trains singers to be conscious of the fact that they are participants in a drama, not warblers who happen in for an evening merely to strut through their parts and mechanically wave their arms at appointed moments. More precisely, their movements and facial expressions, the lighting, the pageantry, the whole stage action, in fact, grows logically out of the music. It is not, as with us, superimposed on it.

Lastly, the singers as listed on the Bayreuth blotting-paper programs, are the best to be heard in Central Europe, which is not saying much for them. The Berlin *Staatsoper*, by offering long contracts and high salaries (payable only in German marks and, of course, not transferable out of the country) attracted many of the best singers from other capitals, and these are now in Bayreuth. Whether the three or four great Wagnerians who have a reputation in Semitic capitals also, are not invited because they might not accept, no one knows.

The explanation for not asking Kirsten Flagstad is that she would sing the *Brunnhildes* and that Bayreuth has a duty to Frida Leider who now sings them. The sacrifice of thus running an alms house no one can know who has not heard Leider recently. Her upper voice completely gone, she shrieks and snorts in a last desperate effort, rending the air with such ear-piercing screams that the horse, Grane, borrowed from the Nürnberg *polizei*, declined to stay on the stage with her.

No other singer fared so badly, though several of the Gods seemed in need of a steady diet of Freia's golden love-apples and all of them lapsed into that fake singing, which the Germans allow as *sprechgesang*. Strangely enough, except for Flagstad, Völker at Bayreuth, and in some rôles, Rethberg, it is scarcely ever possible to hear good Wagnerian singing, considered purely as singing. The voice of our best *Tristan* and *Siegfried*, Lauritz Melchior, shows signs of wear on too many occasions. Friedrich Schorr and Rudoph Bockelmann are both past their prime. Lotte Lehman never had a voice fully equal to the tasks set by Wagner, and where is there a truly great contralto?

* * *

The best singing at Bayreuth was in *Lohengrin*, which, as the chief new work, was also the best produced. Proceeding on the thesis that Wagner, no matter what he labelled his scores, wrote *only* music-dramas, Tietjen (operatic boss in Germany, as well as chief producer) disregarded the *Romantische Oper* inscribed on the title page and produced the work as a

Continued on page 230

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The Ring and the Swastika

Continued from pages 113-229

music-drama. He encouraged the singers not to fire each aria or concerted number directly into the face of the audience, but to simulate a natural dialogue. Since they all had worked together in Berlin during the winter and had had more than a month of preparation on the ground, the details came easily and no one stared toward the conductor for guidance.

The whole production was framed on a large scale to be heroic, perhaps a bit too heroic and heavy and over-accented for the music.

The excellent chorus of three hundred recruited from all over Germany, sang with feeling, and, in the unique perspective of the Bayreuth theatre, presented an unparallelled scene of magnificence and grandeur. One seemed actually to be out-of-doors. Every detail went off as scheduled, except for such squeaks as came from Lohengrin's swan when it turned around to gaze coyly up at its master, and the fact that the warriors were so lusty and vociferous in returning to the stage that King Henry's horse became scared and felt the need of relief in plain view of the audience and the assembled nobles.

The score of *Lohengrin* gains immeasurably from not being treated merely as an occasion for presenting a few agreeable tunes: two preludes, a cavatina, several arias, and a popular Bridal Chorus. On the last Bayreuth stage *Lohengrin* and *Elsa*, *Ortrud* and *Telramund*, became, even as the Gods in the *Ring*, definite personifications of moral impulses; their every action was a concrete symbol of a natural human tendency; and, in the interplay of intrigue, the second act crisis, and the impending catastrophe, one glimpsed that never ending struggle of impulses in the human soul and of the fates about its path. The whole developed (as no other performance of *Lohengrin* I have ever seen) into a highly integrated plan of conflict and resolution. In effect, it showed that Wagner's technique here was the same, only less developed, than in his later music-dramas.

* * *

The other Festival performances slumped off considerably. There was not the sane fine synthesis as in *Lohengrin* and, often as not, vitality was lacking. True enough, the animated beer-casks who formerly lumbered around are gone, the number of swimming exercises per female has been reduced, and, in general, more confidence is placed in the spectator's imagination.

Wagner was always thinking up some stage effect impossible to execute. There were never enough objective illustrations to suit him, for he always was afraid that his audience would not understand what they were hearing. Judging from the numbers who yet don't know what his *Ring* is about, his fears were not without justification.

Though no printed instructions appear to that effect, when the theme of the "sword" is first heard at the end of *Das Rheingold*, Wotan is made to grab a sword and brandish it on high. Wagner wanted the Gods, also, actually to walk *on the rainbow* to Walhalla, which meant it would need to be substantial and near at hand. Fortunately that idea was never carried out, but in the finale of *Die Götterdämmerung* he did have a canvas hoisted up with a painting of Wotan and all the Gods going up in flames.

Nowadays, many of his crude examples of realism have been discarded, as it is recognized that effects are often more effectively suggested than stated. The Bayreuth productions contain many subtle suggestions, especially in those scenes conceived with a minimum of motion as *tableaux vivants*. The end of Act I of *Die Walküre*, for instance, when the great doors open on the summer night just before the dawn, and the two lovers walk out into a beautiful wooded meadow with thunderous, threatening clouds below and a dull red above . . . is symbolical of the brief moment they have together before tragedy engulfs them. The second act of *Siegfried*, the views of the Rhine in *Die Götterdämmerung* and its closing scene are masterpieces and deserve to be seen.

A simpler design would help the over-ornamented costumes of Klingsor's flower-maidens. Dressed as they were, they didn't have a chance to ensnare Parsifal. The Bayreuth ideal of womanly beauty is still, as Bernard Shaw wrote, reminiscent of English bar-maids in the Victorian era, when the rage for golden hair was at its worst.

The scene of the Valkyrie was filled with crags and therefore cramped . . . it needed more space for the "sombre power and dark magnificence of the war-maidens' ride." Wotan, when he shot up to interfere in the combat between Hunding and Siegmund, resembled nothing so much as a jumping-jack. And Walhalla, no longer an oriental or medieval castle, looked for all the world like Manhattan's Bell Telephone Building.

* * *

One point in favor of Bayreuth is that the dramas of the *Ring* are presented on successive evenings as they were intended. Since the largest contributor to the Metropolitan's annual deficit is Richard Wagner, perhaps that institution could be persuaded to do likewise and devote a week, now and then, exclusively to his tetralogy. There must be four thousand fanatics in the country, who would be delighted to take a week off in the middle of winter and journey to New York.

It's cheaper than going to Bayreuth, yet there is the same feeling of pilgrimage. Only the orchestra and Mr. Bodansky are not hidden, there is no "mystic gulf," and half of those in the house are forced merely to imagine they can see the stage.

And then there is the food question, always a nuisance with Wagner. In New York you must either undergo the pangs of starvation for about five hours every night or run the risk of indigestion by bolting a nondescript substitute for a meal. In Bayreuth you are allotted an hour for the process and, in these times, you may sit across two tables from the head of the State and the whole of Nazi officialdom (five marks to the head-waiter in the Festspielhaus restaurant the day beforehand), and marvel with Wagner at the "stupid seriousness with which the most ridiculous things are accepted by a gaping public."

Whether at Bayreuth or the Metropolitan, you can count yourself in the "know"; one who has sat through the world's longest and most stupendous politico-economic-social-philosophic drama, *Der Ring des Nibelungen*. Out of 130,000,000 Americans, the Bureau of the Census estimates that 129,964,756 have not as yet performed that rite!

Don't miss your chance! #

High Life Up in the Garret

Continued from page 123

words and phrases. By father's instructions he wore a beret to school, where his schoolmates taunted him and his elder brother with the word "Frenchie!" until Guy won a truce with his fists.

Mr. Pène du Bois cannot recall the time when he wasn't getting off by himself and making pictures but he didn't believe that he was therefore called to become an artist, like the men whom his father was fond of entertaining and whose conversation comprised so great a part of his schooling. For some reason or other the young man thought he would go to Annapolis, in due time, and wear a uniform and sail the ocean blue for Uncle Sam. (Sailing boats is today one of his minor pleasures.) And here we arrive at a situation which contradicts the usual relationship between father and son with respect to the business of a career. When the average young man tells his Dad that he wants to become an artist, Dad usually bellows or howls, and swears before high heaven that he may expect nothing better than the poorhouse and Potter's Field. When Dad consents at all, he consents with dread and misgiving. But it wasn't like that at the Pène du Bois home. The tables were turned upside down, in the Gallic spirit. Not that Guy didn't want to paint. There are two versions of what happened. One is that when Guy told his father he wanted to go to art school and become a painter, father was delighted. The other version, told to me by Mr. du Bois himself, is that one day in 1899—when Guy was a mere stripling of fifteen—father took him by the ear, figuratively if not literally, and led him to the Chase School of Art where, until 1905, the young man drew and painted under the tutelage of William M. Chase himself, Carrol Beckwith, Frank Vincent du Mond and Kenneth Hayes Miller.

At the age of eighteen he painted a portrait of a Staten Islander and saw his first money for a picture. About that time a picture of his won first prize at the Richmond County Fair, and $15 more fell into his lap. During those early years he eked out these sums by serving as lifeguard at South Beach, Staten Island, and, for fun, played week-end baseball with and against such fellow-students at the Chase School as Glenn Coleman, Rockwell Kent and Edward Hopper. Hopper and Coleman had never seen a baseball but du Bois won with them against the Kent outfit with the help of a marvelous pitcher who was not a painter and therefore not strictly eligible. It was in one of these games that du Bois received a nasty blow over the nose, which mark makes that feature look as if it had grown at a slant.

Persistent in contradiction of the modern legend of American self-sufficiency in art, Guy's father bundled him off to Paris and to Steinlen, fashionable painter of that time, in 1905, at the age of 21, really to study art, but it is reported that he learned more in the cafés and on the boulevards of Paris than from Steinlen and perhaps a good deal also from Daumier and Forain, whose satiric vein, despite his own subsequent demurrer, helped him in his first steps toward selection and treatment of subject matter. The following year he had a picture in the Salon des Beaux Arts and father came to take him home.

That home-coming was more decisive than either of them could have guessed when they stepped aboard. Henri Pène du Bois died on shipboard and shortly after the funeral his son called on William Randolph Hearst, to whom Henri had been art adviser, and asked him for a job. Hearst gave him a note to the city editor and the art student became a police reporter for the New York *American*, covering the old Tenderloin district and even drawing an occasional court room sketch. He recalls that during Thaw's trial for the murder of Stanford White, he drew Thaw as he looked. This not being in line with the office attitude on the case, the drawing was not used.

He had begun painting in earnest as soon as he had adjusted

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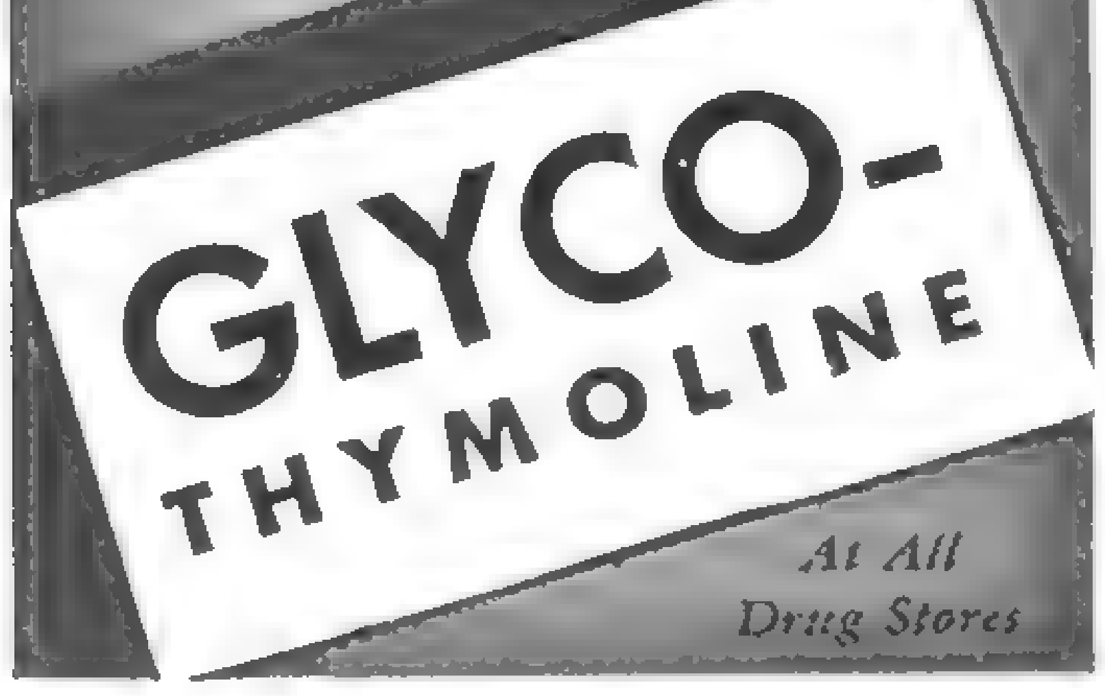

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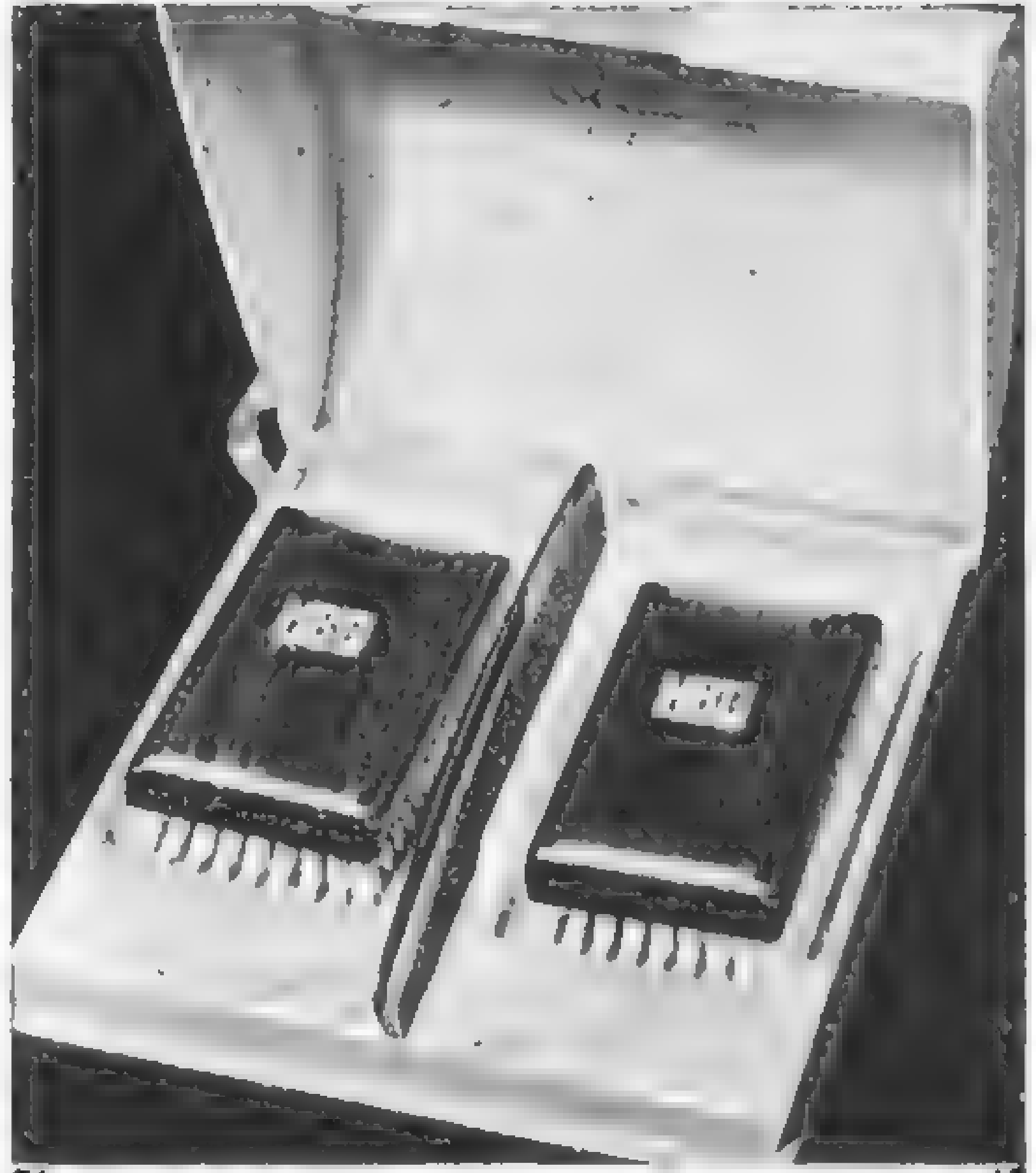

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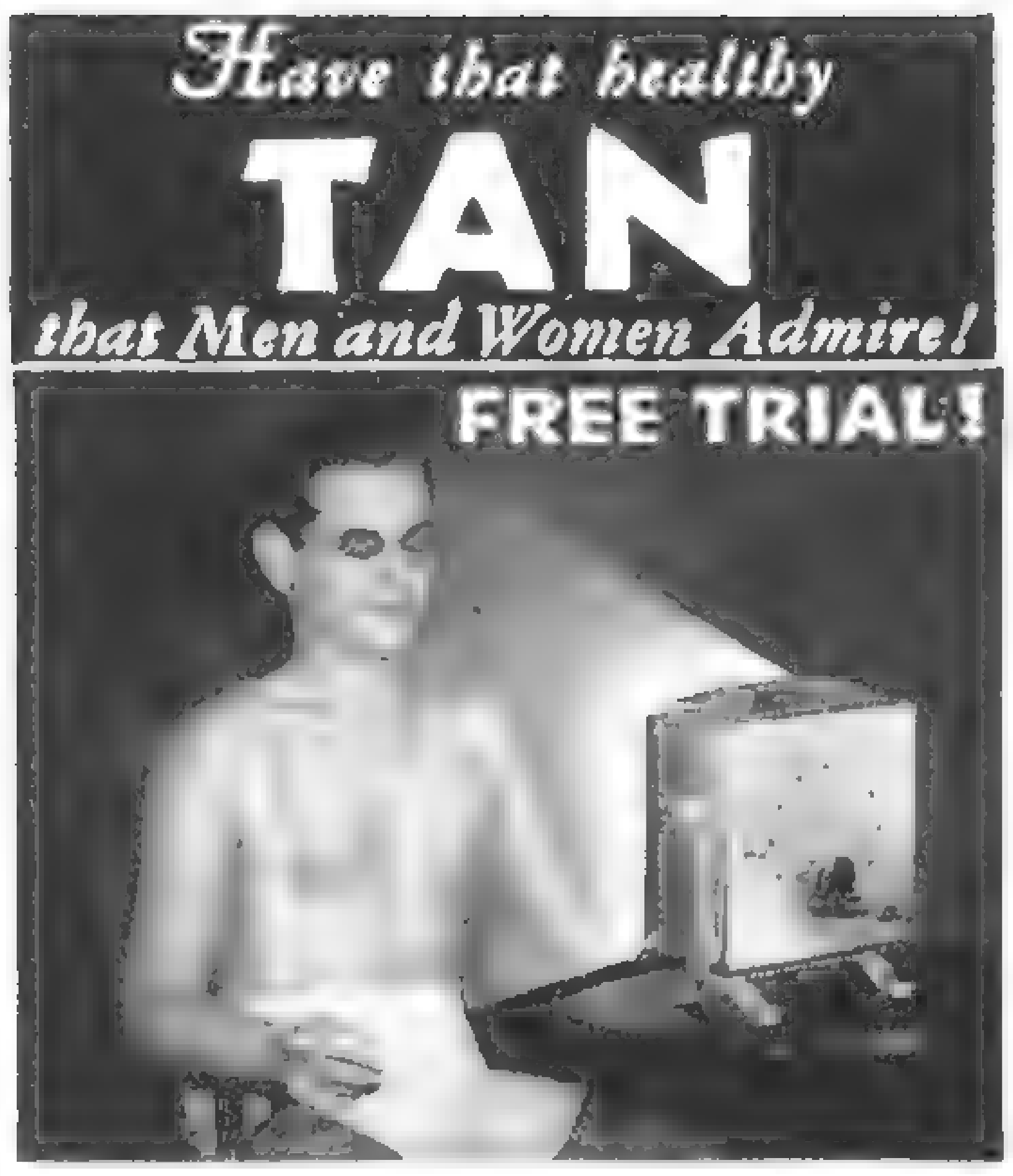
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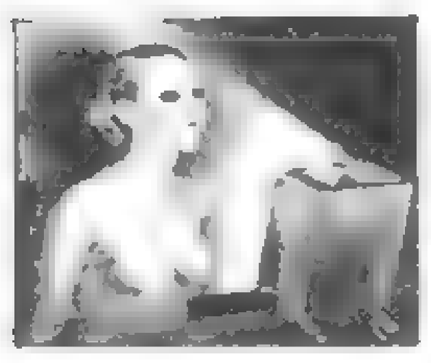

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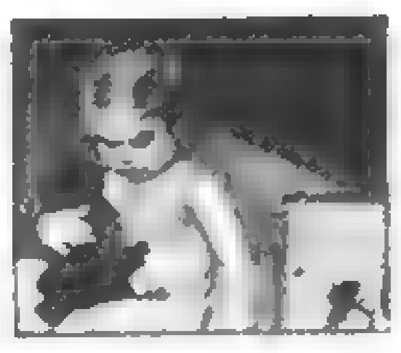

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High Life Up in the Garret

Continued from pages 123-231

himself to the new situation, but a real opportunity came when he was told off to write about music. He spent every evening of two long winters at the opera, within constant view of dress shirts and opera gowns, and those shirts and gowns, and the people inside them, began to appear in the first du Bois pictures, some of which may be seen at the Whitney Museum and others in the Chester Dale collection. Rather dry in color, acid in treatment and effective by virtue of the vast quantity of omitted detail, those pictures only faintly forecast the more opulent paintings of the contemporary du Bois, who denies that he ever harbored, much less expressed, a satiric or ironic thought about the dress-shirted gentry who sat in the opera boxes.

There is, for example, that picture entitled "*Waiter!*" in which a man and woman are seated at a neglected corner table on the verandah of a restaurant. The man, old and grizzled and peevish, is calling. He is the kind of man who rarely is well served, and for reasons which are plain to see. The open mouth, the mean squint of the eyes, the easy surrender to bad temper, the whine in the voice unable to command, as well as the woman's private opinion of the man are revealed to us in this painting. There is *Pouter Pigeon*, portrait of a pompous, bald-headed, black-bearded, dress-shirted fellow standing importantly, like the bird he suggests, while two women slightly to the left are talking about something or other. *The Confidence Man* is actually ominous, showing a bald-headed, dress-shirted gent in profile, whose eyes would be glittering if they could be seen, whispering what should be clipped instructions into the ear of a woman whose downcast head and attentive eyes tell us that she is used to taking orders from him, and not pleasant ones at that. Writes one commentator: "He satirizes the complacent human products of modern civilization, who accumulate fat during lives of vacuity unrelieved by mental or physical discipline," but to such comment du Bois says Bosh! and Piffle! explaining: "In my young days when I was being called a satirist, I did that kind of person because I liked him, and I liked him because I felt that he had lived and seen a few things." Whatever those early pictures may have led critics to conclude about du Bois' state of mind, the fact is he envied and sought to emulate the people he was thought to be satirizing.

After the seasons at the opera, he became art critic and, incidentally, art adviser to Hearst and his auction representative. Hearst respected du Bois' advice—at least he listened to it—but rarely followed it. Once a week, on Tuesdays, he had sessions with the boss, during which auction catalogues were examined and items chosen on which du Bois might bid, and up to what price. After awhile the auction people learned whose agent du Bois was and ran prices up twice and thrice beyond their true value. But Hearst always obtained what he sought, for when du Bois gave up bidding for, say, a Washington autograph at $200 (Hearst having instructed him to bid up to only $150) the lucky bidder got in touch with Hearst and resold at a price to give him a fair profit above his bid. Hearst having been offered a set of delftware on which had been painted the story of the Passion of Our Lord, du Bois went to the library, dug around in authoritative books and learned that this set was spurious. Hearst thanked du Bois for his trouble and bought the set. On another occasion du Bois advised against the purchase of a Remington picture, and Hearst bought it. In 1910 at the American Art Galleries, du Bois and Hearst were sitting together at an auction at which a Renoir had been bid up to $9,000. "Why don't you get it; it'll go up," whispered du Bois. Hearst didn't bid. Du Bois had the satisfaction the following year, while sitting with his boss, of seeing the same picture bid up to $35,000. Maybe these recollections touched with poignancy du Bois' pen when he wrote in appreciation of Miss Lizzie Bliss, who bought the pictures and the drawings Arthur B. Davies advised her to buy and thus formed the nucleus of the collection of the Museum of Modern Art.

It is astonishing how much writing and art criticism Guy Pène du Bois has done. Usually art criticism is the refuge of a literate but disappointed painter, but du Bois has neither been disappointed nor unsuccessful. His skill with the pen is the more remarkable when it is recalled that his formal academic training was cut short at fifteen, when his father enrolled him in art school. Perhaps the New York *American* served well enough as training in his life-long second string career of writer. In 1913 he left that paper and went around reviewing exhibitions for *Arts and Decoration*, with which magazine he was associated for seven years, off and on, working under various ownerships and rising to the post of managing editor. At the same time he was giving Royal Cortissoz, art critic of the New York *Tribune*, a helping hand and they got along famously, Cortissoz subsequently writing the Whitney Museum monograph on du Bois, du Bois holding Cortissoz to be the best American art critic going. For two years thereafter du Bois was art critic on the New York *Evening Post*. At various times he has written pieces for *Vogue*, *Vanity Fair*, *The Arts* and *International Stu-*

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dio and he wrote the Whitney Museum monographs on Sloan, Lawson, Glackens and Hopper. In the meantime he was painting, exhibiting, selling, winning prizes, completing portrait commissions. The critic did not eclipse the painter and the painter was fulfilling the man.

Life in America was good, despite the inevitable flaws. He had married and his son Bill and daughter Yvonne were giving him reason for pride. His home life was happy and his social life full. Maybe there was money in the bank. He had bought a house at Westport, Conn., and enjoyed sailing the sloop *Aha*, whittled down from its original name of *Tomahawk*. He played a good game of tennis too and sometimes croquet and, for indoor sports, there was bridge and French checkers, a much more difficult game than the plain version. And then there were books to read, but New York was in America, and beyond the ocean lay France unvisited now—the year is 1924—for 18 years. Like Leonard Merrick's *Conrad*, Guy Pène du Bois went in quest of his youth.

He ached for France as Benton ached for Missouri. And he achieved it, six years (1924-30) of it. He sold the house in Westport. He arranged to write for *Vanity Fair* and *The New Yorker*, and the du Bois family embarked.

Life abroad was even better than du Bois had thought it would be, for he was able to take the fly out of the ointment. The fly was the necessity for writing, which he has always disliked. He once said that he likes to write only when he is hopping mad. An advance from his dealer of $30,000 over the six years made it possible for him to devote himself exclusively to painting and to the enjoyment of life. People were buying pictures, and they were buying du Bois'. But by 1930 the bad days had come, collectors and museums were nursing thinned purses and du Bois had to turn his back on France a second time, and with profounder regret. In 1936 he can still sigh for the home of his Breton ancestors. Why? "I'll put it in one word: Peace." In France, says du Bois, the painter may work without having to watch his contemporaries. There isn't so much politics, or business, or competitiveness in art in France as there is in the United States. That is his view, but one has heard the contrary. In France continues du Bois, one doesn't have to follow the fads and fashions which dominate American painters. Certainly there are fads along the Seine, but they are not so blatant as America's, and no one in France would take seriously the continental equivalent for the silly nationalism of Craven and Benton. America, says du Bois, has less sophistication than France, less understanding about art.

It is sad to record that when Mr. du Bois returned to these shores he was obliged to restore the fly to the ointment. He was art critic for several months for *The New Yorker* and resumed his association with *The Arts*. However welcome checks for articles may be, the job of writing remains as unpleasant as it ever was. I have rarely seen a grown man so happy as he was when he announced that he had done six pictures in nine days. The elated artist was talking; it was the man whose job was to make pictures, not to write gallery notes. Since 1930 he has been teaching at the Art Students' League and in his own studio in New York in winter and in his summer home in Norfolk, Conn. His daughter tells me that he is a swell teacher because he has the gift of bringing out the students' personalities and knows how not to impose his own. If we may take his daughter's word for it—she is arranging for her first one-man show in New York as this is being written—then he contradicts his theory that a good painter need not be a good teacher, or a good teacher a good painter. Compared to teaching, writing is the lesser evil and the painting of portraits is an artist's necessary evil, and he has borne his share of evils. Perhaps the charm of France lies in the minimum of evils which it imposed on Mr. du Bois. Perhaps the place in which you choose to spend your money is more pleasant than the place in which you have to earn it. Perhaps Mr. du Bois is an idealist in search of Bohemia, one, who, having found it, seeks to return to it.

His paintings proclaim du Bois a sophisticated man of the world, at home and at ease in the fashionable resorts of two continents. They are the paintings, it would appear, of a clubman, a bon vivant and a traveller. Perhaps they are wishful-thinking pictures, but du Bois has said that the trouble with painters is that they want to live like gentlemen and not like artists, for which reason they ask more for their pictures than they're worth. Yet a member of what we glibly call the underprivileged class looking at a wall of du Bois canvasses for the first time would find them redolent of social snobbism, the people in them hard-boiled when they are not sleek and too well-fed; belonging in more than one sense and always properly dressed, not for daily living but for occasions, such as the races, or the theatre, or carnival or a fashionable dinner. The figures in Mr. du Bois' pictures represent persons who live in costly, if not cultivated, idleness on assured incomes. Continuing his reflections, this hypothetical spectator would conclude that Mr. du Bois himself must have been born in a dress shirt and possessing a constantly replenished wine cellar, that he painted pictures as a delightful avocation and that if he sold any he did so by playing the social game. He would suppose also that the painter's services must be greatly in demand for fash-

Continued on page 234

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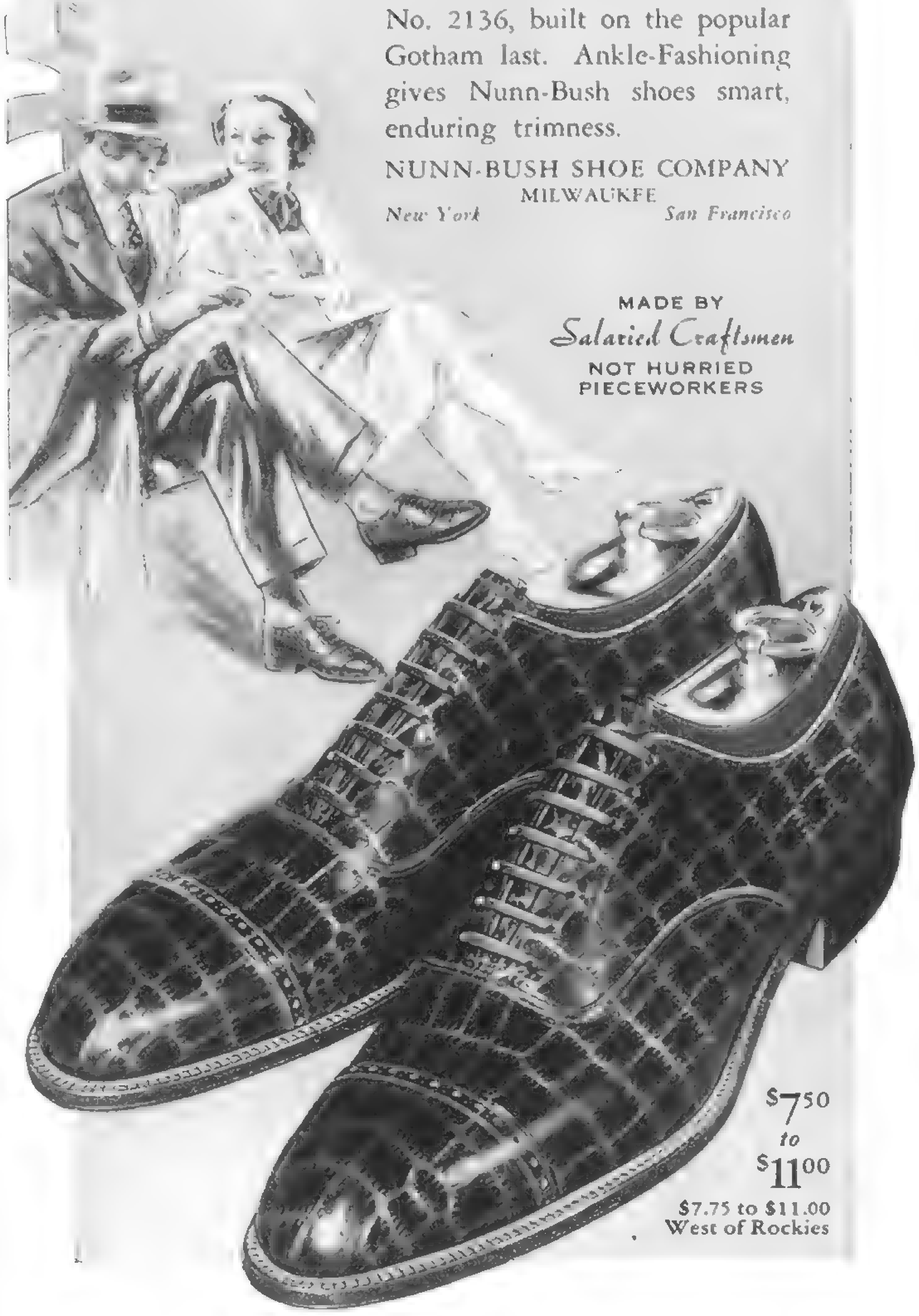

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High Life Up in the Garret

Continued from pages 123-231-233

ionable portraits of the fashionable. Even in a picture entitled *Mr. and Mrs. Middleclass*, our hypothetical spectator would remark, the man is wearing a top hat and a cane and the woman an ermine collar. But remark that they are walking and in a rather depressed part of town, giving rise to the suspicion that they are sporting raiment inherited from an earlier economic status. But there is no doubt that Mr. du Bois is happiest in such pictures of play, frivolity and relaxation as *Night Club*, *Bal des Quatre Arts*, in his series of café and restaurant pictures and in such captures of the crowded play scene as *Carnival Interlude* and *Carnival*. The proportionately large number of French settings testifies to the greater freedom the painter enjoyed during his French years and the suspension of those pressures and claims which have nothing to do with the making of pictures. Perhaps one of the most ingratiating pictures of that time is the picture of the slim girls in an early morning light (as I recall it) *Americans in Paris*, which Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., gave to the Museum of Modern Art. There is the Deauville scene, *Approaching Storm, Race Track*, with the rearguard of the paddock followers beating a hasty retreat before an advance of black clouds which threaten thunder and lightning as well as rain. His favorite characters are no longer those hardened men of the world who peopled his earlier canvasses, nor even such hard-boiled women as the horsey female who dominates *Woman with Cigarette*, but young women of the flapper and debutante varieties. *Night Club* does glorify somewhat those grizzled men of worldly wisdom whom once, as a cub critic, he admired and envied. Although the bulk of his pictures projects men and women of the possessing class at play and at leisure, he isn't Social Register about it. Once he captured so intimate a setting as the interior of an "L" car and, another time, a shoe shop in a department store. He has portrayed French soldiers and, at least once, a peasant, but no one could suggest an encounter more wildly extravagant than that between a Eugene Higgins peasant and a du Bois man of the world, and yet they are contemporaries.

In the republic of art men are judged not by what they paint but by how they paint. An artist may take his subject matter in his stride but he must struggle for a method, and there can be no denying that du Bois' way of painting is his own. There was virtually no color on his early palette, and he sought to achieve his effects mainly in black and white. Some of his early canvasses look awkward because he was then striving for an effect since achieved—the suggestion of sculptural form on the flat canvas. Consider, for example, *Opera Box*, with the feminine figure looming up from it in a magical resemblance to the third dimension. Sculptors might well emulate his painting. It is also characteristic of his method that he should ignore background and subordinate detail. He achieves realistic enough effects, but he achieves them by impressionist means. In, for example, *Americans in Paris*, you are obliged to guess at the characteristics of person and dress of the slim Dianas, but the essentials are communicated. Some of his pictures have been called doll-like and wooden, which is the defect of his virtues and the penalty the artist must pay for having a style which may be stated in terms of caricature. In his studio there is a painting the foreground of which is occupied by the figure of a woman so magnificently portrayed that she uncannily suggests bulk and weight and the suspended capacity to walk into the room and join the company. Du Bois' color has become less muddy and clouded and more suave and clarified, sometimes even sugarily delectable, as if the painter were trying to please, which is, of course, what every artist is trying to do all the time. He has tried, he said, to learn how to make color build form instead of adding it to the form, and he has succeeded. In an article by the critic on the artist, he has written of himself: "He (du Bois) has watched him (du Bois) struggle to make a leg round and heavy, to make a figure stand in space, to construct a design that will have the substantial qualities of a public building." There are painters of consequence who regard him as one of the half-dozen American artists who can paint plastic form, although there are others perhaps more favored by the public who can create more pleasant decorative surfaces.

He has of course won his prizes and medals and he is represented in the best American museums, including the Metropolitan. But it is matter for particular note that the Chester Dale collection, which is very difficult about Americans, has 25 of his pictures, but he is not too proud to paint a series of episodes on the walls of a Greenwich Village restaurant and take his pay in meals for a year. (This is the eating place which gave Reginald Marsh seventeen dinners for an early picture.) It is particularly appropriate that du Bois should have been selected to decorate the walls of the Saratoga Springs post office. Maybe the race track touts and gamblers will learn from his designs how a gentleman looks. Guy Pène du Bois might be called the cosmopolitan, the sophisticate, the transatlantic gentleman in American Art. ##

Forever Cherished

Continued from page 101

laughing as he watched them. One of them had a head that was just a big bird-cage with a mechanical bird that hopped around inside of it and twittered like a regular canary. Another had enormous feet and as he looked down at them suddenly one toe began to swell up like a balloon, getting bigger and bigger until finally it burst and he fell over backwards with a yell and rolled half way down the steps. That got a big laugh. Then there was another who had on spectacles the size of platters with windshield wipers moving across them to keep them clear.

But the funniest of all was a little guy in a grand blue and gold uniform. First his uniform would come apart and then his epaulettes would rise up and flap like wings and then he'd fall over his sword. He had everybody in stitches, especially at the end when his cap jumped up off his head and started rolling around and he chased it all over the lot until finally he caught it and jammed it back on his head. Then he looked all around with this dumb empty face of his and suddenly he pulled the whole front of his tunic down like a window shade and his chest was covered with medals.

They laughed and applauded for about five minutes. Then the fellow who was running the show stood up, holding up his hands and everybody quieted down. But there was a funny thing there. Everybody stopped laughing, except one guy sitting a few rows back of us. He kept right on. We shushed him but it didn't make any difference. He just kept right on laughing, until finally a couple of the nurses took him away. He didn't seem to be able to stop laughing. He had a dumb face.

"Who was that?" Eddie asked George.

"I don't know," said George. "One of the nuts, I guess."

"What do you mean, nuts, George?" I asked him.

"Well, they don't call them nuts," George said. "They call them shell-shock cases. But that's what they are, just the same. Nuts, I mean."

"I didn't know there were any nuts out here," I said.

"Just a few," Eddie said.

"They're all right most of the time," George said. "Just now and then they go off this way."

"They just sit and don't say anything most of the time," said Eddie.

"They must be real entertaining company," I said, and we all laughed.

"Light me another cigarette, Fred, will you?" said George.

I lit another cigarette and stuck it in his mouth.

"What's the matter with them, do you suppose?" I said.

"Oh, they just couldn't take it," George said. "Take that cigarette out a second, Fred, will you? It's stuck on my lip."

I took out the cigarette and held it for him while he moistened his lip. Then I put it back again.

Suddenly everybody started to cheer, yelling their heads off.

"What the hell?" said Eddie.

I looked over at the steps. There was a woman standing up there and for a second I didn't recognize her, although I knew I'd seen her somewhere before. But then I knew who it was. George recognized her at the same time.

"For God's sake," he said. "If it isn't Viola Bennett!"

"I'll be damned," said Eddie.

There she was, waving her hands and throwing kisses at everybody, just like she used to do during the war when she sang for us. And what was more, she even had a tin hat stuck on the side of her head just the way she used to in the old days. It certainly brought it all back in a flash.

"She hasn't changed so much, has she?" said George. "She looks just about the same."

"Imagine her coming all the way out here just to sing for us," said Eddie. "Why, she must be busy as hell on the stage and she comes all the way out here . . ."

"Is she still on the stage?" George asked me.

"I don't think so," I said. "At least I haven't heard of her lately."

"I guess she's not so young any more, at that," said George. "But she looks O.K."

"Still, it's pretty nice of her to take the trouble," said Eddie.

"Not every woman would bother," George said.

"No," said Eddie.

"Well, you can bet she gets a kick out of it," I said.

"Listen to them yell," said Eddie.

"I guess she must get a kick out of it, at that," said George.

When the cheering had quieted down a little she made a speech to the boys in which she told them how glad she was to be back again with her war-time buddies and how she always looked back on the days we had spent together in Flanders Fields as the happiest of her life, and how not a day passed that she didn't think of the boys, and especially these boys here who still bore the marks of their bravery upon them, and whose wounds were the eternal badges of their splendid sacrifice. It certainly was a beautiful speech and I could see some of the boys around us working hard to keep from letting it get them.

Then she sang for us. Nothing new, but just all the fine old songs that we all knew and remembered, like *Over There*, and *Dear Old Pal of Mine*, and *Madelon*, and *There's a Long, Long Trail Awinding*, and *Roses Are Blooming in Picardy*.

It certainly brought it all back. I watched Eddie's fingers working fast, making the poppies. I never saw the poppies that they talked about over there but I suppose they were all shot up in the parts where we were. I remember the first time we heard *Madelon* was

Continued on page 236

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Forever Cherished

Continued from pages 101-235

when Eddie and I got into a fight in an *estaminet* in St. Nazaire with a couple of frogs. One of them grabbed a bottle by the neck and broke off the end and started for Eddie's face with it but I got him with a chair, just in time. Eddie never forgot that. Any more than I forgot the time Eddie picked up the grenade and ran out of the dug-out with it. I remember the noise it made when it went off and wondering if we could find Eddie, and how glad we all were when we found what there was left of him and found that it was still alive.

Now everybody joined in on the chorus, with her leading, her tin hat over one eye, smiling and swinging her fists in time to the music, and looking just like she had then, and we all ended up with *Pack Up Your Troubles In Your Old Kit Bag and Smile, Smile, Smile.*

When she had finished we all yelled and cheered for her to go on but she shook her head and smiled and threw kisses at everyone and then came down the steps and walked slowly around among us, stopping every now and then to laugh or say something to somebody.

I looked at my watch. It was getting late and I'd have to start back soon. But I had to talk to Eddie first, alone. I didn't see how I could do it. But this time I had to do it. I'd put it off long enough as it was.

She came toward us and soon she was standing right in front of us. She looked down at us and said:

"Well, boys, how's everything?"

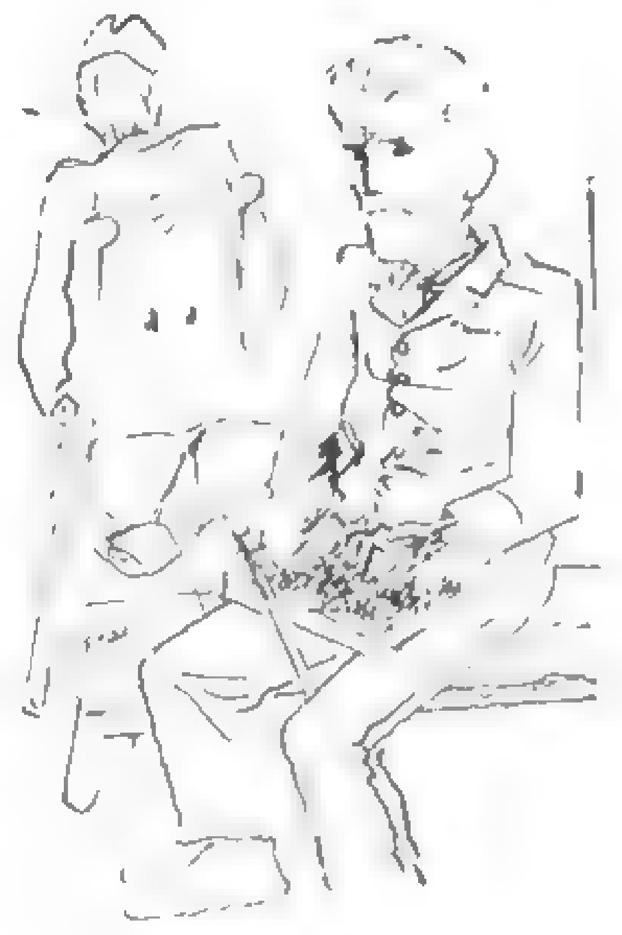
"Fine Miss Bennett," George said. "We certainly enjoyed hearing you again."

"It was a treat, all right," said Eddie.

She turned from George and looked down at Eddie. She looked at all the medals on his chest. Eddie had a slew of them.

As she looked at him I could see her face get sad and then, suddenly, she leaned down and kissed Eddie right on the cheek.

"Gee!" Eddie said, and touched the place that she'd kissed with his hand for a second.



Somebody whistled and said, "Oh, boy, wait till your wife hears about this, Eddie."

Viola put her finger on her lips and whispered, "Don't you dare say a word to her."

We all laughed and she went on.

George shook his head and said, "Same old Viola!"

The show was all over by now and the nurses were starting to round up the boys that could walk and wheel back those that couldn't.

George got up and said there was somebody over there he wanted to see and so Eddie and I were left together alone—which was what I'd been waiting for. But then when we were alone I didn't know how to say what I wanted to.

I looked at my watch and lit a cigarette.

"Well, Eddie . . ." I said.

"You say she's really better now?" he said. "I remember how she always used to get colds."

"Oh, yes, she's much better," I said. "I wanted . . ."

I thought of the way Eddie looked when we picked him up and put him on the stretcher. But I had to talk to him this time. I didn't, the last time I was out here, when I'd promised her I would.

"Listen, Eddie . . ." I said.

"I was sure she'd make it this time," he said. "But of course if they wouldn't let her off, why . . ."

"Yes, it wasn't her fault, Eddie," I said. "She wanted to come the worst way. She . . ."

Now I was doing just the opposite of what I wanted to do, telling him things like that. It was just making it harder for everybody. I ought to just come right out with it and get it over with. I began but he interrupted me.

"Listen, Fred," he said, "there's something I want to ask you."

"Shoot," I said. "What's on your mind?"

"Listen," he said, "I've been thinking a lot lately about . . . well, I've been thinking." He gave a laugh. "I have lots of time for it. But what I mean is this: maybe Phyllis doesn't want to see me. Maybe she . . ."

"Why, of course she wants to see you, Eddie," I said. "Good night, what do you think? Why, certainly she wants to see you. If she didn't . . ."

Then I stopped, seeing what a damn fool I was, just complicating things for us that way, doing just the opposite of what I was intending to do when I came out here today. But I couldn't say, "No, that's right, Eddie, she doesn't want to see you," even though I knew it was true and that's what I'd come out here today to tell him, and the time before this, too.

He shook his head.

"I don't know. If she really wanted to see me she would have come out before . . . somehow. Wouldn't she?"

"Now, look, Eddie," I began.

"I can't say as I'd blame her," he said, slowly. "It's no sort of a life . . . for her. I wonder . . ."

I thought of her and I felt like giving her a poke in the jaw. I thought of her and Eddie, and then of her and me, and then of Eddie and me. I hated her for a second, but then I thought of the way she looks at me sometimes.

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"If she . . . she wants a divorce," Eddie said. "Why . . ."

I knew this was the moment for me to speak up and say what I had on my mind and get it over with. I started to, but I couldn't.

"Don't be silly, Eddie," I said.

"You think . . ."

"I *know* it," I said. "Why, she's crazy about you, Eddie."

Eddie looked happier all of a sudden.

"Honest?"

"Of course . . . After all, you have to remember it's a pretty long pull, coming out here in the train, and all."

"Yes, sure, of course," he said.

"But I'll bring her out soon," I said. "I'll try to fix it so we can get the same day off and drive out."

"That'd be swell."

"Sure," I said. "We'll do that."

Eddie nodded his head slowly and said, "Well, I guess you get queer ideas, sitting around like this all day. I don't know . . ."

"Don't you worry," I said. "She's nuts about you."

He raised his head and faced me and after a second I had to look away, even though I knew perfectly well he couldn't see me.

I left soon after. ⁂

Jailor or Surgeon

Continued from page 74

absurdity of the habit, people continue to judge their fellows in this way. A man so afflicted feels an outcast, for society refuses to accept on even terms the individual with ugly, abnormal features. Few people can even pretend to ignore a blemish in someone to whom they are talking. Hence personal relationships are made difficult by the self-consciousness of both the abnormal and the normal person. The self-consciousness, when based upon deformity, often destroys the essential personality almost entirely and thus brings on untold economic hardships.

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1. Physical handicaps definitely influence disposition and behavior.

2. Any excessively prominent feature may deeply affect an individual's mental state.

3. Some individuals compensate aggressively for a deformity and become morbidly intent upon their efforts to obtain distinction and force their way into an unreceptive society.

4. In some cases a person with battered or deformed features may seek compensation by waging personal warfare against a discriminating social order.

Perhaps the best of all recent plans for surgical rehabilitation of selected criminals has been developed in New York City by Austin H. MacCormick, Commissioner of Correction. This plan is so unique that it has been misunderstood by many, but penologists in this country and in Europe are watching MacCormick. This is his plan, stated in his own words:

"When our hospital facilities are improved we hope to do some plastic surgery with a view toward correcting disfigurements which are a handicap to a released prisoner who wants to go straight.

"The typical case which I have in mind is that of a person whose face has been disfigured in an automobile accident so that he looks like a broken down pugilist, or a victim of knife wounds, when actually he is neither a bum nor a criminal. He has a chance of making good if he can get a job.

"We shall select persons for this type of operation very carefully and it goes without saying that we do not intend to go into the business of helping habitual criminals evade detection by removing scars, or by a face-lifting operation such as Dillinger had.

"What we propose to do would be only one feature of a general program of corrective surgery such as the Federal prisons have been carrying on for several years."

The case of Salvatore S. well illustrates how effective the MacCormick plan can be.

Salvatore was born on the east side of New York City. From early boyhood he was a "two-fisted tough guy." He looked as tough as a movie gangster because of a nasal deformity. The cards were further stacked against him because his father was a drunkard, he lived in a crime-breeding neighborhood, and his mother, as usual in such circumstances, had to struggle too hard to make a bare living to be able to give affection or guidance to her son. And so he progressed from boyish grocery pilferings to more serious crime until the city jail finally housed him after he had been through truancy and reform school.

The distorted nose which had helped to make him leader of his gang gave him an appearance which normal society found repulsive. Even the girls of his own neighborhood, as they grew older, would have none of him.

While serving his last jail sentence a Catholic chaplain persuaded him to go straight. But when he was released no one would hire him on account of his gangster appearance. Detectives trailed him and shopkeepers were suspicious of his looks. Even the parole officers questioned the wisdom of allowing him to go free. Finally he told his story to an

Continued on page 238

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Last spring, Revlon's "G"* Woman called her new shades Bimi and Sudan. Already they are fashion's favorites in New York, San Francisco and Walla Walla, Washington.

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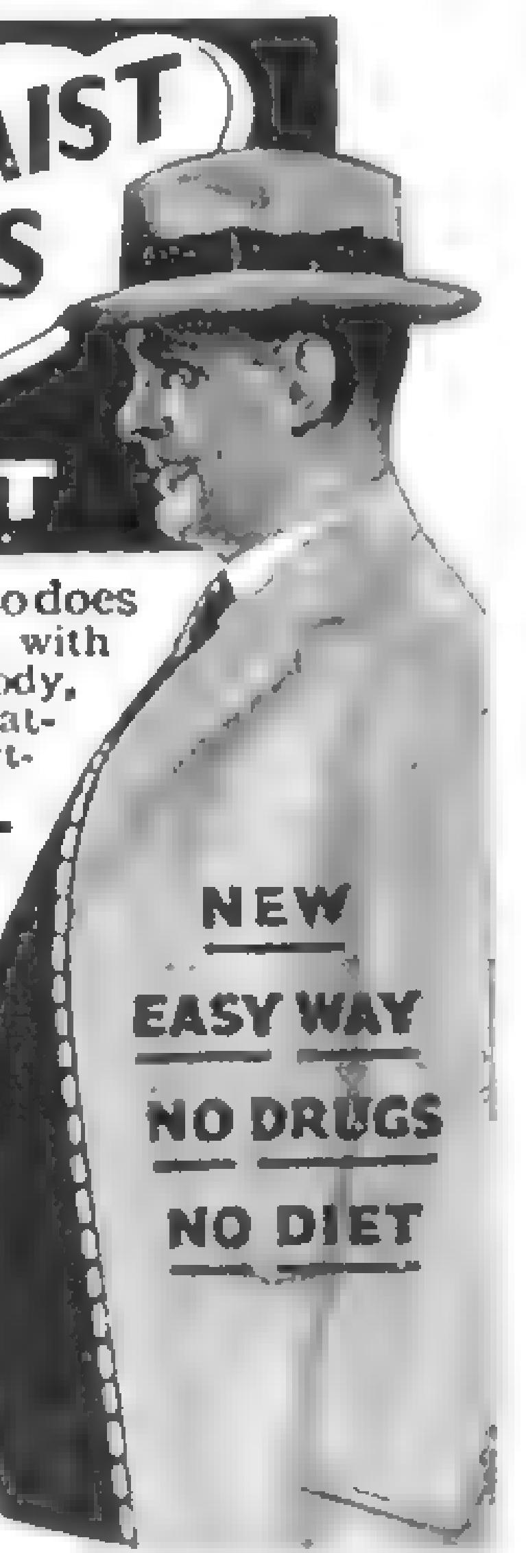

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WHERE CHAMPIONS ARE BRED

Jailor or Surgeon

Continued from pages 74-237

understanding official and was advised to try plastic surgery.

An operation was performed and Salvatore's face was brought back to normal. Within a few weeks he stepped into the world fortified with regular features and a new personality. The old quarrel with society was gone. In a few months he became a successful salesman. Several years later he married and at last report he was enjoying a full and normal life.

It is this type which will benefit from MacCormick's experiment. Once the cases are selected provisionally, the criminals will be examined jointly by the Commissioner, a social service worker, a psychiatrist and a plastic surgeon. Not only will the entire background of the prisoner be carefully examined but close attention will also be given to the psychological effect of his abnormal appearance on his character.

If the case is approved for surgery the prisoner's consent for the operation will be sought. If this is refused the operation will not be performed against his will, for no question of punishment is involved. The decision is up to the man or woman alone. Some have refused but most have welcomed the opportunity. When everything has been arranged, pictures and face masks are taken both before and after the operation. These become a part of the permanent records, to be kept on file like fingerprints.

Case histories of each patient will be kept for the committee in charge. At a moment's notice the authorities may have access to the complete records of the delinquents before and after the prophylactic plastic surgery. The fingerprints, pictures and records will all be checked periodically with the Federal files.

No attempts are to be made under this plan to assist the habitual criminal.

No moles or identifying scars known to the police are to be removed.

There is to be no face lifting in the MacCormick plan.

The sole purpose of the experiment is to make the maladjusted offender look normal but not handsome.

It would be surprising if every case selected for operation proved successful. A measure of error must be expected, but it is hoped that plastic surgery will be of definite aid to many of those who are chosen and who deserve a chance to be useful to society.

When the MacCormick plan was first announced the newspapers indulged in such humorous headlines as:

"COMMISSIONER MACCORMICK RECOMMENDS BEAUTY CLINIC FOR THUGS"

"FACE LIFTING FOR CRIMINALS"

"BEAUTIFYING NEW YORK'S PRISON POPULATION"

The results were surprising. False hopes of Barrymore profiles were aroused in inmates of prisons and scores of people on the outside wrote to the Commissioner for information. To the Department of Correction came many letters asking for help in obtaining operations to correct features which had been a decided barrier to getting good jobs.

One of these letters was of particular interest. It read:

"Dear Commissioner MacCormick:

"I read in the newspapers that you were planning to open a clinic for plastic surgery to help worthy causes of deformed criminals. I'm not a criminal but a college student. I am studying to be a certified public accountant, but I know that my disfigured nose will be a definite handicap to me when I'll be on my own. I've fought for my Alma Mater on the football and basketball fields and suffered a number of nasal injuries with the result that my nose is bumped and broken. I wouldn't mind it at all, but my friends kid me and tell me I look like a gangster. I know it will be an obstacle to me when I graduate. I'm not a criminal and I don't want people to think I am. Would it be possible for you to arrange to have my nose corrected or must I wait until I become a criminal before I can be helped?"

The young man was granted an interview and the Commissioner saw at once that he was sincere. It was, therefore, decided to perform an operation. It was a simple procedure and after twenty minutes of surgery the entire appearance of the face was changed, and no scar remained. After three weeks of treatment the patient was discharged. The operation had been a complete success both physically and mentally, for the young man changed within a month from a brooding, morbid type to a normal, healthy smiling youth. Yet he might have turned into a criminal had he been rebuffed by a pitiless society.

Within a year or two the New York Department of Correction will make public the results of the MacCormick rehabilitation plan. If, as is confidently expected, the experiment gives proof of its usefulness, it will probably be widely copied in all the important cities of the United States and Europe, and thus the plastic surgeon will take an important place in crime prevention work.

Naturally much depends upon the skill of the joint committee, comprised of the Commissioner, social workers, psychiatrists and plastic surgeons, in selecting patients. With reasonable care in this selection, however, it is more than likely that a considerable number of those treated will be restored to normal and decent lives—or given such lives for the first time. Then will plastic surgery have given one more proof of its enduring value to society. ⌗

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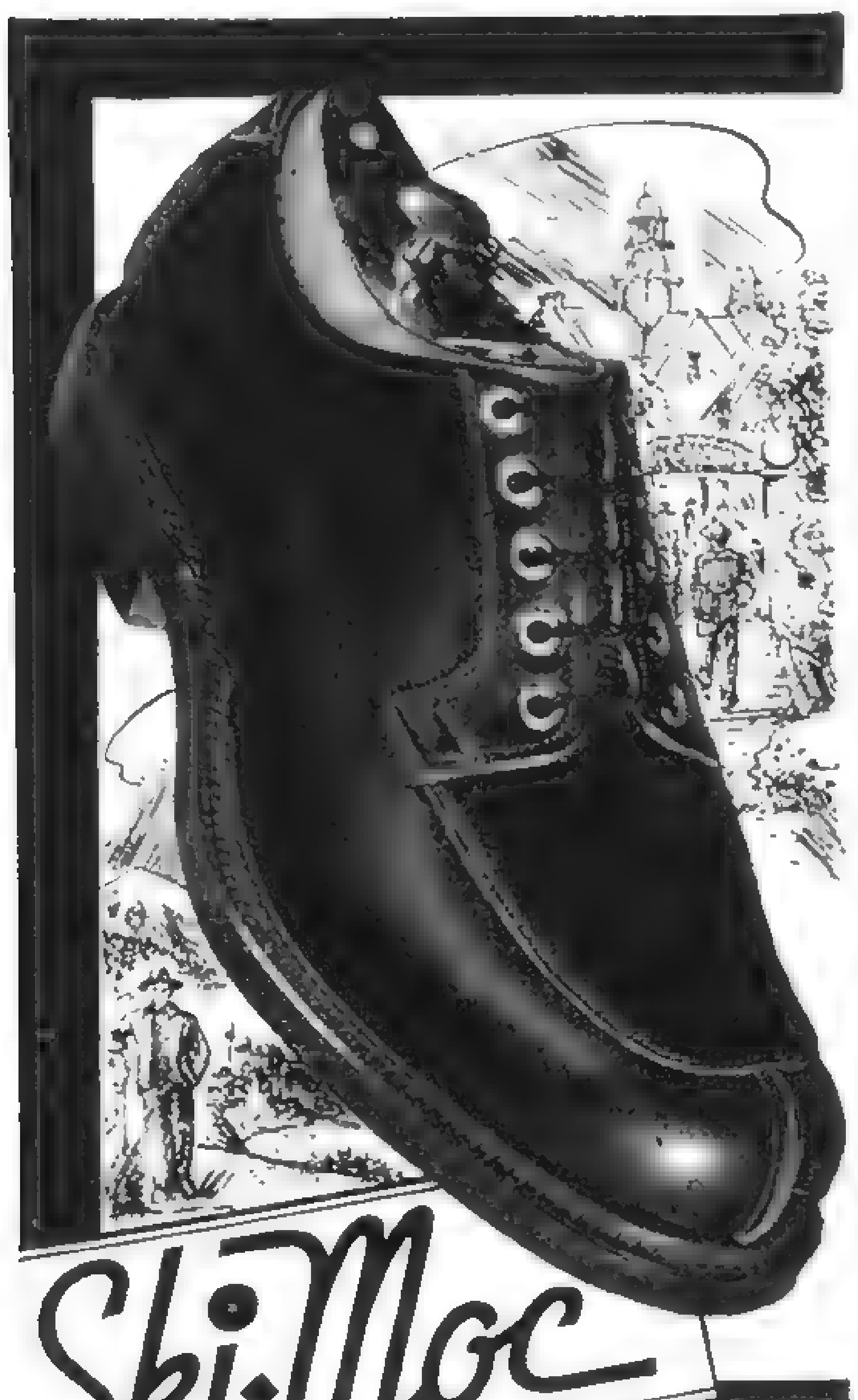

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One Sure Cure

Continued from page 51

lorgnetted ladies of the various humanitarian societies. Add to these a handful of frightened bankers and lawyers and government officials and you have the bulk of those who really take a revolution in this country seriously. Everybody else seems to be pushing along as hard as possible to get back to where he was in 1929—more or less.

Then there is the fear of Communism. That seems to be a real fear and there are societies which are actively engaged in spreading that fear throughout the country. All the time, some one is trying to create a huge image of Communist might in this fair land and try as one will, the image collapses like an outworn Chinese god.

The Communist movement does not show returns at elections; it does not produce any leadership either in farmer or labor movements; it does not influence our national life. It represents three vocal elements: A group of Middle Western intellectuals who were formerly Socialists; a fairly large number of Left trade unionists and unemployed on relief in large cities like New York, Chicago and San Francisco; and a body of second and third generation rich who are in the process of returning to the Shirt Sleeve stage and whose principal form of self-expression is the abuse of those who are earning money as their fathers and grandfathers did.

Among the latter group are many amusing people, particularly rich women. I knew one once whose excuse for building herself a three million dollar mansion was that it helped the unemployed. Another once seriously told me that by being on the inside of a great revolutionary movement, he would save his skin when the revolution came. Another is expiating the sins of his father who made some millions in the ordinary process of business. Another I know likes to listen to words and ideas that were strange to her before she went red.

I do not contend that there are no sincere persons in this group. Far be it from me to question the sincerity of decent people. I am simply calling attention to the innocuousness of this movement, both in numbers and in tone.

The cleverest Communist in this country is Earl Browder, Secretary-General of the Communist Party and its candidate for President.

I spent some years watching Earl Browder when he was in China, and when I say watching, I mean just that. There were few things that Browder did that I did not know about shortly after they were done. And I can testify that this is a smart gentleman. He is now transforming the American Communist Party into an American organization which even waves the flag and he wants to change its name to the Farmer-Labor Party as soon as possible. Browder, it seems to me, is the principal strength of the American Communist Party at the present time.

But the very program he advocates must make the party weak for some years to come, for his activities will ultimately produce a chauvinistic Left Wing group which will antagonize the foreign-born elements who at present compose the bulk of his followers.

The Fascists are weaker than the Communists. They are without form or organization. The brainiest Fascist in the United States is Lawrence Dennis and only the Lord knows whether Dennis is marching back to Capitalism or on to Communism. He reminds me of my friend, Abie Goldstein of the Café Royal, who insists that he is a Left Wing Trotzkyist which makes him a Right Wing Republican because he meets himself coming right when he goes Left. Dennis has nearly completed the circle.

During the worst days of the Depression, two groups developed Fascist horns. One group were scared-to-death businessmen who saw their last dollar seized by a hungry mob. They were going to outdo Mussolini and Hitler and seize the government and use the army to keep their dollars. These claustrophobians reminded me of some Americans in Peking at the end of the War. They would look under tables in cafés in the hope of discovering Japanese spies.

They always looked for a big toe on the Chinese boys almost in the hope that they were disguised Japanese. They actually were in terror of something that anyone told them about.

The American Fascists are counterparts of these Far Easterners who were suffering from spyitis. The American Fascists are suffering from revolutionitis. These poor scared-to-death fellows were egged on by Nazi agents and racketeers who appreciated the main chance. And except that a few fellows made some small change out of the transaction, it did not amount to anything. Some of the bright young men who were flirting with Fascism got themselves jobs as press agents and such-like in the government and that was the end of their Fascism. They were engaged henceforth in advertising the wares of their bosses which kept them busy and out of mischief.

Except as the politicians call each other names, Fascism no longer means anything in the United States. It is deader than it is in England and there it is kicking up daisies.

A young Fascist came to my house to see me two years ago and he told me what they would do to me. He said that he would

Continued at top of page 240

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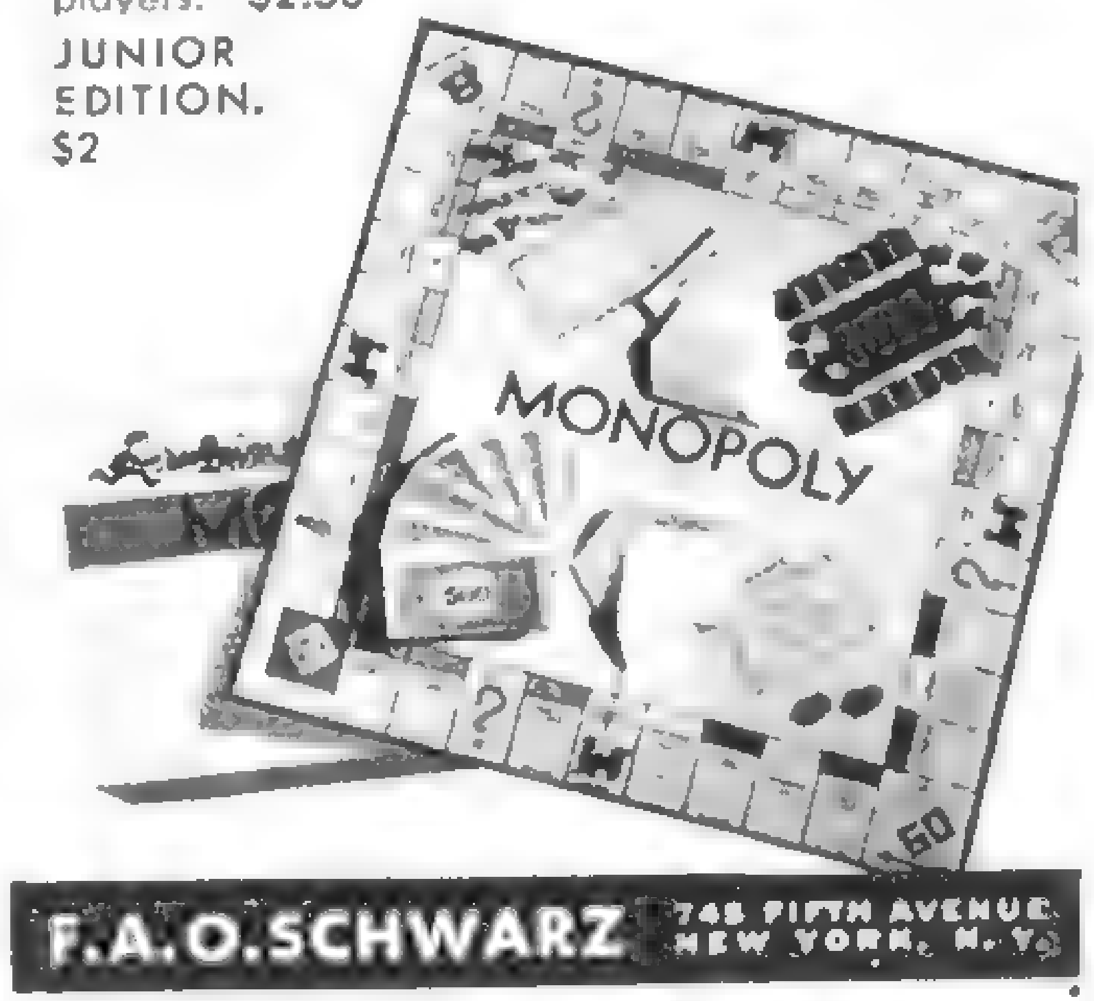

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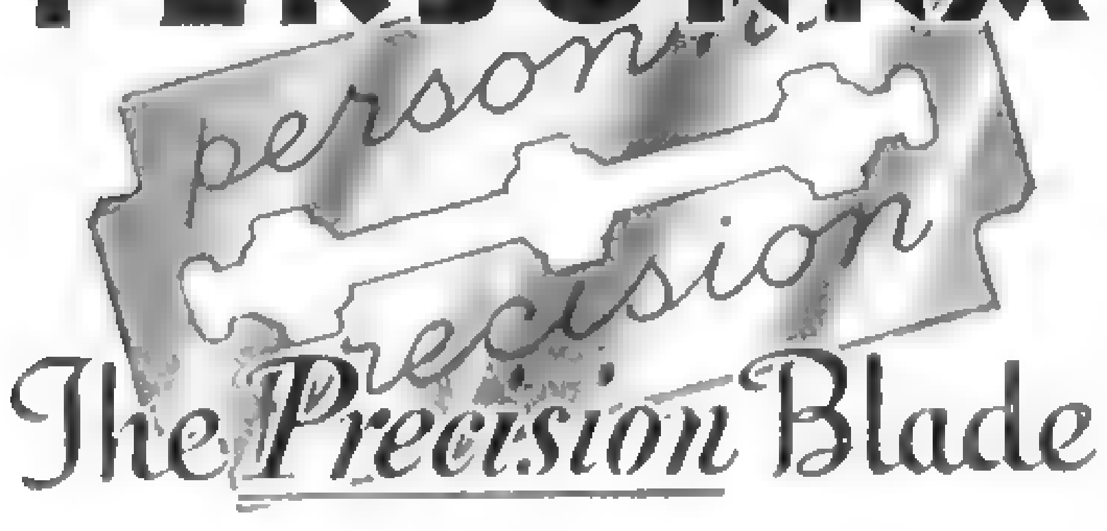

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Under your guarantee, I enclose $1.00 for a package of 10 PERSONNA Blades.

Name .... (Print Plainly) ....
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....

One Sure Cure

Continued from pages 51-239

tell me what to write and where I could publish what I wrote. I was then doing articles for the New York *Times*, and he said that he would issue orders to the New York *Times* and maybe he would take the paper away from its owners. Well, I don't know what became of him but the *Times* goes on. Perhaps he is now doing an honest day's work somewhere.

Both Communism and Fascism are distress manifestations. If the Communists or Fascists catch a nation in distress, as Lenin and Trotzky did Russia, or as Mussolini and Hitler caught Italy and Germany, or as both parties have now caught Spain, they are able to develop enough fear response so that the populace submits to their will.

If distress is not so keen—even in hard times—parties such as these fail. They have failed in the United States, Great Britain, France and Japan to develop enough strength to seize the government. In France and Japan, they are stronger than in the United States and Great Britain, because in France the Depression is now at its worst and in Japan Fascism is associated with a militaristic-religious ideal. In the United States and Great Britain, distress manifestations have, on the whole, been superficial; therefore the effect of these parties is superficial.

But there is yet another factor, namely, that here the people have a raucous sense of humor. They will listen to any one sure cure, for bunions and corns, for housemaid's knee, for the currency problem and unemployment. But having listened to William Jennings Bryan, they voted for William B. McKinley. And once when they voted for Prohibition, they took to gin. They are just that way. ##

You Can't Sleep with Women

Continued from page 84

tuck the covers around their shoulders a hundred different ways. They are the main springs on an inner-spring mattress. They can heave from flat-back to stomach with the agility of a leaping salmon, or spread themselves over the bed in a confusion of arms and legs that would put an octopus to shame. The masculine bedmate hangs on to the pitching bed desperately, wondering how long it will hold together under these onslaughts. Each night to him is like a cruise on a choppy sea, but not in the Slumber Boat of song and story. There's no retiring lullaby corner on his precarious raft.

6. The Mush Boilers. This unique type of female sleep-destroyer must not be confused with the more common respiratory annoyers such as the Wheezers, Snorers, and Groaners. The Boilers have a style all their own. Their breath is inhaled through the nose, then exhaled into the mouth with a slight puffing of the cheeks. As the pressure increases, the outgoing air bubbles through the lips with a noise like a muted Roman candle. Viewed in early daylight the entire sequence is reminiscent of a pot of boiling mush. Sometimes the exhalation is accompanied by a faint whistling sound. Other times there is a double-bubble effect. It is the uncertainty of the whole thing which keeps the listener on edge. As long as the Musher keeps an even rhythm, her male bedfellow can make his adjustment. But let an off-beat or an overtone creep into her "phouf-f-fing" and he is wide awake—and swearing.

7. The Twitchers. It takes the ordinary man years to become inured to these "jerky" ones. A woman may be the picture of physical health and mental serenity yet, at the slightest touch or noise, she'll twitch in her sleep. No man's relaxation can be quite complete if he knows that his every unconscious move in bed is to be followed by a temblor of no mean proportions. Many of the Twitchers are addicted to dealing out short rabbit kicks in conjunction with their jerking. Or they'll sit suddenly straight up in bed, taking the covers with them. This type, too, is prone to argue if they are awakened by their own gymnastics. Seldom will they admit that the basis of the dual irritation lies in their own touch-and-jump mechanisms.

8. The Bed Readers. To have the light on or off, that is the question. Whether 'tis better for the suffering male to take it in the eyes like a gentleman or, with the light cord, to throttle the book-clutching female at his side. To sleep—perchance, to dream. Ah, there's the rub, for there is no sleep and there are no dreams. The sharp thudding of a book to the floor at any time in the night, the rustle of a sheaf of magazines if he moves any part of his tired anatomy, the ready-for-debate attitude of his companion—these things encompass the sufferer roundabout. For him to cite the statistical fact that every train into Reno carries at least one Bed Reader is an unfailing signal for verbal combat. If he succeeds in delivering a speech on the deplorable state of his union, he finds upon concluding that—(1) the light is still on, (2) his companion is still talking, and (3) the book has again been opened to the place where she left off.

9. The Pillow Lookers. The ones in this final group, while rare, belong among the major classifications since the effect of their doings is so profound and lasting. It is alleged by those who have experienced it that there is

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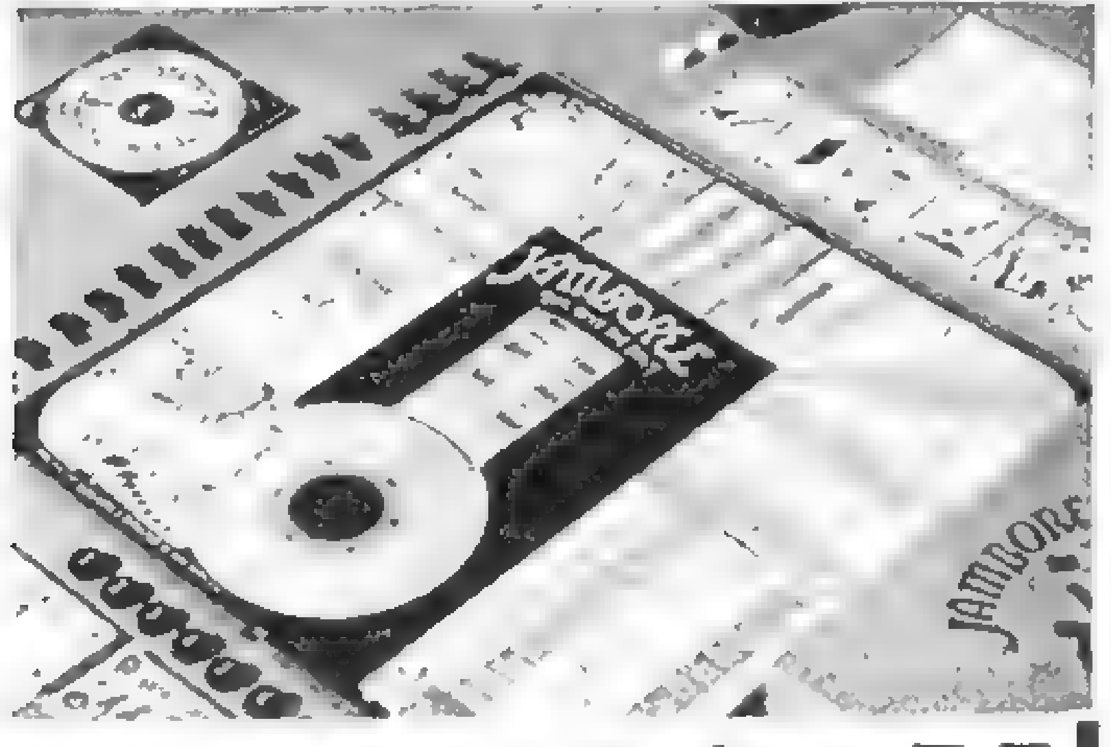

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nothing more disturbing than to realize that the woman lying beside you in the darkness is fully awake and looking in your direction. Why is she looking at you? What is she thinking? A thousand doubts assail you and a thousand answers come crowding into your mind. And in the broad morning light, if a man awakens suddenly to meet a wide-eyed gaze from the adjoining pillow, the effect is doubly disconcerting. How long has this been going on? Has his mouth been hanging open? This gaze business is something about which a man knows nothing. He is suspicious because he does not understand it. He is afraid of a question in that intent, but somehow detached, look and his normal ego is scattered in all directions. An immediate freezing undercurrent seizes him which no amount of subsequent conversation can dispel.

And there, gents, are your gals. If this broad classification of Rest Assassins helps to pave the way to a more clinical research into a grievous male predicament, this article will not have been written in vain. And so to bed—but not to sleep. ⧺

They're Nice Girls

Continued from page 114

with them. Two younger children, it seemed, were already in bed.

The room and its furnishings were frayed and inelegant, though reasonably clean. The rugs were worn thin and faded, the upholstered chairs rubbed almost colorless and sagging hopelessly. The whole room seemed tired from too much living.

I was offered a seat but no cigarette and was perfunctorily asked about the debate and conditions back in the city. The father was a burly thick-set man in his late forties, an unemployed miner making a few dollars from occasional jobs and bootleg mining, who was sick and tired of mine owners, company police, and a government that did nothing about either. Too proud to go to the welfare agencies, and too honest to take an enthusiastic part in the bootlegging, he was no worse off than several thousand others in the same position.

He had no use for the dole either, he said; all they wanted was honest work. All they wanted was the mines to reopen and give them a chance. That much the government could do for them. That much they deserved.

The mother was a mousy little woman, tired and unimportant, who sat darning socks and minding her own business. The aunt, a thin, emaciated female, sat frowning in a corner, clasping and unclasping her hands and listening intently to everything that was said. No one paid any attention to her.

Rose sat quietly a while, then went into the kitchen and returned with a dish of cheap, sticky looking candy. I tasted some gingerly. No one else looked at it. The father was getting warmed to his subject and seemed good for an hour.

My watch said 11:30. I looked around. I didn't quite know what to do about it. Were we to sit there and wait for the family to go to bed and leave us alone? Or what? And what was I to do about the money? There had been no mention of it since Robbins' first remark. Or of anything else. I hadn't spoken a word to the girl herself since we entered the house.

Eventually Rose got up and said "Well—" and the father sank back in his chair and picked up his newspaper. The aunt went out into the kitchen, and the mother glanced once from the girl to me and back again. Then she went on with her sewing.

Rose said to the room in general, "It's getting late; I guess we'd better go up."

I stumbled from the room behind her, blushing for the first time in years. Noisily I followed her up the stairs. There was no other sound.

* * *

It was late when I left and I had to run to the station. When I got there the train was already in. Red was just coming up too, and we saw Frank wave from the steps of a forward car. We got into the last one, which was a smoker, and had one cigarette in silence before we went forward to join Dick and Frank.

We finally found them, silent and preoccupied, in a half-empty car, with the seat already reversed waiting for us. Frank was holding his paper at a ridiculous angle, reading the sports news, and Dick was staring past his book at the receding countryside and the scattering of lights along the highways.

We sat down facing them and I made half-hearted conversation about things Davidson had told me. This naturally led to the debate, and Red made some comment about the topic we had chosen, the dole.

"I bet they could use one in a town like that all right," Frank said. Red nodded. "It's a goddamn shame. The government doesn't do a thing about it, and you never see anything much in the papers."

Frank seemed a bit uncomfortable. "It makes you feel queer to think that we debated on a subject like that out there."

Red agreed. "They were so obviously right."

"They're not right," Dick put in angrily. "The dole is wrong, fundamentally wrong and un-American. Besides," he added as an afterthought, "they supplied the judges. We won, didn't we?"

There was a short pause.

"Yeah," Red said finally, "they supplied the girls too, didn't they? And they were nice girls."

I didn't say anything. At the moment there didn't seem to be anything to say. ⧺

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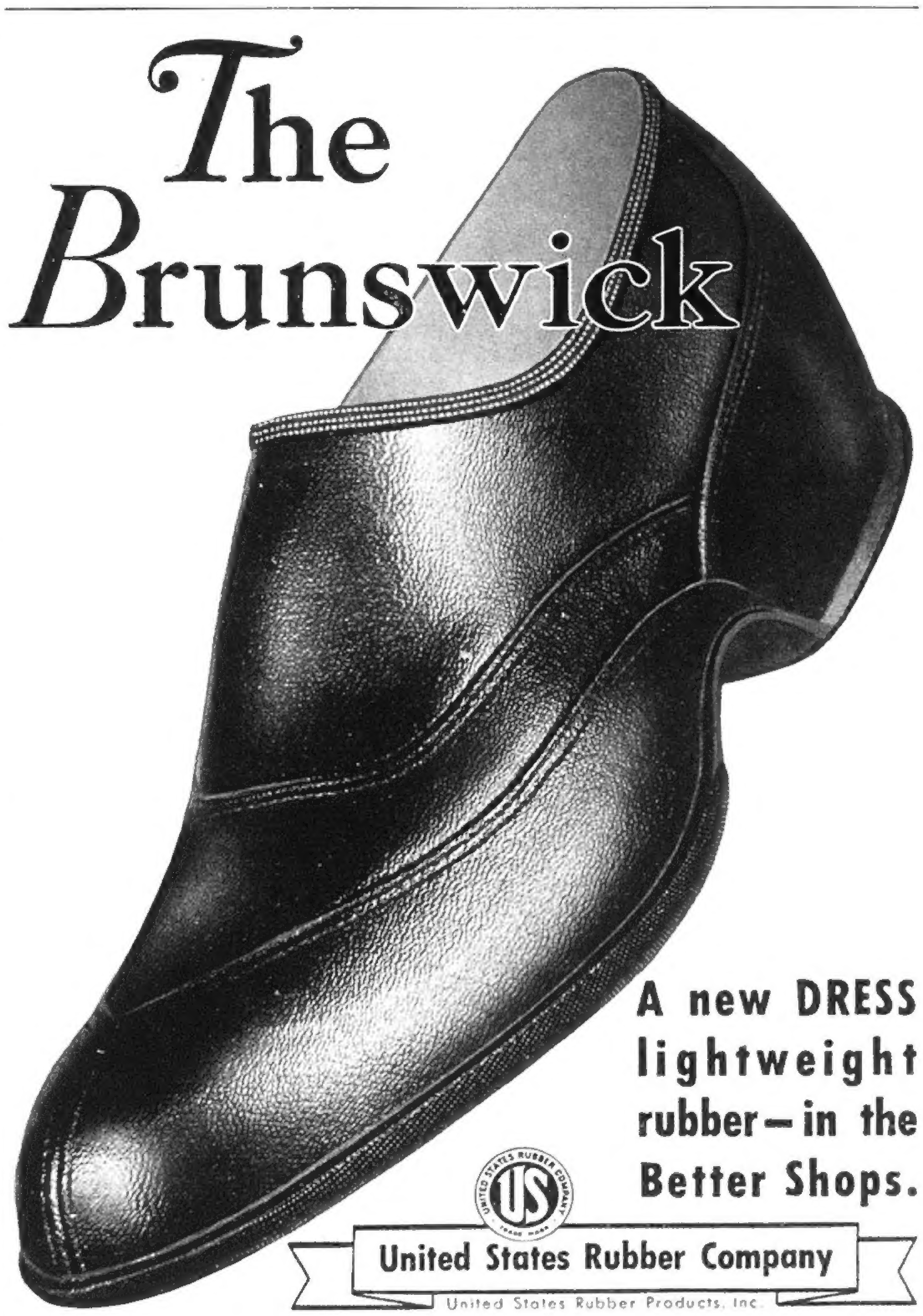
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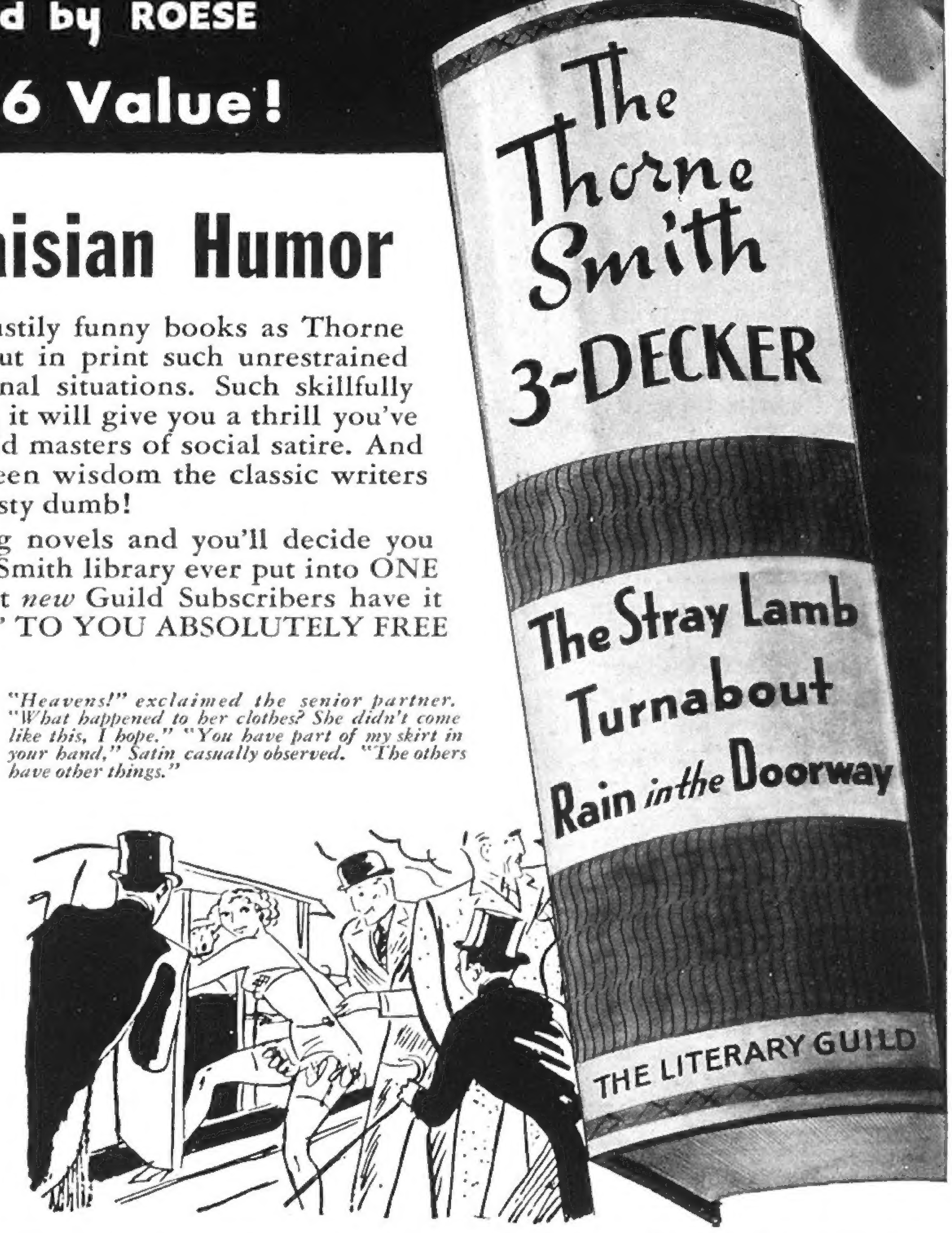
"Heavens!" exclaimed the senior partner. "What happened to her clothes? She didn't come like this, I hope." "You have part of my skirt in your hand," Satin casually observed. "The others have other things."



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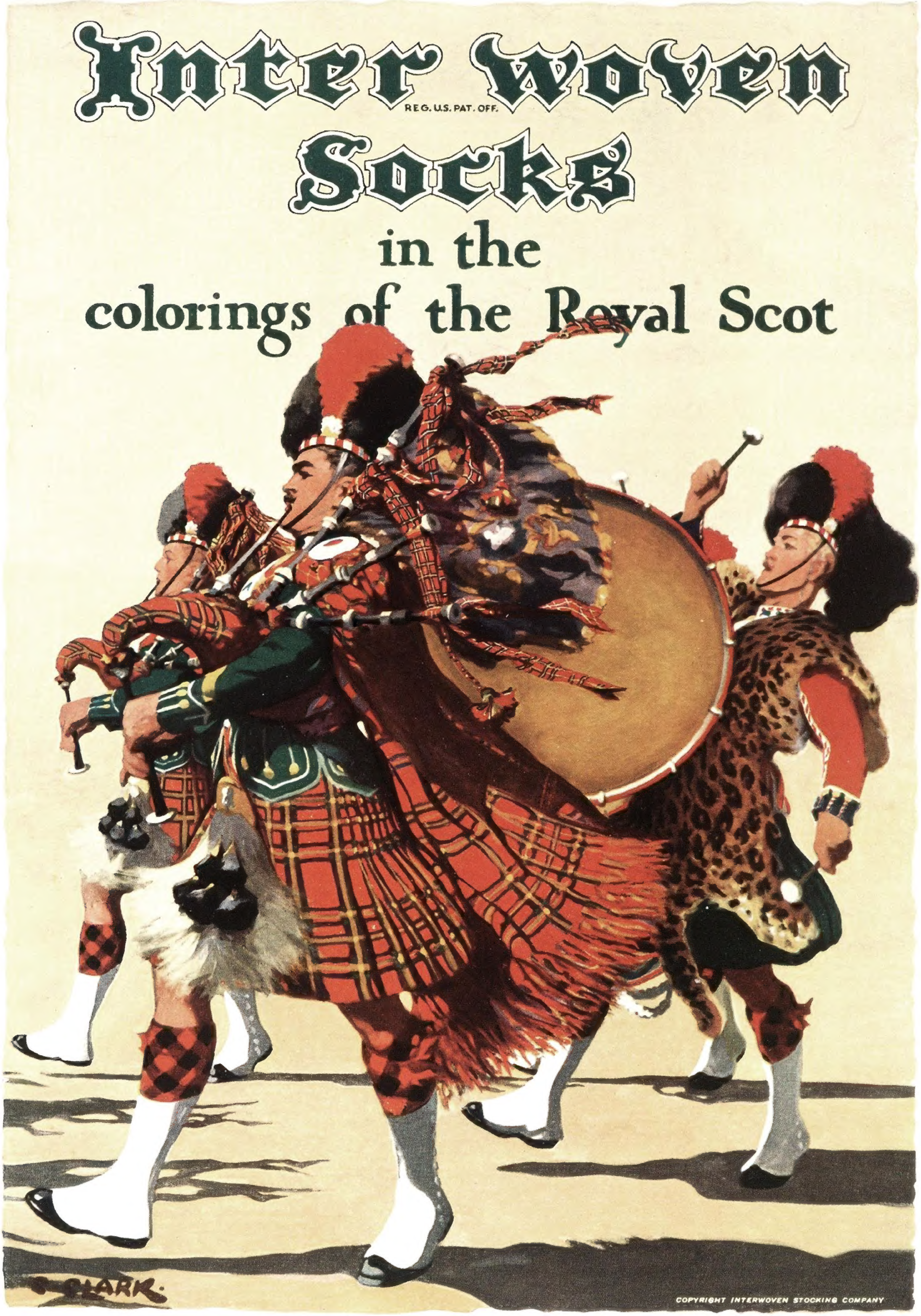
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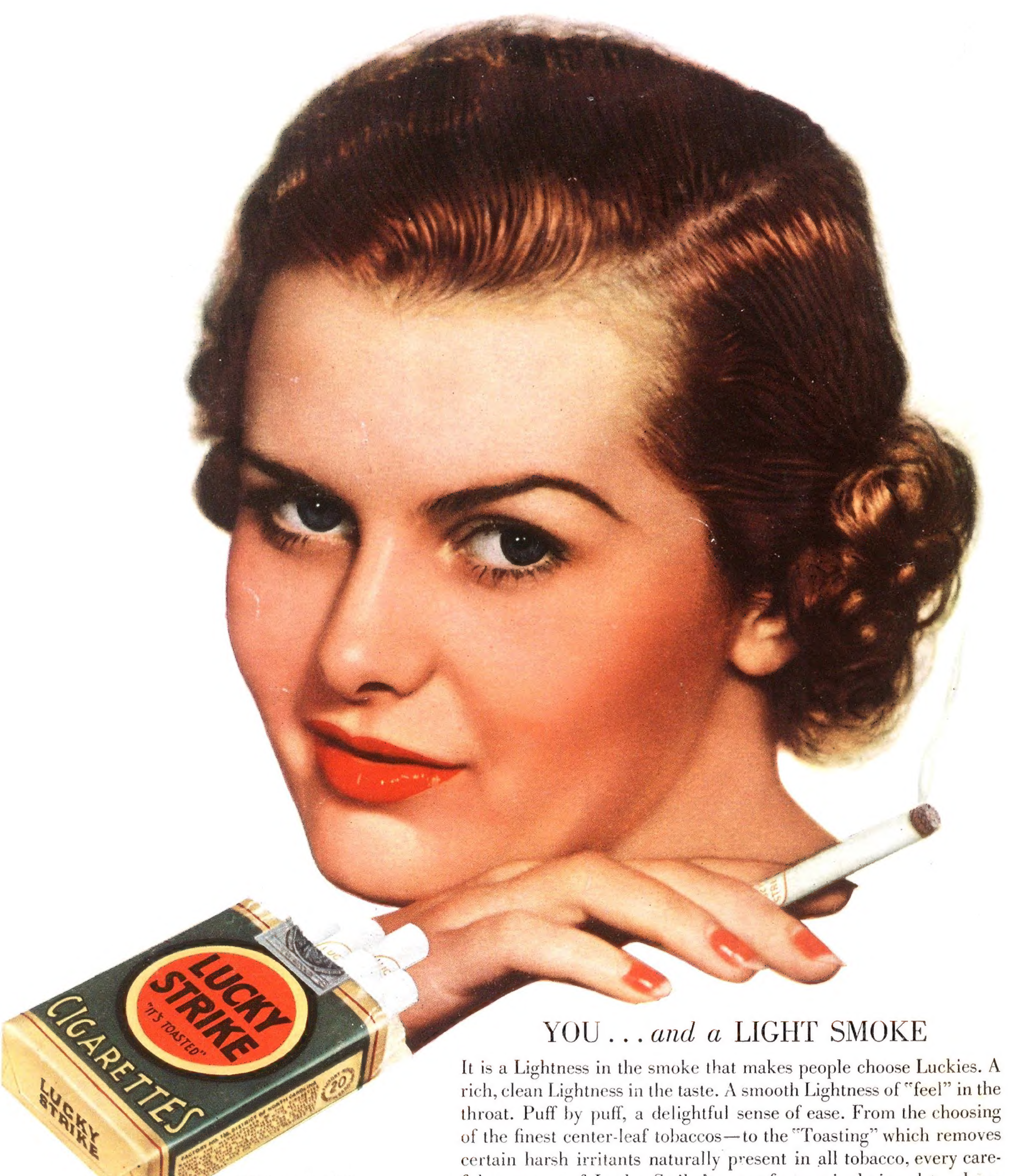

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